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Selby Abbey and the Washingtons

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

"ONCE upon a time," begins the old monkish chronicle, a strictly regulation beginning for such chronicles, "a young monk of Auxerre, in France, lay at night in his lonely cell." Drowsy, he was about to fall into a restful sleep when there appeared before him a beatific vision of St. Germain, patron saint of the monastery, telling him that his ardent prayers for a great mission in life had been heard in Heaven and had received Divine benediction.

Naturally, there was no more rest for the monk that night, for the Saint commanded him to go forth and in the name of the Saviour and St. Germain, whose aid and protection should accompany him, to seek a place in England called Selebei—the home of the seals—and there to build to the glory of God a house of prayer and praise. And, affirms the chronicle, as an indication to the trembling monk of his saintly interest, St. Germain promised, as the *objet irrésistible* of the enterprise, the jealously guarded relic of his little finger that lay upon the altar of Auxerre.

Young Benedict, the monk, awed by this ghostly nocturnal visitation with its soul-stirring message, confided in his superior, who, with his brother monks, discounted the vision and exhorted Benedict to remain. The vision, however, was thrice repeated, whereupon Benedict felt that he could stay no longer. So, in the dead of night, this time without confiding in his superior, knowing it to be a sacrilege, but feeling he had more than sufficient warrant for the deed, he stole the precious finger, fled from the monastery, and, ere day had dawned, was far on his way from Auxerre.

Thus we have the motive for the founding of Selby Abbey in Yorkshire, England. There had to be some extraordinary reason for building such a beautiful edifice as the Abbey on such a miserable site, for in Benedict's day there were practically no natural advantages for such an undertaking within a long radius. And, further, to the credit of its early inhabitants, it is evident that the town of Selby was the outcome of the Abbey and not the Abbey of the town. Certainly the eleventh-century peasantry of Yorkshire, stiff-necked and hard-headed as they were, would never have been enticed by anything less than an Abbey endowed with a saintly digit to settle down in such a pock-marked and frowzy section of England as the neighborhood of what is now Selby on the Ouse.

Howbeit, there stands Selby Abbey, and if venerable age, romantic history, and intrinsic beauty entitle a building to be regarded more as the property of a nation than of a single parish, Selby Abbey may indeed be truly considered a national treasure. Nay more, the lovely Abbey is an international treasure, for in the south wall of the choir-clearstory, where all who wish may see, is a window emblazoned with the arms of the Washington family. This window, in all its brilliance of ancient coloring, "argent" and "gules," is the

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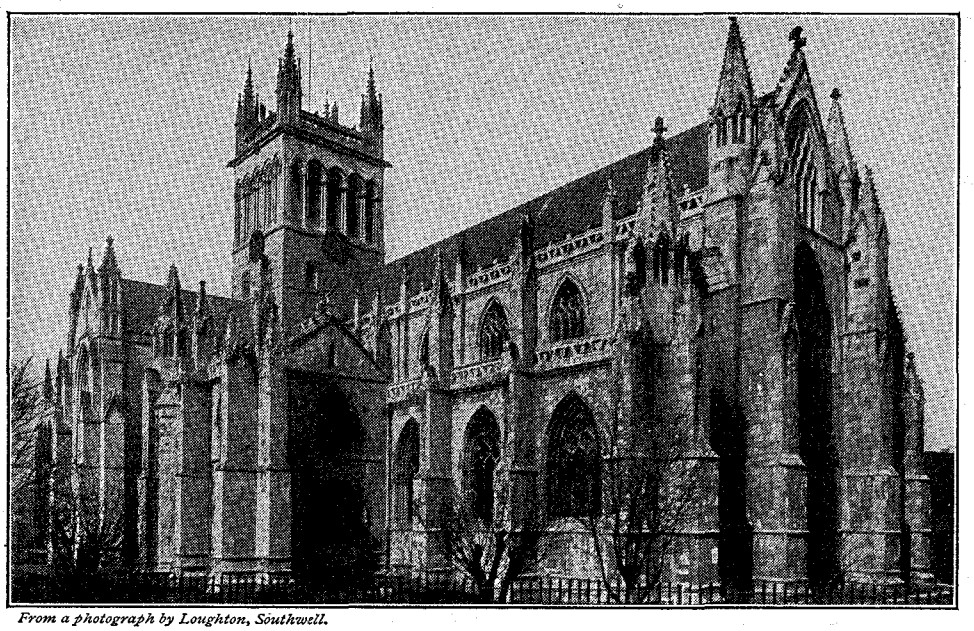


From a photograph by Loughton, Southwell.

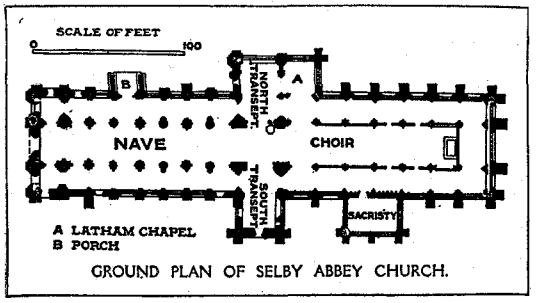
From the southeast one obtains a fine view of the east end of the Abbey, together with the flamboyant tracery of the east window, the sacristy, tower, and south transept.

The window to the right in the clearstory contains the Washington family arms.

relic-in-chief of the Washingtons. It antedates by centuries the Washington relics at Sulgrave Manor and Great and Little Brington down Warwick way.

It is a foregone conclusion that Selby will become another British mecca for American antiquarians, historians, genealogists, and students, not to mention tourists, when the facts regarding this window are more generally known in this country. More especially will Americans seek this abbey-enshrined window at Selby when it is understood that the little Nottinghamshire village of Scrooby lies but a short distance southward near Bawtry on the Great North Road from London. From Scrooby, three hundred years and more ago, went those Pilgrim Fathers who, with others, embarked in the *Mayflower* from Plymouth in 1620. So, too, in this same "Pilgrim Fathers' Country," and hard by Scrooby, is Austerfield, where in 1589 was born William Bradford, the Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony, son of a yeoman family long resident in the still-existing manor-house.

Concerning the founding of Selby, because of the Washington window and its historical associations there enshrined, Benedict's further adventures have a unique interest; inasmuch as the old chronicle gives an insight into the early history of the Abbey and the surrounding region, and possibly thus may shed some light upon the remote ancestry of our own George Washington.



GROUND PLAN OF SELBY ABBEY CHURCH.

Like many fugitives and pilgrims of later times, Benedict got all mixed up by the similarity of names in England, for our finger-snatching monk, upon reaching the shores of the "tight little Isle," found

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his way to Salisbury, thinking that to be the place where he should found his church. Salisbury's Old Sarum, ancient Anglo-Saxon castle, filled at that time with rough Norman soldiers and hardly the safest place in England for a fugitive from France, did not appeal to Benedict; while St. Germain, according to his promise and with an eye on the finger, again appeared and told Benedict unmistakably the name of the place appointed, and in still another vision, for the monk's better guidance, showed him the very spot.

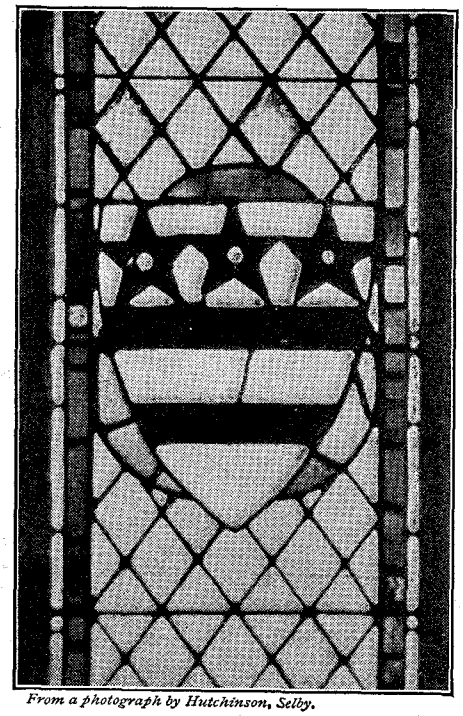
Heartened anew, Benedict once more set out upon his holy quest. After a perilous cross-country journey he made his way to the seaport of Lymington at the mouth of the Lymington River, which flows through New Forest into the Solent —a long, long way by water from Selby on the Ouse. Repeatedly delayed by contrary winds, the monk was at last able, with a little band of converts he had gathered around him, to set sail on a small ship bound York-wards.

No sooner, according to the chronicle, had Benedict set foot on board, carrying his wooden cross and his precious amulet, than the breeze miraculously changed its direction, and with a fair wind the little vessel scudded on its way to the North. In due time Benedict and his worthy companions reached the mouth of the Ouse, which, by the way, empties into the broad reaches of the Humber; and as the barque was breasting the river there suddenly appeared before the startled but gladdened eyes of Benedict the holy site that St. Germain in ghostly guise had shown him while he tarried at Salisbury.

Landing forthwith, Benedict planted his wooden cross, and, prostrating himself before it and the saintly finger, dedicated the site to the Saviour and St. Germain. "Thus on the daisy-begemmed greensward by the river's brim," poetically runs the chronicle, "was the Abbey of Selby founded, and ere long unaccustomed chaunt and lowly orison mingled with the songs of the wild birds."

Having crossed the Ouse by ferry at Goole, just below Selby, I can readily understand Benedict's alacrity in landing where he did, and his insistence that this was the long-sought site of his visions; for the Ouse, which by its character at this point should be spelled Ooze, runs with a mighty current at ebb-tide, discouraging further up-stream travel. Selby is, in fact, the end of navigation from Hull up the Humber and Ouse for anything but small boats.

Centuries before Benedict founded his Abbey, Yorkshire had been Christianized, but the Danes had come and, like pestilential fiends, with fire and sword had swept across the land, wiping out of existence the religious communities of their day, the very names of which together with their memory had long since faded from the minds of the inhabitants of the country. Selby was a virgin enterprise.



From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

Washington family coat of arms from choir-clearstory window of Selby Abbey.

This relic of the Washingtons is probably the oldest in existence.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the simple peasantry of the valley gazed with wonderment upon Benedict of the Black Robe and his little band of devoted followers, or that Hugh, powerful Norman Baron of the region, coming down the river, was startled at the sight of the

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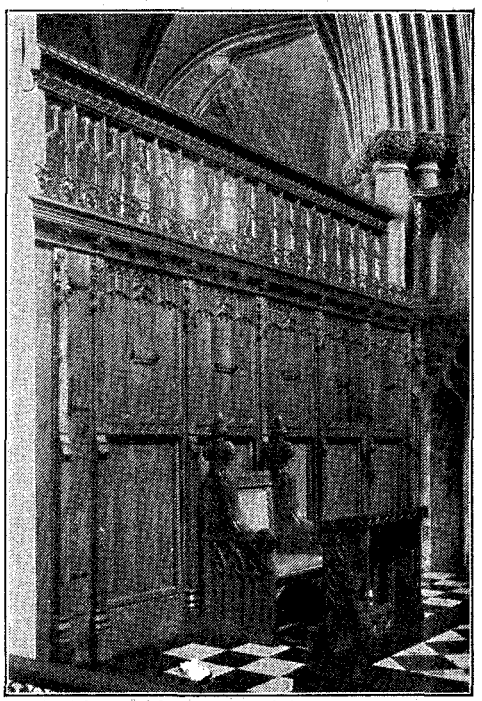


From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

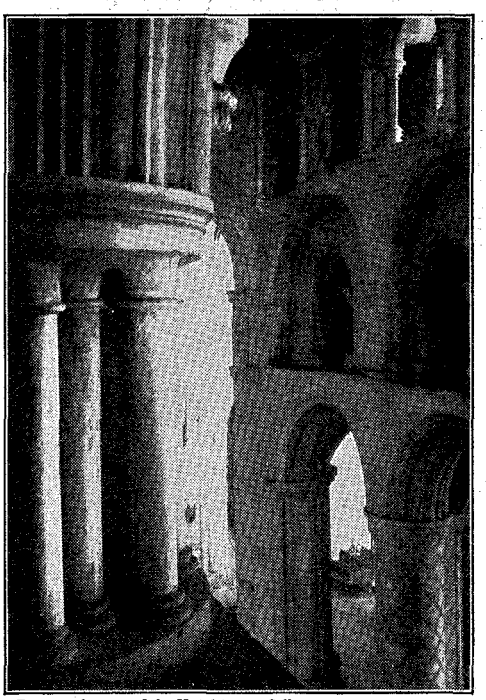
The ambries and sedilia, mostly late decorative in style, have added much to the beauty of the interior of Selby Abbey.

wooden cross and landed to see what this strange symbol might betoken. Hugh found the monk and his band living in a primitive wooden moss-lined hut set up under the shelter of a giant oak. The monk's heaven-sent mission, not to forget the sacred relic, impressed the Baron, who at once gave patronage to the project, sending workmen to build a more substantial dwelling on the site, and interesting the Conqueror in Benedict's behalf.

William the Conqueror had landed in England only three years before Benedict founded Selby in 1069, and among other efforts toward welding his newly acquired kingdom into a unified and contented domain he exhibited, about that time, a pious desire to foster the growth of religious houses. Consequently he listened with willing ears to Baron Hugh's story of the monk of Auxerre and the purloined finger; and under the auspices of the King, with Hugh's generous assistance, Benedict's project soon took on the aspect of prosperity which lasted until Henry VIII began his depredations against Romanism in England.

Under the Conqueror's patronage, necessary financial aid was always forthcoming, many large estates were added to the Abbey holdings by royal gift, there was a total exemption from taxation, while the nobles of the indigenous countryside, following the example of the King, showered the Abbey with gifts of money, produce, and free labor. The climax of royal favor came when William and his queen, Matilda, stopping at the Abbey on a visit to the North of England, stayed long enough for the queen to give birth to William's son, Henry Beauclerc, who lived to become Henry I of England.

After this event William's bounty made it possible for a more stately temple to be built at Selby,—a work however which Benedict, by that time full of years and bowed by excessive labors, felt necessary to turn over to younger hands. So, after governing the com-



From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

The lights and shadows of the interior contrast strongly from the vantage afforded by the ambulatory of the north triforium.

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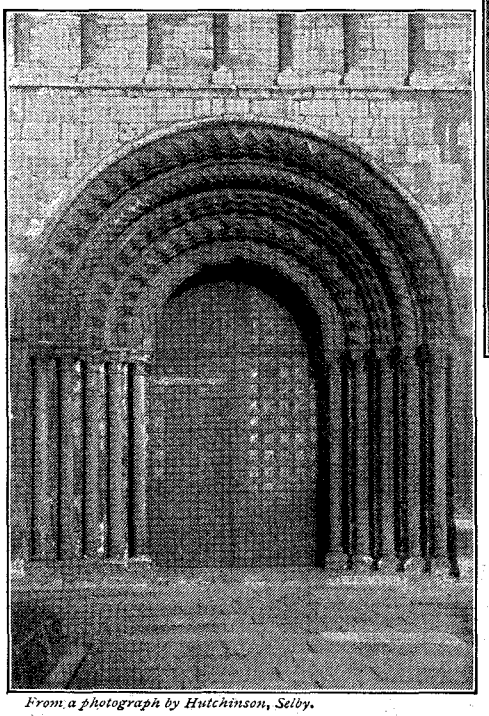
munity which he founded for twenty-seven years, Benedict, later elevated to sainthood, handed over the reins of office to Abbot Hugh, builder of the present Abbey. Alterations and repairs, of course, have been made to the Abbey from time to time, but the original plan has been carefully followed, the proportions unchanged, and most of the walls are as Abbot Hugh left them.

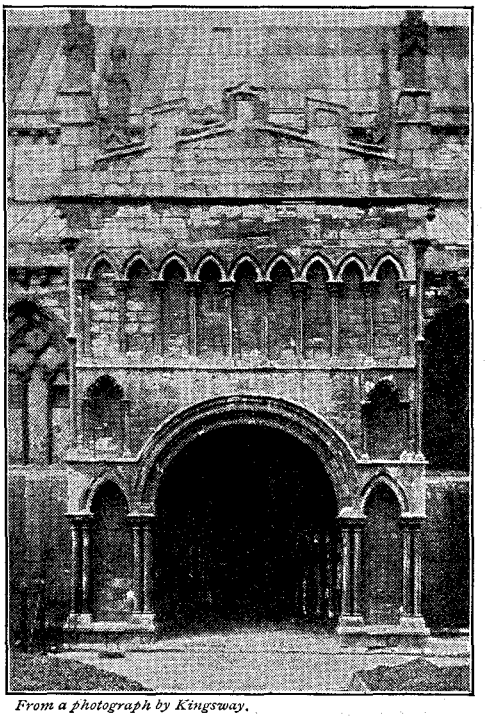
Hugh lived long enough to see his work completed, whereupon he also turned his command over to other and younger leaders and, retiring to a near-by farm, peacefully passed away in sight of the beautiful edifice he had reared. The monks of Selby affectionately and tenderly brought his remains into the Abbey and laid them to rest beneath the roof his zeal had made possible, but the spot where he is buried is forgotten, not a single trace of evidence remains, no shrine, no epitaph perpetuates his memory — the magnificent building itself is his monument.



From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

Probably the best example of the transitional Norman period in ecclesiastical architecture is found in the west porch and entrance to Selby Abbey.

The five receding orders and the perfect specimen of Norman carving in the recessed arch are particularly interesting features of the ancient edifice.



From a photograph by Kingsway.

A seven-hundred-year-old porch and doorway admit one to the north aisle of the Abbey nave.

Considering the wear and tear of so many centuries, the condition of this porch is remarkable.

For five hundred years, it is related, through good report and ill, the community founded by St. Benedict held together. The monk of Auxerre himself was of a somewhat dual character, and before he became a monk had almost decided to be a soldier, which accounts for his ability as an organizer and his success in enlisting the aid of the war lords of his day and age. Hugh, who immediately succeeded him, was able and good; and of the line of twenty-five Abbots who followed Hugh some were also good, or at least well intentioned, some indifferent, and one or two were anything but models of propriety. Yet some of these men were as complex in character as Benedict, as adaptable and sagacious, else the five hundred years of dominant Abbey life would have been materially lessened.

To state a fact, the immense wealth the Abbey had acquired proved its undoing, a state of affairs by no means peculiar to

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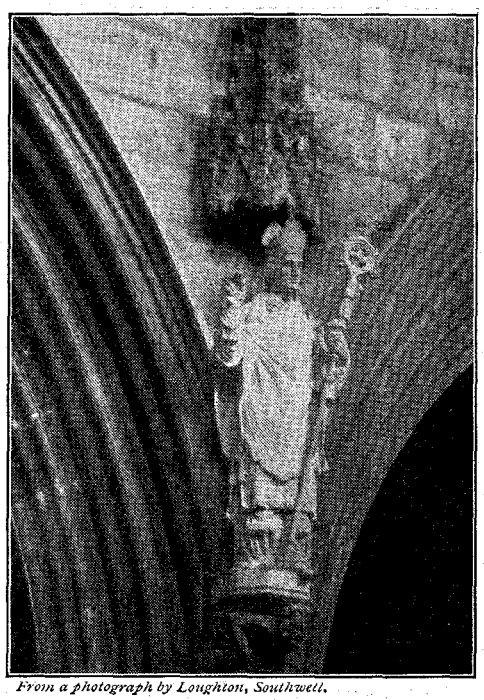

From a photograph by Loughton, Southwell.

Here is Saint Germain himself, to whom, jointly with the Virgin, Selby Abbey is dedicated.

This statue is of exquisite workmanship. It will be noted that the sculptor of this figure gave Saint Germain a full set of fingers on each hand.

the Benedictine Abbey of Selby. By the end of the fifteenth century the revenue of the monastery had grown so that there was an annual income that would have sufficed to give each monk over five hundred pounds a year—more than eight thousand dollars in current British money at the present rate of exchange! With no apparent reason for industry, the monks became lazy, idle, vicious, until at intervals they were aroused to better things by having placed at their head a man of pure ideals. Such was the shrine at which the founders of the Washington family worshipped.

Robert Selby was the last Abbot. He seems to have been a man of no small tact, and, when the ill-timed "Pilgrimage of Grace" was organized by Robert Aske, cleverly kept out of the movement. He managed things so well that, while sundry Abbots swung together as tragic object-lessons of a king's displeasure, and the gibbet, with its fearsome victim, was a common sight throughout the North, Robert Selby stood so well at court that he secured handsome pensions for himself and his monks, and was allowed to go to France carrying with him much Abbey treasure.

Throughout this time, not always consistently, it is true, but each effort having a cumulative result, the Abbey church continued to grow, until at last it became the perfect building it was intended to be. Then came the dissolution of the monasteries, Selby's conventional buildings were destroyed, and the inhabitants of the town were left as a royal legacy a beautiful church without the wherewithal to keep it in repair. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the neglected fabric fell into decay, or that without a moment's warning, in 1690, the central Norman Tower came down with a crash, involving the south transept in the ruin.

Thus the Abbey remained until 1906, when a great fire swept through the building and threatened to demolish

From a photograph by Loughton, Southwell.

This figure of the Virgin shares with Saint Germain the dedicatory honors of the Abbey.

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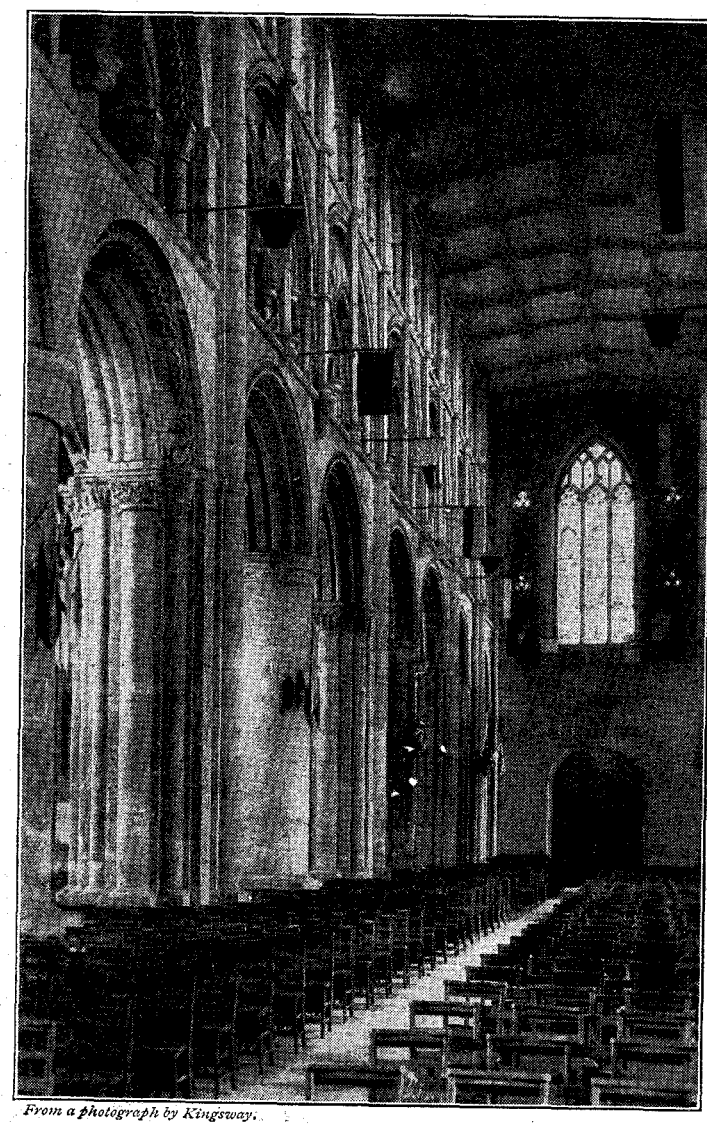

From a photograph by Kingsway.

The south side of the nave, looking west.

The enormous round column is known as Abbot Hugh's column. The great builder is said to have fashioned this column with his own hands, for he worked on the building like all the monks of Selby, accepting the same daily pay as the lowliest novice, and with the money thus earned he dispensed charity to the poor of the town.

completely the whole structure. Subsequent events proved, however, that the near-calamity was a blessing in disguise: for, to complete those parts which escaped the fire, funds were donated which restored the Abbey to its original appearance. And this included new foundations, a new south transept, and another tower to replace the one which fell so many years before. While much of the heritage of centuries had been destroyed forever, the nave was not seriously damaged, and the windows, including the great east window, had been little injured; happily, the memory of the Abbey's former glory proved an inspiration to the restorers, and thus out of the fire, like gold refined, has come a beautiful creation, a shrine most worthy to hand on to future generations.

Among those windows saved from de-

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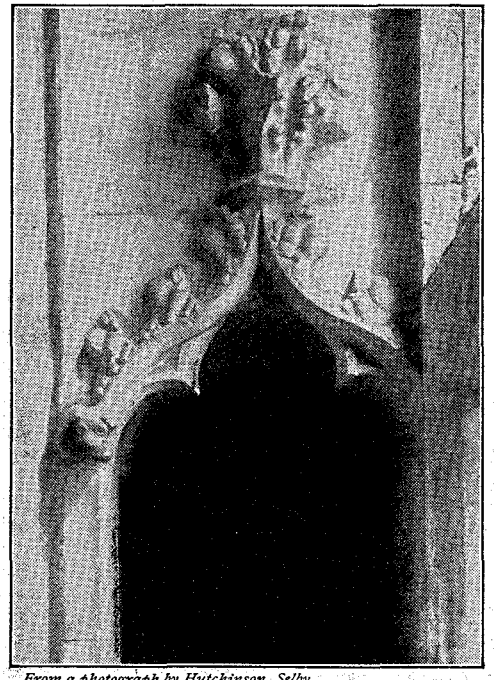


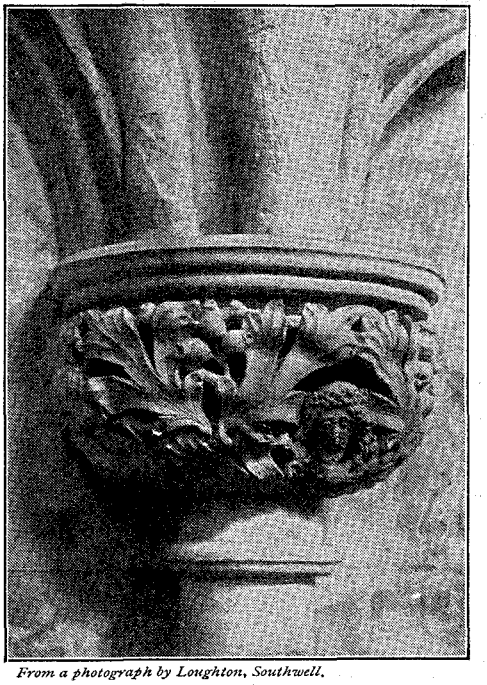
From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

Examples of early carving, such as this finial in the choir-clearstory, are worthy of careful study.

struction, the Washington window stands out as an example of conventional mediæval glasswork; in all respects it is a typical memorial of the day and age when the artisan wrought with as much loving care as skill and experience. Who was the donor this window memorialized? What generation of the Washington family did he represent? The answer to these questions I tried to ascertain, and, while my information is traditional and local, I give it for what it is worth.

Dating back, evidently, to the early part of the twelfth century, the local great men of the country gave abundantly toward the rich embellishment of the Abbey. In the later years of the same century, it appears that these benefactors were recognized by the Abbots in charge as having contributed sufficient material wealth, at the same time possessing the requisite religious zeal, to entitle them to memorials, which took the form of windows piercing the choir-clearstory. Among these donors was a Washington, possibly more than one, hence the window with the Washington arms. From this it would appear that the Washingtons were men of wealth and authority as early as 1125, that they stood in royal favor, were natives or at least residents of the locality, and were prominent in the affairs of Mother Church.

This does not controvert the historians who claim that the Washington family came from Lancashire to Sulgrave Manor by way of Northampton. The Northampton Washingtons were Protestants, to be sure, while the Selby benefactors were Catholics. But inasmuch as four centuries intervene between the erection of the Selby memorial window and the purchase by Lawrence Washington, wool merchant and Mayor of Northampton, of the Sulgrave Manor lands from the Priory of St. Andrew of Northampton, which had just been taken from the Church by Henry VIII, there was ample time for the shift in religious allegiance; in all probability, the Washingtons being attachés of the reigning house, a religious change was a necessity.



From a photograph by Loughton, Southwell.

Curious conceits of the mediæval monkish stone-cutter are evident in the carved capitals throughout the interior of the Abbey.

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On the other hand, it is not at all improbable that descendants of the family of Washingtons who came under the influence of Selby remained in that section of England, and, being of the intelligentsia of the day, imbibed the teachings of the Reformation which produced the zealots of the Pilgrim Fathers' Country, on the Field, saw the death of Richard III of the House of York, and the crowning of Henry VII, the first of the Tudors, and it may well be that the fortunes of the Washingtons depended on joining the ranks of the victor. Lawrence Washington's immediate forebears must have been adherents of this first Tudor prince,

From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

The richness of the choir stalls depends upon the carving by which the quartered oak is made to give a texture of deeply mellow lights with amber tones in the high-relief figures.

Thus the wood and stone melt into a color blend of exquisite shadings and tone values which the radiance of the great east window enhances.

edge of which both Selby and Northampton are situated. That would account for the Protestantism of Lawrence Washington and his immediate ancestors, if political considerations are to be discounted.

How to account for the Washingtons of Lancashire is not, perhaps, difficult when one remembers that Lancashire and Yorkshire adjoin, and that we also have the four centuries for the family to split up or move in accordance with their advancing or waning fortunes. At all events, the early Yorkshire emblazonment agrees in design and color with the Lancashire and Sulgrave Manor rendering of the Washington arms. This should prove the relationship of Lawrence Washington with the faithful knight of Selby Abbey. The War of the Roses between the crown claimants, ending at Bosworth else the wealthy Lawrence would have lost the family riches. He would never have been Mayor of Northampton nor the purchaser of Sulgrave Manor under Henry VIII, under any other conditions; that much is certain.

While my duties in connection with the ill-fated airship, *ZR-2*, stationed at Howden, Yorkshire, only seven miles from Selby, brought me to that town often, they permitted me but little leisure, so I had to content myself with five short visits to the Abbey and I could not run the threads of these Washington traditions to earth; but I am confident that sufficient records exist to follow our First President's ancestry back to the donor of the Abbey, in whose honor and to whose memory the beautiful bit of mediæval glasswork owes its origin.

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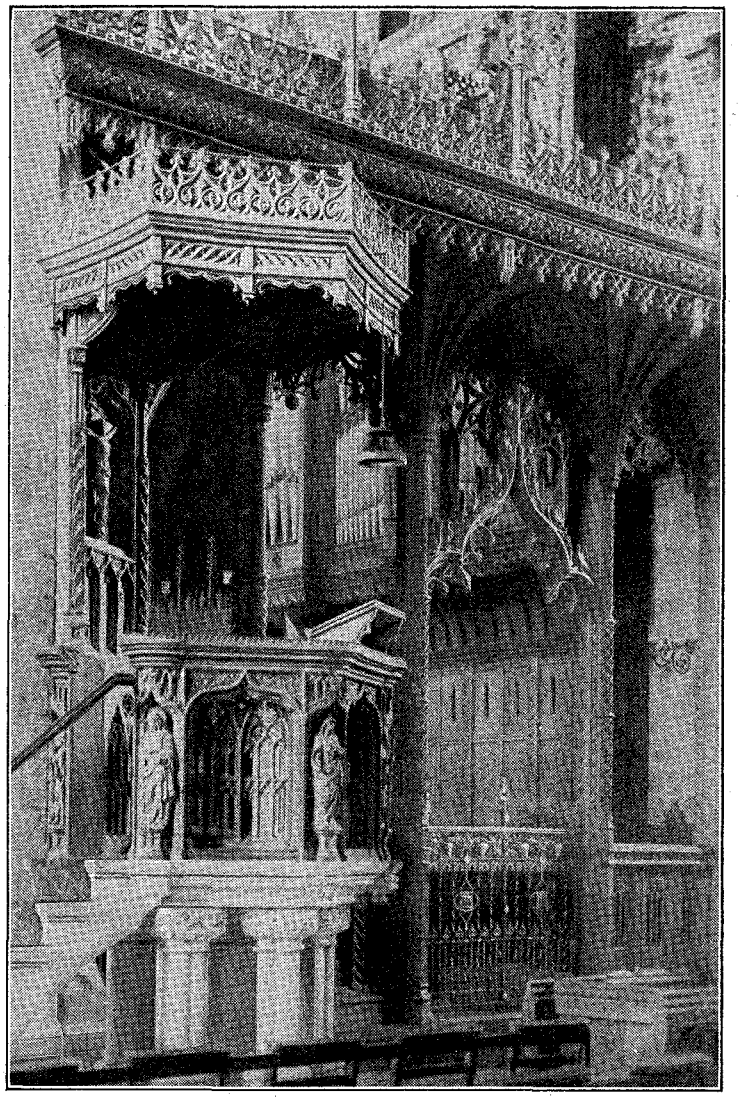

The rood-screen and pulpit of the Abbey are among the richest examples of carving in all Europe.

In my conversations with the good-humored verger of Selby Abbey, I gained enough insight into the early intercourse between the monks and the inhabitants of that part of Yorkshire contiguous to Selby, to appreciate that the Washington window would never have been placed so prominently in the Abbey unless the person or persons memorialized had been of great importance and of unusually strong character, in that day and generation when the very foundations of England's present greatness were in the making.

As for the Abbey itself, aside from its historical associations, students of its architecture will find a wealth of interest; and to those who are not particularly well acquainted with the characteristics of the different styles which denote the various periods of English ecclesiastical design, much pleasure will be derived from the noble proportions of the *ensemble* and the exquisite carving and glasswork with-

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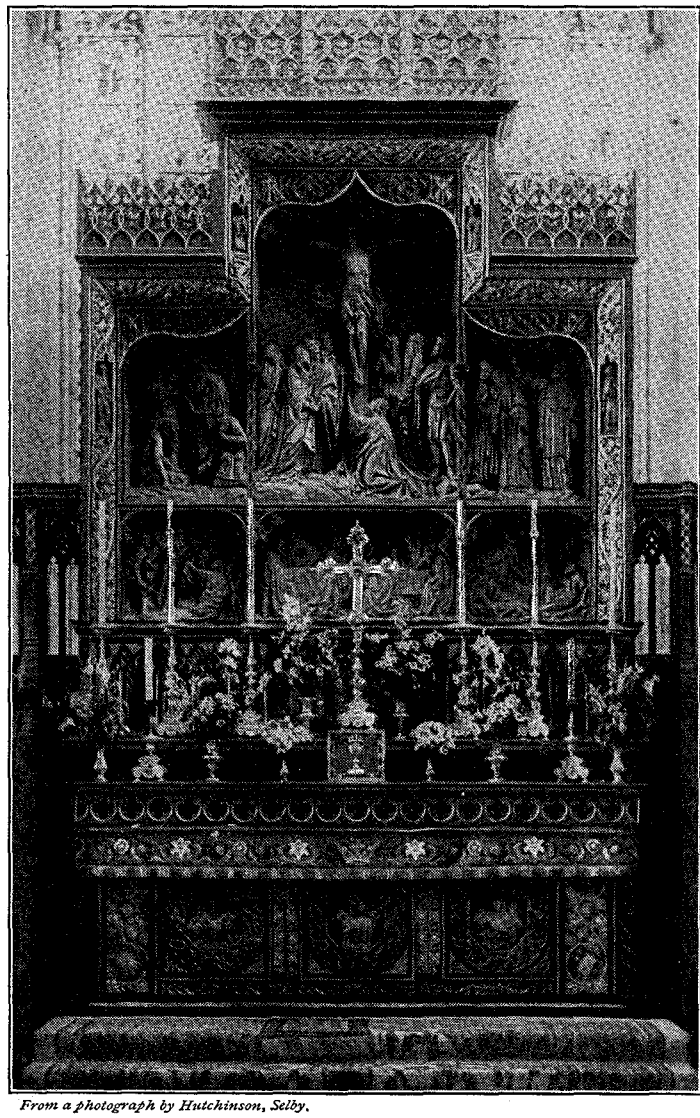

From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

This gorgeous modern reredos, illustrating the crucifix, is the work of Peter Rendl, who, previous to Anton Lang, won fame as the Christus in the Oberammergau Decennial Passion Play.

in. The Abbey shows all the architectural modes in vogue from the days of William the Conqueror: Norman, Transitional, Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular.

Giving entrance to the west end of the building is a delightful example of a Transitional Norman porch. The five receding orders of the doorway are rich in carving typical of the period, crisp as the day they were finished. The north porch is another example of the same period, even if it has but four receding orders. These two doorways with their protecting porches are undoubtedly the finest of their kind in England.

Once inside, especially if entrance is gained by the west door directly into the nave, one is at once struck by a note of solemn beauty which signalizes this Abbey above all other church buildings in a land of churches; and, while the interior also combines the various periods of English Gothic, there are unity of appearance

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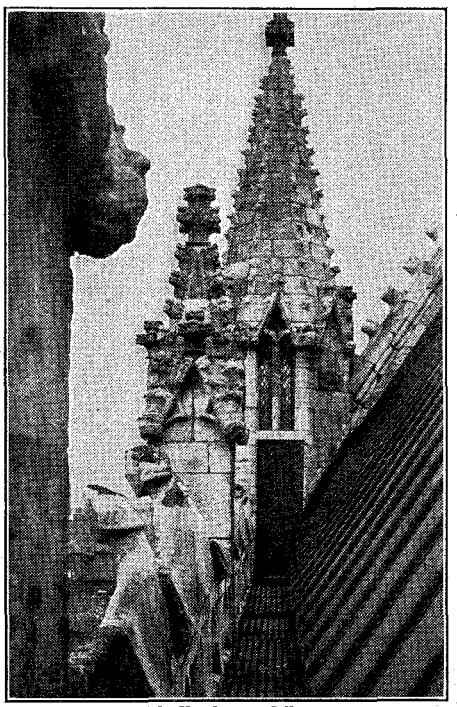
and a certain delectable balance of proportions which mark perfect architectural effect. The massive arches, proclaiming the work of Norman builders, are so sturdily placed that they have survived the stress and shock of more than eight hundred years. The superimposed Early English and Norman portions of the triforium match well with the massiveness of the Norman masonry below, yet they are so beautifully proportioned that one gets that sense of lightness and strength in combination which bespeaks the master draftsman. The ambulatory screens and clearstory treatment are not a whit less satisfactory: the whole interior is a delight.



From a photograph by Hutchinson, Selby.

Worn and weathered by the storms of centuries, the turrets and pinnacles of Selby Abbey viewed close at hand have lost some of their original crispness of outline, but nevertheless enough remains to show the daring skill of the stone-carver and the vigorous treatment of the mediæval designer.

Some of the pillars are exquisitely grouped, and one may follow the architecture from floor to roof counting in turn the evidences of the time that elapsed in the building, as style follows style, and yet not a feature jars, nothing is out of tune. Quaint conceits, curiously carved, peep out at one here and there, revealing in the monkish workmen a proclivity for humor not wholly suppressed by the donning of cassock and cowl.

Undoubtedly the most beautiful feature of the Abbey is the splendid choir. It is mainly in the Decorated style, and its proportions and embellishment are beyond praise. Lacy carvings of surpassing delicacy lead to the choir screen, which is in itself a thing most exquisite, and the altar and reredos are no less notable in conception and beauty. The delicate carving of the reredos illustrates the crucifix; the workmanship is superb; it is a worthy shrine in a building of extraordinary merit from the artist's view-point and of hallowed significance to the religious votary. An altar-screen demanding one's attention, because of its magnificence, divides the chancel from the Lady Chapel.

Monuments there are a-plenty in the Abbey; and let no one leave its confines without studying the loveliness of its windows. The colorful east window is surpassed by few such windows in all Europe, for it is a combined Jesse and Doom window, depicting the genealogy of the Saviour and the Last Judgment, two subjects which had an especial appeal to mediæval designers. The perpendicular west window, dating from about the end of the fifteenth century, has yet to be restored, while the south transept contains a window illustrating incidents in the history of the Abbey. The purpose of the clearstory glazing has already been dwelt upon; elaborately emblazoned with heraldic devices, those ancient panes tell their own story.

The setting of the Abbey in the rambling old town is admirable. It stands in a park at the east end of the great market-place where its splendor is shown to the best advantage possible. Buttresses, walls, carved mullions, gables, turrets, pinnacles, tower, all have their special appeal; the recessed doorways, the ancient porches, the quaint carvings, the roselike tracery, the very texture of the

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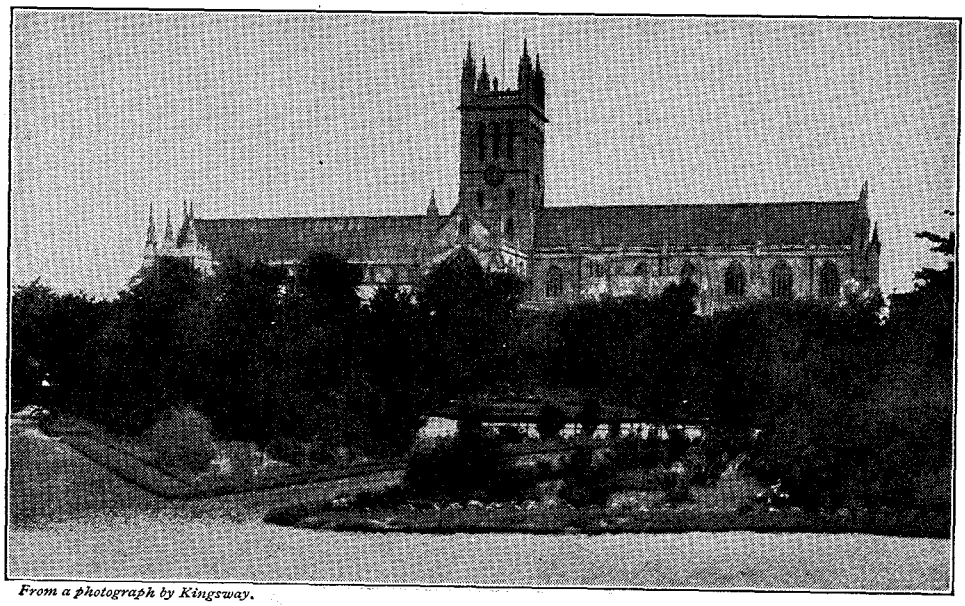

From a photograph by Kingsway.

From the park one may obtain a view of the Abbey which gives expression to its great length—306 feet—and here, too, the beautiful tower rears its tall turrets and pinnacles against the background of the sky.

From a photograph by Kingsway.

For eight and one-quarter centuries the old Abbey has watched over this market-place.
And for centuries fairs such as this shown in the photograph have been an annual event in the life of Selby.

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hoary stone, all give their share of beauty and interest and dignity to that noble pile—it is of incalculable value to a nation to possess shrinelike lessons in stone such as this Abbey.

Selby is not a town one would care to spend much time in were it not for the glorious Abbey. Yet it is a county town, and boasts an oil-works, several flax-scutching mills, and two or three boat-building yards. It lies on the right bank of the muddy Ouse and, as tide serves, is reached by fairly large steamers from the Humber. Selby is on the main line of the Great Northern Railway from London to Edinburgh, and on the main line from Hull to Leeds and Liverpool.

The most enjoyable method of reaching Selby from London is, of course, by motor-car; the ride through the eastern part of England, beautiful in itself, and filled with history of intimate character to Americans, is difficult to duplicate and is only surpassed by the return trip by way of Sheffield, Birmingham, Stratford-on-Avon, Sulgrave Manor, and Oxford.

Selby is not isolated—not by any manner of means. York, wonderful city, is only twelve or fourteen miles north of Selby; Hull, the Liverpool of the east coast, is about forty miles down river to the eastward; Doncaster, scene of the great Derby, is eighteen miles south; while Sheffield is only thirty-five miles distant—the little, dull, lazy town is in the centre of a delightful and interesting countryside, and while its neighboring cities and towns of larger size and more commercial spirit laugh it to scorn, it has a tremendous advantage to Americans after all, for it contains the regional architectural masterpiece and the Washington relic-in-chief, Selby Abbey.

New Gods

BY MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

YOUTH will be served; the gods we reared
In faith upon our altar-stone
Now keep their vigil unrevered
In dusty corners, all unknown.
New idols rise at new demands
Above our crumbling overthrow,
They pick and choose with ruthless hands—
As we did, in the long ago.

Youth will be served; we live to see
Our dearest deeds another's boast,
A butt for laughtered ribaldry
The dreams for which we suffered most.
They see no print of bleeding feet,
The heights we won on footsteps slow
They mount, unwitting of defeat—
As we did, in the long ago.

Youth must be served; one harvest's gain
The seed from which new harvest springs,
The fuller yield of golden grain
From our forgotten harrowings.
Their hands shall turn fresh furrow-soil,
The bread we eat, they too shall know,
May they find gods to sweeten toil—
As we did, in the long ago.

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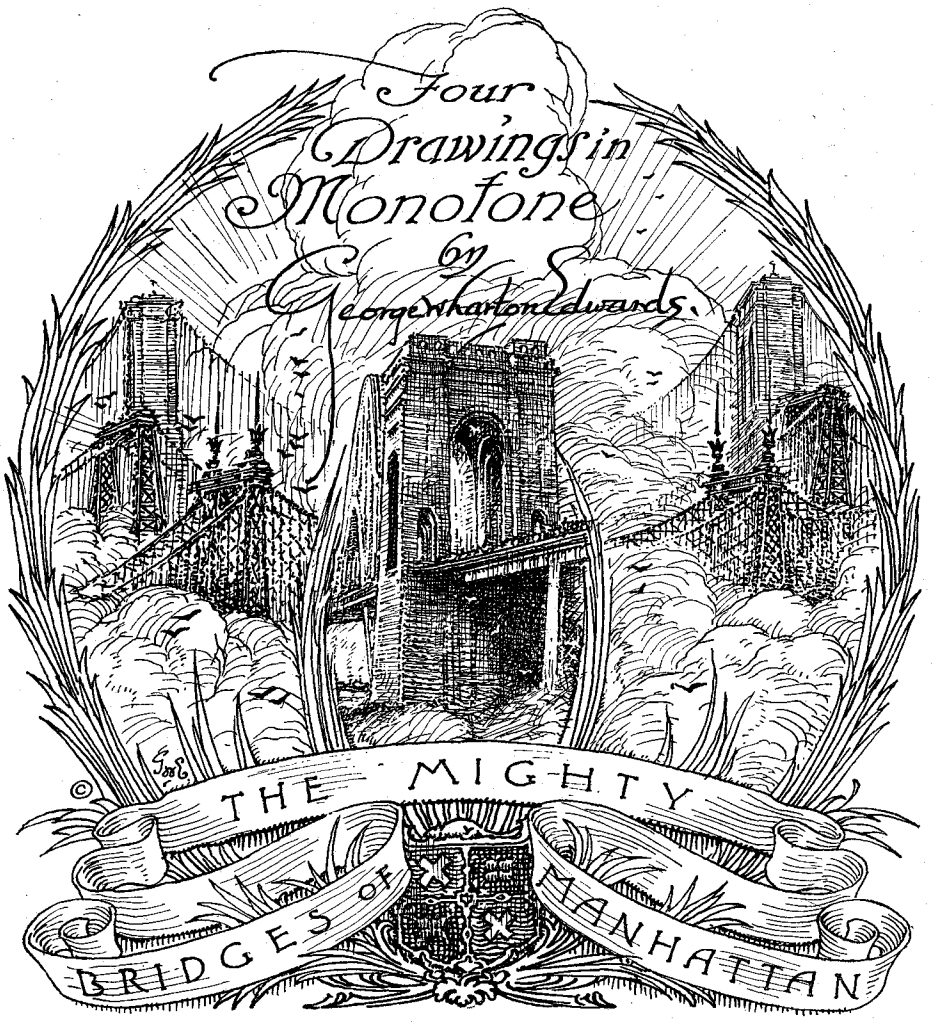

Plate I . . . . (*Frontispiece*) The Hell Gate Bridge. Started July 1, 1912; completed March 1, 1917. The longest steel arch in the world, 1017 feet.

Plate II . . . The Brooklyn Bridge. Started January 3, 1870; completed May 24, 1883. Considered the world's greatest achievement in construction as a Suspension Bridge.

Plate III . . . The Williamsburg Bridge. Started November 7, 1896; completed December 19, 1903. Combined Suspension and Cantilever, 135 feet above water.

Plate IV . . . The Blackwell's Island or Queensboro Bridge. Started July, 1901; completed March 30, 1909. 7449 feet long. Great Cantilever structure of steel.

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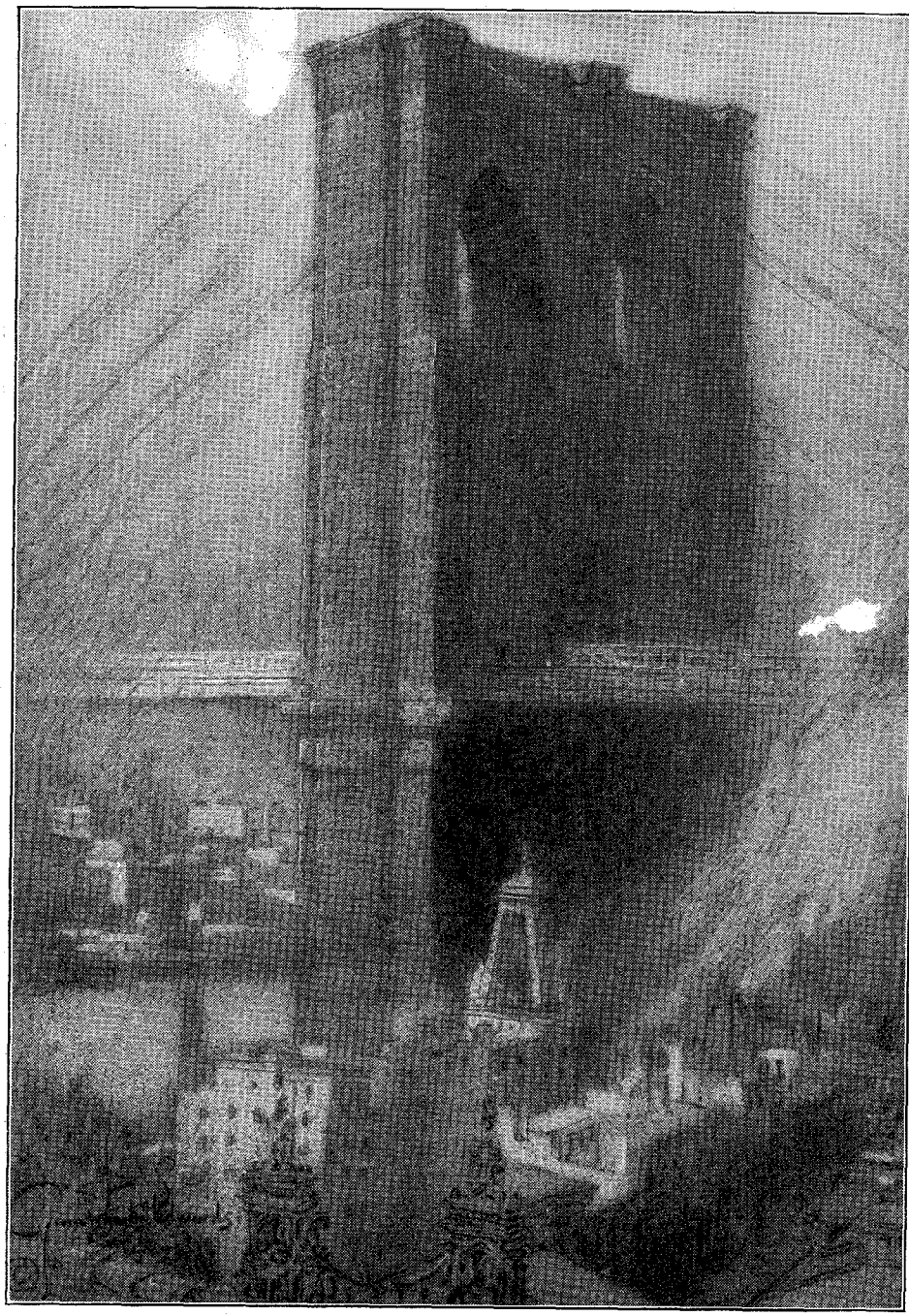

Plate II.

The Brooklyn Bridge.

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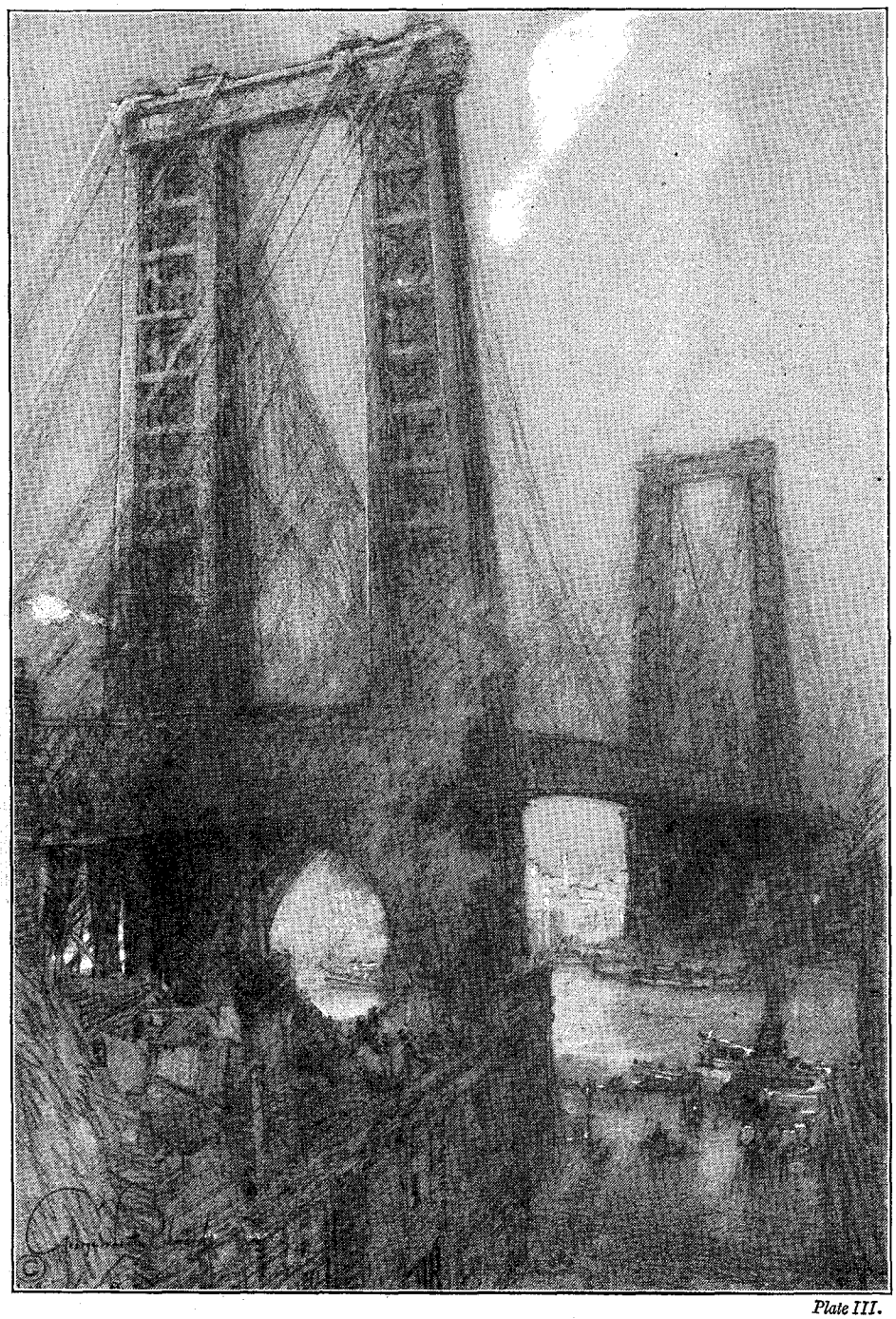

Plate III.

The Williamsburg Bridge.

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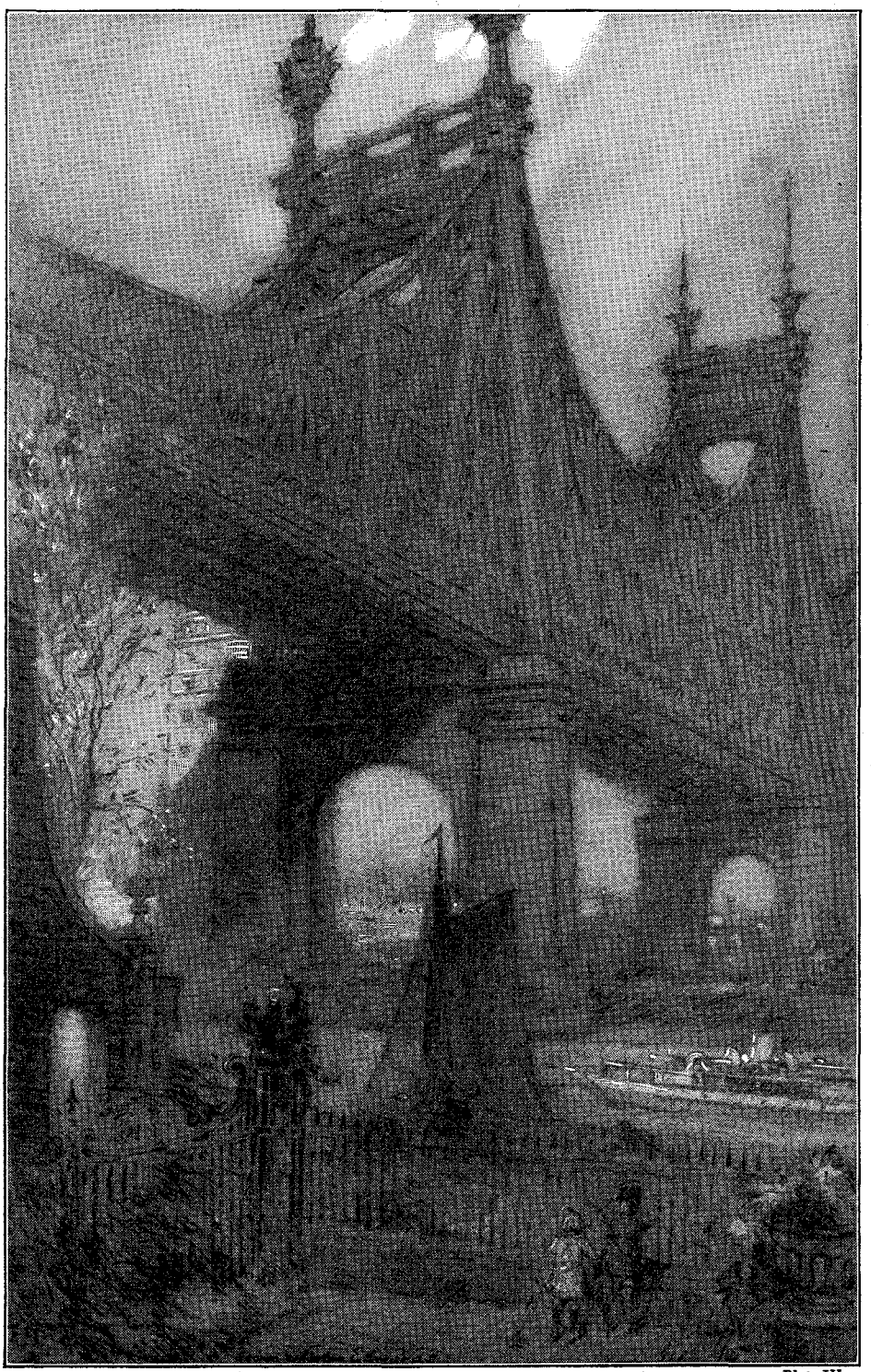

Plate IV.

The Blackwell's Island or Queensboro Bridge.

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A Son at the Front

BY EDITH WHARTON

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANCES ROGERS

BOOK II

X

THE war was three months old—three centuries.

By virtue of some gift of adaptation which seemed forever to discredit human sensibility, people were already beginning to live into the monstrous idea of it, acquire its ways, speak its language, regard it as a thinkable, endurable, arrangeable fact; to eat it by day, and sleep on it—yes, and soundly—at night.

The war went on; life went on; Paris went on. She had had her great hour of resistance, when, alone, exposed and defenseless, she had held back the enemy and broken his strength. She had had, afterward, her hour of triumph, the hour of the Marne; then her hour of passionate and prayerful hope, when it seemed to the watching nations that the enemy was not only held back but thrust back, and victory finally in reach. That hour had passed in its turn, giving way to the grey reality of the trenches. A new speech was growing up in this new world. There were trenches now, there was a "Front"—people were beginning to talk of their sons at the front.

The first time John Campton heard the phrase it sent a shudder through him. Winter was coming on, and he was haunted by the vision of the youths out there, boys of George's age, thousands and thousands of them, exposed by day in reeking wet ditches and sleeping at night under rain and snow. People were talking calmly of victory in the spring—the spring that was still six long months away! And meanwhile, what cold and wet, what blood and agony, what shattered bodies out on that hideous front, what shattered homes in all the lands it guarded!

Campton could bear to think of these things now. *His* son was not at the front—was safe, thank God, and likely to remain so!

During the first awful weeks of silence and uncertainty, when every morning brought news of a fresh disaster, when no letters came from the army and no private messages could reach it—during those weeks, while Campton, like other fathers, was without news of his son, the war had been to him simply a huge featureless mass crushing him earthward, blinding him, letting him neither think nor move nor breathe.

But at last he had got permission to go to Chalons, whither Fortin, who chanced to have begun his career as a surgeon, had been hastily transferred. The physician, called from his incessant labours in a roughly-improvised operating-room, to which Campton was led between rows of stretchers laden with livid blood-splashed men, had said kindly, but with a shade of impatience, that he had not forgotten, had done what he could; that George's health did not warrant his being discharged from the army, but that he was temporarily on a staff-job at the rear, and would probably be kept there if such and such influences were brought to bear. Then, calling for hot water and fresh towels, the surgeon vanished and Campton made his way back with lowered eyes between the stretchers.

The "influences" in question were brought to bear—not without Anderson Brant's assistance—and now that George was fairly certain to be kept at clerical work a good many miles from the danger-zone Campton felt less like an ant under a landslide, and was able for the first time to think of the war as he might have thought of any other war objectively, intellectually, almost dispassionately, as of history in the making.

It was not that he had any doubt as to

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the rights and wrongs of the case. The painfully preserved equilibrium of the neutrals made a pitiful show now that the monstrous facts of the first weeks were known: Germany's diplomatic perfidy, her savagery in the field, her premeditated and systematized terrorizing of the civil populations. Nothing could efface what had been done in Belgium and Luxembourg, the burning of Louvain, the bombardment of Rheims. These successive outrages had roused in Campton the same incredulous wrath as in the rest of mankind; but being of a speculative mind—and fairly sure now that George would never lie in the mud and snow with the others—he had begun to consider the landslide in its universal relations, as well as in its effects on his private ant-heap.

His son's situation, however, was still his central thought. That this lad, who was meant to have been born three thousand miles away in his own safe warless country, and who was regarded by the government of that country as having been born there, as subject to her laws and entitled to her protection—that this lad, by the most idiotic of blunders, a blunder perpetrated before he was born, should have been dragged into a conflict in which he was totally unconcerned, should become temporarily and arbitrarily the subject of a foreign state exposed to whatever catastrophes that state might draw upon itself, this fact still seemed to Campton as unjust as when it first dawned on him that his boy's very life might hang on some tortuous secret negotiation between the cabinets of Europe.

He still refused to admit that France had any claim on George, any right to his time, to his suffering or to his life. He had argued it out a hundred times with Adele Anthony. "You say Julia and I were to blame for not going home before the boy was born—and God knows I agree with you! But suppose we'd meant to go? Suppose we'd made every arrangement, taken every precaution, got to Havre or Cherbourg, say, and been told the steamer had broken her screw—or been prevented ourselves, at the last moment, by illness or accident, or any sudden grab of the Hand of God? You'll admit we shouldn't have been to blame for that; yet the law would have recognized no difference. George would still have found himself a French soldier on the second of last August. And I say that's enough to prove it's an iniquitous law, a travesty of justice. Nobody's going to convince me that, because a steamer may happen to break a flange of her screw at the wrong time, France has the right to force an American boy to go and rot in the trenches!"

"In the trenches—is George in the trenches?" Adele Anthony asked, raising her pale eyebrows.

"No!" Campton thundered, his clenched fist crashing down among her tea-things; "and all your word-juggling isn't going to convince me that he ought to be there." He paused and stared furiously about the little lady-like drawing-room into which Miss Anthony's sharp angles were so incongruously squeezed. She made no answer, and he went on: "George looks at the thing exactly as I do."

"Has he told you so?" Miss Anthony enquired, rescuing his tea-cup and putting sugar into her own.

"He has told me nothing to the contrary. You don't seem to be aware that military correspondence is censored, and that a soldier can't always blurt out everything he thinks."

Miss Anthony followed his glance about the room, and her eyes paused with his on her own portrait, now in the place of honour over the mantelpiece, where it hung incongruously above a menagerie of china animals and a collection of trophies from the Marne.

"I dropped in at the Luxembourg yesterday," she said. "Do you know whom I saw there? Anderson Brant. He was looking at George's portrait, and turned as red as a beet. You ought to do him a sketch of George some day—after this."

Campton's face darkened. He knew it was partly through Brant's influence that George had been detached from his regiment and given a staff-job in the Argonne; but Miss Anthony's reminder annoyed him. The Brants had acted through sheer selfish cowardice, the desire to safeguard something which belonged to them, something they valued as they valued their pictures and tapestries, though of course in a greater degree; whereas he,

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Campton, was sustained by a principle which he could openly avow, and was ready to discuss with anyone who had the leisure to listen.

He had explained all this so often to Miss Anthony that the words rose again to his lips without an effort. "If it had been a national issue I should have wanted him to be among the first: such as our having to fight Mexico, for instance——"

"Yes; or the moon! For my part, I understand Julia and Anderson better. They don't care a fig for national issues; they're just animals defending their cub."

"*Their*—thank you!" Campton exclaimed.

"Well, poor Anderson really *was* a dry-nurse to the boy. Who else was there to look after him? You were painting Spanish beauties at the time." She frowned. "Life's a puzzle. I see perfectly that if you'd let everything else go to keep George, you'd never have become the great John Campton: the *real* John Campton you were meant to be. And it wouldn't have been half as satisfactory for you—or for George either. Only, in the meanwhile, somebody had to blow the child's nose, and pay his dentist and doctor; and you ought to be grateful to Anderson for doing it. Aren't there bees or ants, or something, that are kept for such purposes?"

Campton's lips were opened to reply when her face changed, and he saw that he had ceased to exist for her. He knew the reason. That look came over everybody's face nowadays at the hour when the evening paper came in. The old maid servant brought it in, and lingered to hear the *communiqué*. At that hour, everywhere over the globe, business and labour and pleasure (if it still existed) were suspended for a moment while the hearts of all men gathered themselves up in a question and a prayer.

Miss Anthony sought for her *lorgnon* and failed to find it. With a shaking hand she passed the newspaper over to Campton.

"Violent enemy attacks in the region of Dixmude, Ypres, Armentières, Arras, in the Argonne, and on the advanced slopes of the Grand Couronné de Nancy, have been successfully repulsed. We have taken back the village of Soupir, near Vailly (Aisne); we have taken Maucourt and Mogeville, to the north-east of Verdun. Progress has been made in the region of Vermelles (Pas-de-Calais) and south of Aix Noulette. Enemy attacks in the Hauts-de-Meuse and south-east of Saint-Mihiel have also been repulsed.

"In Poland the Austrian retreat is becoming general. The Russians are still advancing in the direction of Kielce-Sandomir and have progressed beyond the San in Galicia. Mlawa has been reoccupied, and the whole railway system of Poland is now controlled by the Russian forces."

A good day—oh, decidedly a good day! At this rate, what became of the gloomy forecasts of the people who talked of a winter in the trenches, to be followed by a spring campaign? True, the Serbian army was still retreating before superior Austrian forces—but there too the scales would soon be turned if the Russians continued to progress. That day there was hope everywhere: the old maid servant went away smiling, and Miss Anthony poured out another cup of tea.

Campton had not lifted his eyes from the paper. Suddenly they lit on a short paragraph: "Fallen on the Field of Honour." One had got used to that with the rest; used even to the pang of reading names one knew, evoking familiar features, young faces blotted out in blood, young limbs convulsed in the fires of that hell called "the Front." But this time Campton turned pale and the paper fell to his knee.

"Fortin-Lescluze; Jean-Jacques-Marie, lieutenant of Chasseurs à Pied, gloriously fallen for France. . ." There followed a ringing citation.

Fortin's son, his only son, was dead!

Campton saw before him the honest *bourgeois* dining-room, so strangely out of keeping with the rest of the establishment; he saw the late August sun slanting in on the group about the table, on the ambitious and unscrupulous great man, the two quiet women hidden under his illustrious roof, and the youth who had held together these three dissimilar people, making an invisible home in the heart of all that publicity. Campton remembered his brief exchange of words with Fortin on

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the threshold, and the father's uncontrollable outburst: "For his mother and myself it's not a trifle—having our only son in the war."

Campton shut his eyes and leaned back, sick with the memory. This man had had a share in saving George; but his own son he could not save.

"What's the matter?" Miss Anthony asked, her hand on his arm.

Campton could not bring the name to his lips. "Nothing—nothing. Only this room's rather hot—and I must be off anyhow." He got up, escaping from her solicitude, and made his way out. He must go at once to Fortin's. The physician was still at Chalons; but there would surely be some one at the house, and Campton could at least leave a message and ask where to write.

Dusk had fallen. His eyes usually feasted on the beauty of the new Paris, the secret mysterious Paris of veiled lights and deserted streets; but to-night he was blind to it. He could see nothing but Fortin's face, hear nothing but his voice when he said: "Our only son in the war."

He groped along the pitch-black street for the remembered outline of the house (since no house-numbers were visible), and rang several times without result. He was just turning away when a big mud-splashed motor drove up. He noticed a soldier at the steering-wheel, then three people got out stiffly: two women smothered in crape and a haggard man in a dirty uniform. Campton stopped, and Fortin-Lescluze recognized him by the light of the motor-lamp. The four stood and looked at each other. The old mother, under her crape, appeared no bigger than a child.

"Ah—you know?" the doctor said. Campton nodded.

The father spoke in a firm voice. "It happened three days ago—at Suippes. You've seen his citation? They brought him in to me at Chalons without a warning—and too late. I took off both legs, but gangrene had set in. Ah—if I could have got hold of one of our big surgeons! . . . Yes, we're just back from the funeral. . . My mother and my wife . . . they had that comfort. . ."

The two women stood beside him, like shrouded statues. Suddenly Mme. Fortin's deep voice came through the crape: "You saw him, Monsieur, that last day . . . the day you came about your own son, I think?"

"I . . . yes . . ." Campton stammered in anguish.

The physician intervened. "And now, *ma bonne mère*, you're not to be kept standing. You're to go straight in and take your *tisane* and go to bed." He kissed his mother and pushed her into his wife's arms. "Good-bye, my dear. Take care of her."

The women vanished under the porte-cochère and Fortin turned to the painter.

"Thank you for coming. I can't ask you in—I must go back immediately."

"Back?"

"To my work. Thank God. If it were not for that——!"

He jumped into the motor, called out "*En route!*" and was absorbed into the blackness of the night.

XI

CAMPTON went home to his studio.

He still lived there, shiftlessly and uncomfortably—for Mariette had never come back from Lille. She had not come back, and there was no news of her. Lille had become a part of the "occupied provinces," from which there was no escape; and people were beginning to find out what that living burial meant.

Adele Anthony had urged Campton to go back to the hotel, but he obstinately refused. What business had he to be living in expensive hotels when, for the Lord knew how long, his means of earning a livelihood were gone, and when it was his duty to save up for George—George, who was safe, who was definitely out of danger, and whom he longed more than ever, when the war was over, to withdraw from the stifling atmosphere of his stepfather's millions?

He had been so near to having the boy to himself when the war broke out! He had almost had in sight the proud day when he should be able to say: "Look here: this is your own bank-account. Now you're independent—for God's sake stop and consider what you want to do with your life."

The war had put an end to that—but

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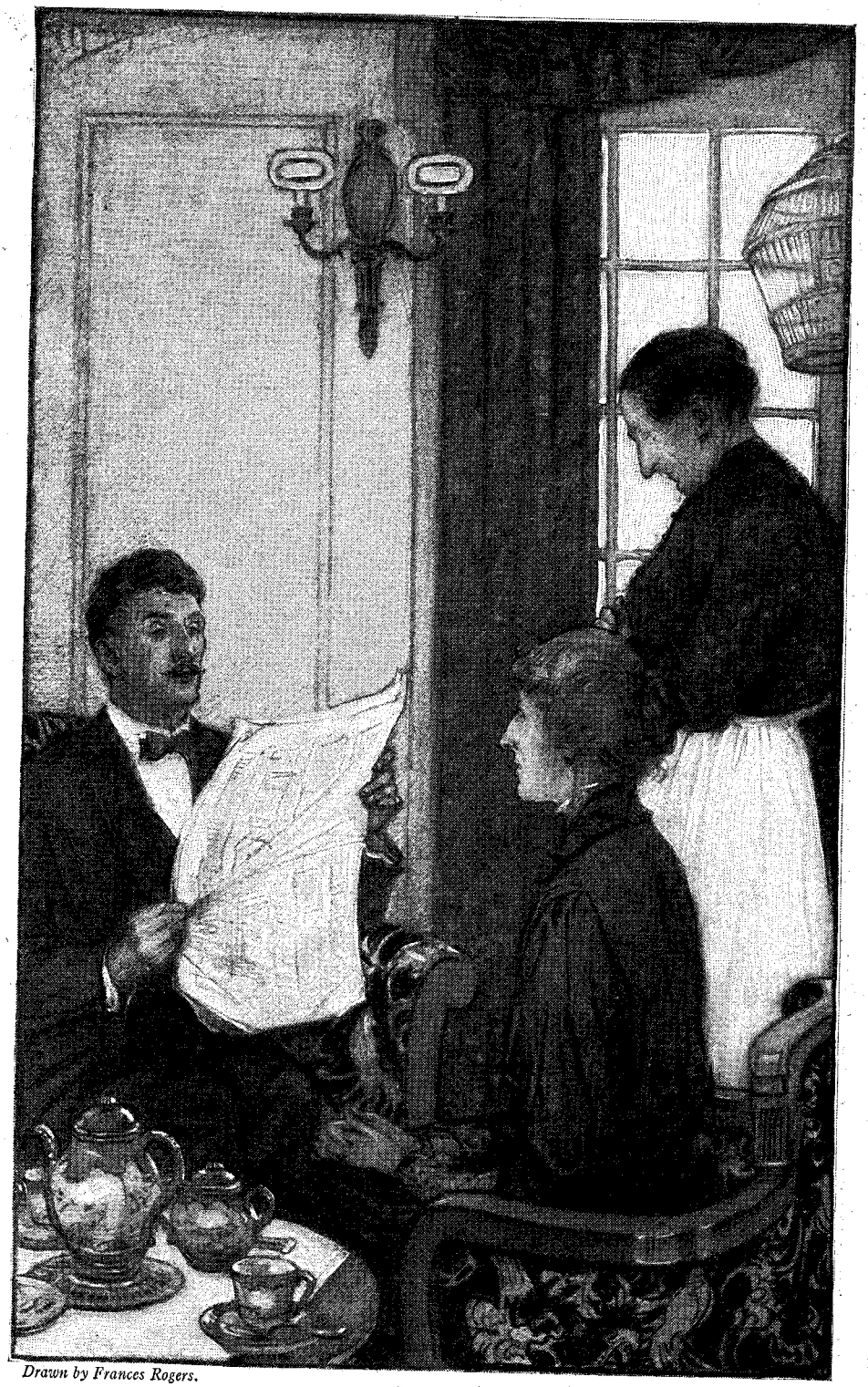

Drawn by Frances Rogers.

A good day—oh, decidedly a good day!—Page 151.

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only for a time. If victory came before long, Campton's reputation would survive the eclipse, his chances of money-making would be as great as ever, and the new George, the George matured and disciplined by war, would come back with a finer sense of values, and a soul steeled against the vulgar opportunities of wealth.

Meanwhile, it behoved his father to save every penny. And the simplest way of saving was to go on camping in the studio, taking his meals at the nearest wine-shop, and entrusting his bed-making and dusting to old Mme. Lebel. In that way he could live for a long time without appreciably reducing his savings.

Mme. Lebel's daughter-in-law, Mme. Jules, who was in the Ardennes with the little girl when the war broke out, was to have replaced Mariette. But, like Mariette, Mme. Jules never arrived, and no word came from her or the child. They too were in an occupied province. So Campton jogged on without a servant. It was very uncomfortable, even for his lax standards; but the dread of letting a stranger loose in the studio made him prefer to put up with Mme. Lebel's intermittent services.

So far she had borne up bravely. Her two orphan grandsons were at the front (how that word had insinuated itself into the language!) but she continued to have fairly frequent reassuring news of them. The *Chasseur Alpin*, slightly wounded in Alsace, was safe in hospital; and the other was well, and wrote cheerfully. Her son Jules, the cabinetmaker, was guarding a bridge at St. Cloud, and came in regularly to see her; but Campton noticed that it was about him that she seemed most concerned.

He was a silent industrious man, who had worked hard to support his orphaned nephews and his mother, and had married in middle age, only four or five years before the war, when the lads could shift for themselves, and his own situation was secure enough to permit the luxury of a wife and baby.

Mme. Jules had waited patiently for him, though she had other chances; and finally they had married and the baby had been born, and blossomed into one of those finished little Frenchwomen who, at four or five, seem already to be musing on the great central problems of love and thrift. The parents used to bring the child to see Campton, and he had made a celebrated sketch of her, in her Sunday bonnet, with little earrings and a wise smile. And these two, mother and child, had disappeared on the second of August as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them.

As Campton entered he glanced at the old woman's den, saw that it was empty, and said to himself: "She's at St. Cloud again." For he knew that she seized every chance of being with her eldest.

He unlocked his door and felt his way into the dark studio. Mme. Lebel might at least have made up the fire! Campton lit the lamp, found some wood, and knelt down stiffly by the stove. Really, life was getting too uncomfortable. . .

He was still trying to coax a flame when the door opened and he heard Mme. Lebel.

"Really, you know—" he turned to rebuke her; but the words died on his lips. She stood before him, taking no notice; then her shapeless black figure doubled up, and she sank down into his own armchair. Mme. Lebel, who, even when he offered her a seat, never did more than rest respectful knuckles on its back!

"What's the matter? What's wrong?" he exclaimed.

She lifted her aged face. "Monsieur, I came about your fire; but I am too unhappy. I have more than I can bear." She fumbled vainly for a handkerchief, and wiped away her tears with the back of her old laborious hand.

"Jules has enlisted, Monsieur; enlisted in the infantry. He has left for the front without telling me."

"Good Lord. Enlisted? At his age—is he crazy?"

"No, Monsieur. But the little girl—he's had news——"

She waited to steady her voice, and then fishing in another slit of her multiple skirts, pulled out a letter. "I got that at midday. I hurried to St. Cloud—but he left yesterday."

The letter was grim reading. The poor father had accidentally run across an escaped prisoner who had regained the French lines near the village where Mme.

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Jules and the child were staying. The man, who knew the wife's family, had been charged by them with a message to the effect that Mme. Jules, who was a proud woman, had got into trouble with the authorities, and been sent off to a German prison on the charge of spying. The poor little girl had cried and clung to her mother, and had been so savagely pushed aside by the officer who made the arrest that she had fallen on the stone steps of the "Kommandantur" and fractured her skull. The fugitive reported her as still alive, but unconscious, and dying.

Jules Lebel had received this news the previous day; and within twenty-four hours he was at the front. Guard a bridge at St. Cloud after that? All he asked was to kill and be killed. He knew the name and the regiment of the officer who had denounced his wife. "If I live long enough I shall run the swine down," he wrote. "If not, I'll kill as many of his kind as God lets me."

Mme. Lebel sat silent, her head bowed on her hands; and Campton stood and watched her. Presently she got up, passed the back of her hand across her eyes, and said: "The room is cold. I'll fetch some coal."

Campton protested. "No, no, Mme. Lebel. Don't worry about me. Make yourself something warm to drink, and try to sleep——"

"Oh, Monsieur, thank God for the work! If it were not for that—" she said, in the same words as the physician.

She hobbled away, and presently he heard her bumping up again with the coal.

When his fire was started, and the curtains drawn, and she had left him, the painter sat down and looked about the studio. Bare and untidy as it was, he did not find the sight unpleasant: he was used to it, and being used to things seemed to him the first requisite of comfort. But to-night his thoughts were elsewhere: he saw neither the tattered tapestries with their huge heroes and kings, nor the blotched walls hung with pictures, nor the canvases stacked against the chair-legs, nor the long littered table at which he wrote and ate and mixed his colours. At one moment he was with Fortin-Lescluze, speeding through the night toward fresh scenes of death; at another, in the *loge* down-stairs, where Mme. Lebel, her day's work done, would no doubt sit down as usual by her smoky lamp and go on with her sewing. "Thank God for the work—" they had both said.

And here Campton sat with idle hands, and did nothing——

It was not exactly his fault. What was there for a portrait-painter to do? He was not a portrait-painter only, and on his brief trip to Chalons some of the scenes by the way—gaunt unshorn faces of territorials at railway bridges, soldiers grouped about a provision-lorry, a mud-splashed company returning to the rear, a long grey train of "seventy-fives" ploughing forward through the rain—at these sights the old graphic instinct had stirred in him. But the approaches of the front were sternly forbidden to civilians, and especially to neutrals (Campton was beginning to wince at the word); he himself, who had been taken to Chalons by a high official of the Army Medical Board, had been given only time enough for his interview with Fortin, and brought back to Paris the same night. If ever there came a time for art to interpret the war, as Raffet, for instance, had interpreted Napoleon's campaigns, the day was not yet; the world in which men lived at present was one in which the word "art" had lost its meaning.

And what was Campton, what had he ever been, but an artist? . . . A father; yes, he had waked up to the practice of that other art, he was learning to be a father. And now, at a stroke, his only two reasons for living were gone: since the second of August he had had no portraits to paint, no son to guide and to companion.

Other people, he knew, had found jobs: most of his friends had been drawn into some form of war-work. Dastrey, after vain attempts to enlist, thwarted by an untimely sciatica, had found a post near the front, on the staff of a Red Cross Ambulance. Adele Anthony was working eight or nine hours a day in a Depot which distributed food and clothing to refugees from the invaded provinces; and Mrs. Brant's name figured on the committees of most of the newly-organ-

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ized war charities. Among Campton's other friends many had accepted humbler tasks. Some devoted their time to listing and packing hospital supplies, keeping accounts in ambulance offices, sorting out refugees at the railway-stations, and telling them where to go for food and help; still others spent their days, and sometimes their nights, at the bitter-cold suburban sidings where the long train-loads of wounded stopped on the way to the hospitals of the interior. There was enough misery and confusion at the rear for every civilian volunteer to find his task.

Among them all, Campton could not see his place. His lameness put him at a disadvantage, since taxicabs were few, and it was difficult for him to travel in the crowded métro. He had no head for figures, and would have thrown the best-kept accounts into confusion; he could not climb steep stairs to seek out refugees, nor should he have known what to say to them when he reached their attics. And so it would have been at the railway canteens; he choked with rage and commiseration at all the suffering about him, but found no word to cheer the sufferers.

Secretly, too, he feared the demands that would be made on him if he once let himself be drawn into the network of war charities. Tiresome women would come and beg for money, or for pictures for bazaars: they were already getting up bazaars.

Money he could not spare, since it was his duty to save it for George; and as for pictures—why, there were a few sketches he might give, but here again he was checked by his fear of establishing a precedent. He had seen in the papers that the English painters were already giving blank canvases to be sold by auction to millionaires in quest of a portrait. But that form of philanthropy would lead to his having to paint all the unpaintable people who had been trying to bribe a picture out of him since his sudden celebrity. No artist had a right to cheapen his art in that way: it could only result in his turning out work that would injure his reputation and reduce his sales after the war.

So far, Campton had not been troubled by many appeals for help; but that was probably because he had kept out of sight, and thrown into the fire the letters of the few ladies who had begged a sketch for their sales, or his name for their committees.

One appeal, however, he had not been able to avoid. About two months earlier he had had a visit from George's friend Boylston, the youth he had met at Dastrey's dinner the night before war was declared. In the interval he had entirely forgotten Boylston; but as soon as he saw the fat brown young man with a twinkle in his eyes and his hair, Campton recalled him, and held out a cordial hand. Had not George said that Boylston was the best fellow he knew?

Boylston seemed much impressed by the honour of waiting on the great man. In spite of his cool twinkling air he was evidently full of reverence for the things and people he esteemed, and Campton's welcome sent the blood up to the edge of his tight curls. It also gave him courage to explain his visit.

He had come to beg Campton to accept the chairmanship of the American Committee of "The Friends of French Art," an international group of painters who proposed to raise funds for the families of mobilized artists. The American group would naturally be the most active, since Americans had, in larger numbers than any other foreigners, sought artistic training in France; and all the members agreed that Campton's name must figure at their head. But Campton was known to be inaccessible, and the committee, aware that Boylston was a friend of George's, had asked him to transmit their request.

"You see, sir, nobody else represents. . ."

Campton thought as seldom as possible of what followed: he hated the part he had played. But, after all, what else could he have done? Everything in him recoiled from what acceptance would bring with it: publicity, committee meetings, speechifying, writing letters, seeing troublesome visitors, hearing harrowing stories, asking people for money—above all, having to give his own; a great deal of his own.

He stood before the young man, abject, irresolute, chinking a bunch of keys in his trouser-pockets, and remembering after-

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ward that the chink must have sounded as if they were full of money. He remembered too, oddly enough, that as his own embarrassment increased Boylston's vanished. It was as though the modest youth, taking his host's measure, had reluctantly found him wanting, and from that moment had felt less in awe of his genius. Illogical, of course, and unfair—but there it was.

The talk had ended by Campton's refusing the chairmanship, but agreeing to let his name figure on the list of honorary members, where he hoped it would be overshadowed by rival glories. And, having reached this conclusion, he had limped to his desk, produced a handful of notes, and after a moment's hesitation held out two hundred francs with the stereotyped: "Sorry I can't make it more. . ."

He had meant it to be two hundred and fifty; but, with his usual luck, all his fumbling had failed to produce a fifty-franc note; and he could hardly ask Boylston to "make the change."

On the threshold the young man paused to ask for the last news of George; and on Campton's assuring him that it was excellent, added, with evident sincerity: "Still hung up on that beastly staff-job? I do call that hard luck—." And now, of all the unpleasant memories of the visit, that phrase kept the sharpest sting.

Was it in fact hard luck? And did George himself think so? There was nothing in his letters to show it. He seemed to have undergone no change of view as to his own relation to the war; he had shown no desire to "be in it," as that mad young Upsher said.

For the first time since he had seen George's train pull out of the Gare de l'Est Campton found himself wondering at the perfection of his son's moral balance. So many things had happened since; war had turned out to be so immeasurably more hideous and abominable than those who most abhorred war had dreamed it could be; the issues at stake had become so glaringly plain, right and wrong, honour and dishonour, humanity and savagery faced each other so squarely across the trenches, that it seemed strange to Campton that his boy, so eager, so impressionable, so quick on the uptake, should not have felt some such burst of wrath as had driven even poor Jules Lebel into the conflict.

The comparison, of course, was absurd. Lebel had been parted from his dearest, his wife dragged to prison, his child virtually murdered: any man, in his place, must have felt the blind impulse to kill. But what was Lebel's private plight but a symbol of the larger wrong? This war could no longer be compared to other wars: Germany was conducting it on methods that civilization had made men forget. The occupation of Luxembourg; the systematic destruction of Belgium; the savage treatment of the people of the invaded regions; the outrages of Louvain and Rheims and Ypres; the voice with which these offences cried to heaven had waked the indignation of humanity. Yet George, in daily contact with all this woe and ruin, seemed as unmoved as though he had been behind a desk in the New York office of Bullard and Brant.

If there were any change in his letters it was rather that they were more indifferent. His reports of himself became drier, more stereotyped, his comments on the situation fewer: he seemed to have subdued to the hideous business he worked in. It was true that his letters had never been expressive: his individuality seemed to dry up in contact with pen and paper. It was true also that letters from the front were severely censored, and that it would have been foolish to put in them anything likely to prevent their delivery. But George had managed to send several notes by hand, and these were as colourless as the others; and so were his letters to his mother, which Mrs. Brant always sent to Miss Anthony, who privately passed them on to Campton.

Besides, there were other means of comparison. People with sons at the front were beginning to hand about copies of their letters; a few passages, strangely moving and beautiful, had found their way into the papers. George, God be praised, was not at the front; but he was in the war zone, far nearer the sights and sounds of death than his father, and he had comrades and friends in the trenches. Strange that what he wrote was still so cold to the touch. . .

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"It's the scientific mind, I suppose," Campton reflected. "These youngsters are all rather like beautifully made machines. . ." Yet it had never before struck him that his son was like a beautifully made machine.

He remembered that he had not dined, and got up wearily. As he passed out he noticed on a pile of letters and papers a brand-new card: he could always tell the new cards by their whiteness, which twenty-four hours of studio-dust turned to grey.

Campton held the card to the light. It was large and glossy, a beautiful thick pre-war card; and on it was engraved:

HARVEY MAYHEW

Délégué des Etats Unis au Congrès de la Paix

with a pen-stroke through the lower line. Beneath was written an imperative "p.t.o."; and reversing the card, Campton read, in an agitated hand: "Must see you at once. Call up Nouveau Luxe"; and, lower down: "Excuse ridiculous card. Impossible get others under six weeks."

So Mayhew had turned up! Well, it was a good thing: perhaps he might have news of that mad Benny Upsher whose doings had caused Campton so much trouble in the early days that he could never recall the boy's obstinate rosy face without a stir of irritation.

"I want to be *in* this thing—" Well, young Upsher had apparently been in it with a vengeance; but what he had cost Campton in cables to his distracted family, and in weary pilgrimages to the War Office, the American Embassy, the Consulate, the Prefecture of Police, and divers other supposed sources of information, the painter meant some day to tell his young relative in no measured terms. That is, if the chance ever presented itself; for, since he had left the studio that morning four months ago, Benny had so completely vanished that Campton sometimes wondered, with a little shiver, if they were ever likely to exchange words again in this world.

"Mayhew will know; he wants to tell me about the boy, I suppose," he mused.

Harvey Mayhew—Harvey Mayhew with a pen-stroke through the title which, so short a time since, it had been his chief ambition to display on his cards! No wonder it embarrassed him now. But where on earth had he been all this time? As Campton pondered on the card a memory flashed out. Mayhew? Mayhew? Why, wasn't it Mayhew who had waylaid him in the Crillon a few hours before war was declared, to ask his advice about the safest way of travelling to the Hague? And hadn't he, Campton, in all good faith, counselled him to go by Luxembourg "in order to be out of the way of trouble"?

The remembrance swept away the painter's sombre thoughts, and he burst into a laugh that woke the echoes of the studio.

XII

Not having it in his power to call up his cousin on the telephone, Campton went the next morning to the Nouveau Luxe.

It was the first time that he had entered the famous hotel since the beginning of the war; and at sight of the long hall his heart sank as it used to whenever some untoward necessity forced him to run its deadly blockade.

But the hall was empty when he entered, empty not only of the brilliant beings who filled his soul with such dismay, but also of the porters, footmen and lift-boys who, even in its unfrequented hours, lent it the lustre of their liveries.

A tired concierge sat at the desk, and near the door a boy scout, coiling his bare legs about a high stool, raised his head languidly from his book. But for these two, the world of the Nouveau Luxe had disappeared.

As the lift was not running there was nothing to disturb their meditations; and when Campton had learned that Mr. Mayhew would receive him he started alone up the deserted stairs.

Only a few dusty trunks remained in the corridors where luggage used to be piled as high as in the passages of the great liners on sailing-day; and instead of the murmur of ladies'-maids' skirts, and explosions of laughter behind glazed service-doors, the swish of a charwoman's mop alone broke the oppressive silence.

"After all," Campton thought, "if war didn't kill people how much pleasanter it might make the world!"

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This was evidently not the opinion of Mr. Harvey Mayhew, whom he found agitatedly pacing a large room hung in shrimp-pink brocade, which opened on a vista of turquoise tiling and porcelain tub.

Mr. Mayhew's round countenance, composed of the same simple curves as his nephew's, had undergone a remarkable change. He was still round, but he was ravaged. His fringe of hair had grown greyer, and there were crow's-feet about his blue eyes, and wrathful corrugations in his benignant forehead.

He seized Campton's hands and glared at him through indignant eye-glasses.

"My dear fellow, I looked you up as soon as I arrived. I need you—we all need you—we need your powerful influence and your world-wide celebrity. Campton, the day for words has gone by. We must *act!*"

Campton let himself down into an armchair. No verb in the language terrified him as much as that which his cousin had flung at him. He gazed at the ex-Delegate with dismay. "I didn't know you were here. Where have you come from?" he asked.

Mr. Mayhew, resting a manicured hand on the edge of a gilt table, looked down awfully on him.

"I come," he said, "from a German prison."

"Good Lord—*you?*" Campton gasped.

He continued to gaze at his cousin with terror, but of a new kind. Here at last was someone who had actually been in the jaws of the monster, who had seen, heard, suffered—a witness who could speak of that which he knew! No wonder Mr. Mayhew took himself seriously—at last he had something to be serious about! Campton stared at him as if he had risen from the dead.

Mr. Mayhew cleared his throat and went on: "You may remember our meeting at the Crillon—on the 31st of last July it was—and my asking you the best way of getting to the Hague, in view of impending events. At that time" (his voice took a note of irony) "I was a Delegate to the Peace Congress at the Hague, and conceived it to be my duty to carry out my mandate at whatever personal risk. You advised me—as you may also remember—in order to be out of the way of trouble, to travel by Luxembourg," (Campton stirred uneasily). "I followed your advice; and, not being able to go by train, I managed, with considerable difficulty, to get permission to travel by motor. I reached Luxembourg as the German army entered it—the next day I was in a German prison."

The next day! Then this pink and white man who stood there with his rimless eye-glasses and neatly trimmed hair, and his shining nails reflected in the plate glass of the table-top, this perfectly typical, usual sort of harmless rich American, had been for four months in the depths of the abyss that men were beginning to sound with fearful hearts!

"It is a simple miracle," said Mr. Mayhew, "that I was not shot as a spy."

Campton's voice choked in his throat. "Where were you imprisoned?"

"The first night, in the Police commissariat, with common thieves and vagabonds—with—" Mr. Mayhew lowered his voice and his eyes: "With prostitutes, Campton. . ."

He waited for this to take effect, and continued: "The next day, in consequence of the energetic intervention of our consul—who behaved extremely well, as I have taken care to let them know in Washington—I was sent back to my hotel on parole, and kept there, kept there, Campton—*I*, the official representative of a friendly country—under strict police surveillance, like . . . like an unfortunate woman . . . for eight days: a week and one day over!"

Mr. Mayhew sank into a chair and passed a scented handkerchief across his forehead. "When I was finally released I was without money, without luggage, without my motor or my wretched chauffeur—a Frenchman, who had been instantly carried off to Germany. In this state of destitution, and without an apology, I was shipped to Rotterdam and put on a steamer sailing for America." He wiped his forehead again, and the corners of his agitated lips. "Peace, Campton—*Peace?* When I think that I believed in a thing called Peace! That I left Utica—always a difficult undertaking for me—because I deemed it my duty, in the interests of *Peace*," (the word became a hiss) "to travel to the other side of the

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world, and use the weight of my influence and my experience in such a cause!"

He clenched his fist and shook it in the face of an invisible foe.

"My influence, if I have any; my experience—ha, I *have* had experience now, Campton! And, my God, sir, they shall both be used till my last breath to show up these people, to proclaim to the world what they really are, to rouse public opinion in America against a nation of savages who ought to be hunted off the face of the globe like vermin—like the vermin in their own prison cells! Campton—if I may say so without profanity—I come to bring not Peace but a Sword!"

It was some time before the flood of Mr. Mayhew's wrath subsided, or before there floated up from its agitated depths some fragments of his subsequent history and present intentions. Eventually, however, Campton gathered that after a short sojourn in America, where he found opinion too lukewarm for him, he had come back to Europe to collect the experiences of other victims of German savagery. Mr. Mayhew, in short, meant to devote himself to Atrocities; and he had sought out Campton to ask his help, and especially to be put in contact with persons engaged in refugee-work, and likely to have come across flagrant offences against the law of nations.

It was easy to comply with the latter request. Campton scribbled a message to Adele Anthony at her refugee Depot; and he undertook also to find out from what officials Mr. Mayhew might obtain leave to visit the front.

"I know it's difficult—" he began; but Mr. Mayhew laughed. "I am here to surmount difficulties—after what I've been through."

It was not until then that Mr. Mayhew found time to answer an enquiry about his nephew.

"Benny Upsher? Ha—I'm proud of Benny! He's a hero, that nephew of mine—he was always my favourite."

He went on to say that the youth, having failed to enlist in the French army, had managed to get back to England, and there, passing himself off as a Canadian ("Born at Murray Bay, sir—wasn't it lucky?") had joined an English regiment, and, after three months' training, was now on his way to the front. His parents had made a great outcry—moved heaven and earth for news of him—but the boy had covered up his tracks so cleverly that they had had no word till he was starting for Boulogne with his draft. Rather high-handed—and poor Madeline had nearly gone out of her mind; but Mr. Mayhew confessed that he had no patience with such feminine weakness. "Benny's a man, and must act as a man. That boy, Campton, saw things as they were from the first."

Campton took leave dazed and crushed by the conversation. It was all one to him if Harvey Mayhew chose to call on America to avenge his wrongs; Campton himself was beginning to wish that his country would wake up to what was going on in the world; but that he, Campton, should be drawn into the affair, should have to write letters, accompany the ex-Delegate to Embassies and Red Crosses, languish with him in ministerial antechambers, and be deafened with appeals to his own celebrity and efficiency; that he should have ascribed to himself that mysterious gift of "knowing the ropes" in which his whole blundering career had proved him to be cruelly lacking: this was so dreadful to him as to obscure every other question.

"Thank the Lord," he muttered, "I haven't got the telephone anyhow!"

He glanced cautiously down the wide stairs of the hotel to assure himself of a safe retreat; but in the hall an appealing voice detained him.

"Dear Master! Dear great Master! I've been lying in wait for you!"

A Red Cross nurse advanced: not the majestic figure of the Crimean legend, but the new version evolved in the rue de la Paix: short skirts, long ankles, pearls and curls. The face under the coif was young, wistful, haggard with the perpetual hurry of the aimless. Where had he seen those tragic eyes, so full of questions and so invariably uninterested in the answers?

"I'm Madge Talkett—I saw you at—I saw you the day war was declared," the young lady corrected herself. Campton remembered their meeting at Mrs. Brant's, and was grateful for her evident embarrassment. So few of the new generation

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seemed aware that there were any privacies left to respect! He looked at Mrs. Talkett more kindly.

"You *must* come," she continued, laying her hand on his arm (her imperatives were always in italics). "Just a step from here—to my hospital. There's someone asking for you."

"For me? Someone wounded?" What if it were Benny Upsher? A cold fear broke over Campton.

"Someone dying," Mrs. Talkett said. "Oh, nobody you know—a poor young French soldier. He was brought here two days ago . . . and he keeps on repeating your name. . ."

"My name? Why my name?"

"We don't know. We don't think he knows you . . . but he's shot to pieces and half delirious. He's a painter, and he's seen pictures of yours, and keeps talking about them, and saying he wants you to look at his. . . You *will* come? It's just next door, you know."

He did not know—having carefully avoided all knowledge of hospitals in his dread of being drawn into war-work, and his horror of coming as a mere spectator to gaze on agony he could neither comfort nor relieve. Hospitals were for surgeons and women; if he had been rich he would have given big sums to aid them; being unable to do even that, he preferred to keep aloof.

He followed Mrs. Talkett out of the hotel and around the corner. The door of another hotel, with a big Red Cross above it, admitted them to a marble vestibule full of the cold smell of disinfectants. An orderly sat reading a newspaper behind the desk, and nurses whisked backward and forward with trays and pails. A lady with a bunch of flowers came down the stairs drying her eyes.

Campton's whole being recoiled from what awaited him. Since the poor youth was delirious, what was the use of seeing him? But women took a morbid pleasure in making one do things that were useless!

On an upper floor they paused at a door where there was a moment's muffled parleying.

"Come," Mrs. Talkett said; "he's a little better."

The room contained two beds. In one lay a haggard elderly man with closed eyes and lips drawn back from his clenched teeth. His legs stirred restlessly, and one of his arms was in a lifted sling attached to a horrible kind of gallows above the bed. It reminded Campton of Juan de Borgoña's pictures of the Inquisition, in the Prado.

"Oh, *he's* all right; he'll get well. It's the other. . ."

The other lay quietly in his bed. No gallows overhung him, no visible bandaging showed his wound. There was a flush on his young cheeks and his eyes looked out, large and steady, from their hollow brows. But he was the one who would not get well.

Mrs. Talkett bent over him: her voice was sweet when it was lowered.

"I've kept my promise. Here he is."

The eyes turned in the lad's immovable head, and he and Campton looked at each other. The painter had never seen the face before him: a sharp irregular face, prematurely hollowed by pain, with thick chestnut hair tumbled above the forehead.

"It's you, Master!" the boy said.

Campton sat down beside him. "How did you know? Have you seen me before?"

"Once—at one of your exhibitions." He paused and drew a hard breath. "But the first thing was the portrait at the Luxembourg . . . your son. . ."

"Ah, you look like him!" Campton broke out.

The eyes of the young soldier lit up. "Do I? . . . Someone told me he was your son. I went home from seeing that and began to paint. After the war, would you let me come and work with you? My things . . . wait . . . I'll show you my things first." He tried to raise himself. Mrs. Talkett slipped her arm under his shoulders, and resting against her he lifted his hand and pointed to the bare wall facing him.

"There—there; you see? Look for yourself. The brushwork . . . not too bad, eh? I was . . . getting it. . . There, that head of my grandfather, eh? And my lame sister. . . Oh, I'm young . . ." he smiled . . . "never had any models. . . But after the war you'll see. . ."

Mrs. Talkett let him down again, and

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feverishly, vehemently, he began to describe, one by one, and over and over again, the pictures he saw on the naked wall in front of him.

A nurse had slipped in, and Mrs. Talkett signed to Campton to follow her out. The boy seemed aware that the painter was going, and interrupted his enumeration to say: "As soon as the war's over you'll let me come?"

"Of course I will," Campton promised.

In the passage he asked: "Can nothing save him? Has everything possible been done?"

"Everything. We're all so fond of him—the biggest surgeons have seen him. It seems he has great talent—but he never could afford models, so he has painted his family over and over again." Mrs. Talkett looked at Campton with a good deal of feeling in her changing eyes. "You see, it *did* help, your coming. I know you thought it tiresome of me to insist." She led him down-stairs and into the office, where a lame officer with the Croix de Guerre sat at the desk. The officer wrote out the young soldier's name—René Davril—and his family's address.

"They're quite destitute, Monsieur. An old infirm grandfather, a lame sister who taught music, a widowed mother and several younger children. . ."

"I'll come back, I'll come back," Campton again promised, as he parted from Mrs. Talkett.

He had not thought it possible that he would ever feel so kindly toward her as at that moment. And then, a second later, she nearly spoiled it by saying: "Dear Master—you see the penalty of greatness!"

The name of René Davril was with Campton all day. The boy had believed in him—his eyes had been opened by the sight of George's portrait! And now, in a day or two more, he would be filling a three-by-six ditch in a crowded graveyard. At twenty—and with eyes like George's.

What could Campton do? No one was less visited by happy inspirations; the "little acts of kindness" recommended to his pious infancy had always seemed to him far harder to think of than to perform. But now some instinct carried him straight to the corner of his studio where he remembered having shoved out of sight a half-finished study for George's portrait. He found it, examined it critically, scribbled his signature in one corner, and set out with it for the hospital. On the way he had to stop at the Ministry of War on Mayhew's tiresome business, and was delayed there till too late to proceed with his errand before luncheon. But in the afternoon he passed in again through the revolving plate glass, and sent up his name. Mrs. Talkett was not there, but a nurse came down, to whom, with embarrassment, he explained himself.

"Poor little Davril? Yes—he's still alive. Will you come up? His family are with him."

Campton shook his head and held out the parcel. "It's a picture he wanted——"

The nurse promised it should be given. She looked at Campton with a vague benevolence, having evidently never heard his name; and the painter turned away with a cowardly sense that he ought to have taken the picture up himself. But to see the death-change on a face so like his son's, and its look reflected in other anguished faces, was more than he could endure. He turned away.

The next morning Mrs. Talkett wrote that René Davril was better, that the fever had dropped, and that he was lying quietly looking at the sketch. "The only thing that troubles him is that he realizes now that you have not seen his pictures. But he is very happy, and blesses you for your goodness."

His goodness! Campton, staring at the letter, could only curse himself for his stupidity. He saw now that the one thing which might have comforted the poor lad would have been to have his own pictures seen and judged; and that one thing, he, Campton, so many years vainly athirst for the approbation of the men he revered—that one thing he had never thought of doing! The only way of atoning for his negligence was instantly to go out to the suburb where the Davril family lived. Campton, without a scruple, abandoned Mr. Mayhew, with whom he had an appointment at the Embassy and another at the War Office, and devoted the rest of the day to the expedition. It was

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after six when he reached the hospital again; and when Mrs. Talkett came down he went up to her impetuously.

"Well—I've seen them; I've seen his pictures, and he's right. They're astonishing! Awkward, still, and hesitating; but with such a sense of air and mass. He'll do things— May I go up and tell him?"

He broke off and looked at her.

"He died an hour ago. If you'd only seen them yesterday!" she said.

XIII

THE killing of René Davril seemed to Campton one of the most senseless crimes the war had yet perpetrated. It brought home to him, far more vividly than the distant death of poor Jean Fortin, what an incalculable sum of gifts and virtues went to make up the monster's daily meal.

"Ah, you want genius, do you? Mere youth's not enough . . . and health and gaiety and courage; you want brains in the bud, imagination and poetry, ideas all folded up in their sheath! It takes that, does it, to tempt your jaded appetite?" He was reminded of the rich vulgarians who will eat only things out of season. "That's what war is like," he muttered savagely to himself.

The next morning he went to the funeral with Mrs. Talkett—between whom and himself the tragic episode had created a sort of improvised intimacy—walking at her side through the November rain, behind the poor hearse with the tricolour over it.

At the church, while the few mourners shivered in a damp side chapel, he had time to study the family: a poor sobbing mother, two anæmic little girls, and the lame sister who was musical—a piteous group, smelling of poverty and tears. Behind them, to his surprise, he saw the curly brown head and short-sighted eyes of Boylston. Campton wondered at the latter's presence; then he remembered "The Friends of French Art," and concluded that the association had probably been interested in poor Davril.

With some difficulty he escaped from the thanks of the mother and sisters, and picked up a taxi to take Mrs. Talkett home.

"No—back to the hospital," she said. "A lot of bad cases have come in, and I'm on duty again all day." She spoke as if it were the most natural thing in the world; and he shuddered at the serenity with which women endure the unendurable.

At the hospital he followed her in. The Davril family, she told him, had insisted that they had no claim on his picture, and that it must be returned to him. Mrs. Talkett went up to fetch it; and Campton waited in one of the drawing-rooms. A step sounded behind him, and another nurse came in—but was it a nurse, or some haloed nun from a Umbrian triptych, her pure oval framed in white, her long fingers clasping a book and lily?

"Mme. de Dolmetsch!" he cried; and thought: "A new face again—what an artist!"

She seized his hands.

"I heard from dear Madge Talkett that you were here, and I've asked her to leave us together." She looked at him with ravaged eyes, as if just risen from a penitential vigil.

"Come, please, into my little office: you didn't know that I was the *Infirmière-Major?* My dear friend, what upheavals, what cataclysms! I see no one now: all my days and nights are given to my soldiers."

She glided ahead on noiseless sandals to a little room where a bowl of jade filled with gardenias, and a tortoise-shell box of gold-tipped cigarettes, stood on a desk among torn and discoloured *livrets militaires*. The room was empty, and Mme. de Dolmetsch, closing the door, drew Campton to a seat at her side. So close to her, he saw that the perfect lines of her face were flawed by marks of suffering. "The woman really has a heart," he thought, "or the war couldn't have made her so much handsomer."

Mme. de Dolmetsch leaned closer: a breath of incense floated from her conventual draperies.

"I know why you came," she continued; "you were good to that poor little Davril." She clutched Campton suddenly with a blue-veined hand. "My dear friend, can anything justify such horrors? Isn't it abominable that boys

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like that should be murdered? That some senile old beast of a diplomatist should decree, after a good dinner, that all we love best must be offered up?" She caught his hands again, her liturgical scent enveloping him. "Campton, I know you feel as I do." She paused, pressing his fingers hard, her beautiful mouth trembling. "For God's sake tell me," she implored, "how you've managed to keep your son from the front!"

Campton drew away, red and inarticulate. "I—my son? Those things depend on the authorities. My boy's health . . ." he stammered.

"Yes, yes; I know. Your George is delicate. But so is Ladislas—dreadfully. The lungs too. I've trembled for him for so long; and now, at any moment . . ." Two tears gathered on her long lashes and rolled down . . . "at any moment he may be taken from the War Office, where he's doing invaluable work, and forced into all that blood and horror; he may be brought back to me like those poor creatures upstairs, who are hardly men any longer . . . mere vivisected animals, without eyes, without faces." She lowered her voice and drew her lids together, so that her very eyes seemed to be whispering. "Ladislas has enemies who are jealous of him (I could give you their names); at this moment someone who ought to be at the front is intriguing to turn him out and get his place. Oh, Campton, you've known this terror—you know what one's nights are like! Have pity—tell me how you managed!"

He had no idea of what he answered, or how he finally got away. Everything that was dearest to him, the thought of George, the vision of the lad dying upstairs, was defiled by this monstrous coupling of their names with that of the supple middle-aged adventurer safe in his spotless uniform at the War Office. And beneath the boiling-up of Campton's disgust a new fear lifted its head. How did Mme. de Dolmetsch know about George? And what did she know? Evidently there had been foolish talk somewhere. Perhaps it was Mrs. Brant—or perhaps Fortin himself. All these great doctors forgot the professional secret with some one woman, if not with many. Had not Fortin revealed to his own wife the reason of Campton's precipitate visit? The painter escaped from Mme. de Dolmetsch's scented lair, and from the sights and sounds of the hospital, in a state of such perturbation that for a while he stood in the street wondering where he had meant to go next.

He had his own reasons for agreeing to the Davrils' suggestion that the picture should be returned to him; and presently these reasons came back. "They'd never dare to sell it themselves; but why shouldn't I sell it for them?" he had thought, remembering their denuded rooms, and the rusty smell of the women's mourning. It cost him a pang to part with a study of his boy; but he was in a superstitious and expiatory mood, and eager to act on it.

He remembered having been told by Boylston that "The Friends of French Art" had their office in the Palais Royal, and he made his way through the deserted arcades to the door of a once-famous restaurant.

Behind the plate-glass windows young women with rolled-up sleeves and straw in their hair were delving in packing-cases, while, divided from them by an improvised partition, another group were busy piling on the cloak-room shelves garments such as had never before dishonoured them.

Campton stood fascinated by the sight of the things these young women were sorting; pink silk combinations, sporting ulsters in glaring black and white checks, straw hats wreathed with last summer's sunburnt flowers, high-heeled satin shoes split on the instep, and fringed and bugled garments that suggested obsolete names like "dolman" and "mantle," and looked like the costumes dug out of a country-house attic by amateurs preparing to play "Caste." Was it possible that "The Friends of French Art" proposed to clothe the families of fallen artists in these prehistoric properties?

Boylston appeared, flushed and delighted (and with straw in his hair also), and led his visitor up a cork-screw stair. They passed a room where a row of people in shabby mourning like that of the Davril family sat on restaurant chairs before a *caissière's* desk; and at the desk Campton saw Miss Anthony, her veil pushed

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back and a card-catalogue at her elbow, listening to a young woman who was dramatically stating her case.

Boylston saw Campton's surprise, and said: "Yes, we're desperately short-handed, and Miss Anthony has deserted her refugees for a day or two to help me to straighten things out."

His own office was in a faded *cabinet particulier* where the dinner-table had been turned into a desk, and the weak-springed divan was weighed down under suits of ready-made clothes bearing the label of a wholesale clothier.

"These are the things we really give them; but they cost a lot of money to buy," Boylston explained. On the divan sat a handsomely dressed elderly lady with a long emaciated face and red eyes, who rose as they entered. Boylston spoke to her in an undertone and led her into another *cabinet*, where Campton saw her tragic figure sink down on the sofa, under a glass scrawled with amorous couplets.

"That was Mme. Beausite... You didn't recognize her? Poor thing! Her youngest boy is blind: his eyes were put out by a shell. She is very unhappy, and she comes here and helps now and then. Beausite? Oh no, we never see *him*. He's only our Honorary President."

Boylston obviously spoke without afterthought; but Campton felt the sting. He too was on the honorary committee.

"Poor woman! What? The young fellow who did Cubist things? I hadn't heard..." He remembered the cruel rumour that Beausite, when his glory began to wane, had encouraged his three sons in three different lines of art, so that there might always be a Beausite in the fashion... "You must have to listen to pretty ghastly stories here," he said.

The young man nodded, and Campton, with less embarrassment than he had expected, set forth his errand. In that atmosphere it seemed natural to be planning ways of relieving misery, and Boylston at once put him at his ease by looking pleased but not surprised.

"You mean to sell the sketch, sir? That will put the Davrils out of anxiety for a long time; and they're in a bad way, as you saw." Boylston undid the parcel, with a respectful: "May I?" and put the canvas on a chair. He gazed at it for a few moments, the blood rising sensitively over his face till it reached his tight ridge of hair. Campton remembered what George had said of his friend's silent admirations; he was glad the young man did not speak.

When he did, it was to say with a businesslike accent: "We're trying to get up an auction of pictures and sketches—and if we could lead off with this..."

It was Campton's turn to redden. The possibility was one he had not thought of. If the picture were sold at auction, Anderson Brant would be sure to buy it! But he could not say this to Boylston. He hesitated, and the other, who seemed quick at feeling his way, added at once: "But perhaps you'd rather sell it privately? In that case we should get the money sooner."

It was just the right thing to say: and Campton thanked him and picked up his sketch. But at the door he hesitated, feeling that it became a member of the honorary committee to add something more.

"How are you getting on? Getting all the help you need?"

Boylston smiled. "We need such a lot. People have been very generous: we've had several big sums. But look at those ridiculous clothes down-stairs—we get boxes and boxes of such rubbish! And there are so many applicants, and such hard cases. Take those poor Davrils, for instance. The lame Davril girl has a talent for music: plays the violin. Well, what good does it do her now? The artists are having an awful time. If this war goes on much longer, it won't be only at the front that they'll die."

"Ah—" said Campton. "Well, I'll take this to a dealer——"

On the way down he turned in to greet Miss Anthony. She looked up in surprise, her tired face haloed in tumbling hairpins; but she was too busy to do more than nod across the group about her desk.

At his offer to take her home she shook her head. "I'm here till after seven. Mr. Boylston and I are nearly snowed under. We've got to go down presently and help unpack; and after that I'm due at my refugee canteen at the Nord. It's my night shift."

Campton, on the way back to Mont-

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martre, fell to wondering if such excesses of altruism were necessary, or a mere vain overflow of energy. He was terrified by his first close glimpse of the ravages of war; and the efforts of the little band struggling to heal them seemed pitifully ineffectual. No doubt they did good here and there, made a few lives less intolerable; but how the insatiable monster must laugh at them as he spread his red havoc wider!

On reaching home, he forgot everything at sight of a letter from George. He had not had one for two weeks, and this interruption, just as the military mails were growing more regular, had made him anxious. But it was the usual letter: brief, cheerful, inexpressive. Apparently there was no change in George's situation, nor any wish on his part that there should be. He grumbled humorously at the dulness of his work and the monotony of life in the war-zone town; and wondered whether, if this sort of thing went on, there might not soon be some talk of leave. And just at the end of his affectionate and unsatisfactory two pages, Campton lit on a name that roused him.

"I saw a fellow who'd seen Benny Upsher yesterday on his way to the English front. The young lunatic looked very fit. You know he volunteered in the English army when he found he couldn't get into the French. He's likely to get all the fighting he wants." It was a relief to know that someone had seen Benny Upsher lately. The letter was but four days old, and he was then on his way to the front. Probably he was not yet in the fighting he wanted, and one could, without remorse, call up an unmutilated face and clear blue eyes.

Campton, re-reading the postscript, was struck by a small thing. George had originally written "I saw Benny Upsher yesterday," and had then altered the phrase to: "I saw a fellow who'd seen Benny Upsher." There was nothing out of the way in that: it simply showed that he had written in haste and revised the sentence. But he added: "The young lunatic looked very fit." Well: that too was natural. It was "the fellow" who reported Benny as looking fit; the phrase was rather elliptic, but Campton could hardly have said why it gave him the impression that it was George himself who had seen Upsher. The idea was manifestly absurd, since there was the length of the front between George's staff-town and the fiery pit yawning for his cousin. Campton laid aside the letter with the distinct wish that his son had not called Benny Upsher a young lunatic.

(To be continued.)

Recent Trends in Protestantism

BY CHARLES FOSTER KENT
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MONSIGNOR BICKERSTAFFE-DREW, head of the Allied chaplains in the Great War and also chaplain of the late pope, had been telling fascinating tales of the way in which, during the strenuous war days, all faiths worshipped together under the same roof and vied with each other in acts of kindly service. With evident approval, he had told of the Jewish rabbi who, in the absence of a priest, had administered the last sacrament to a Roman Catholic soldier, and how he himself had knelt down in the trenches and prayed with a dying Scotch Presbyterian. The moment seemed opportune, and so, over the tea-cups, I asked him what he thought of the possibility of Christian unity.

With a captivating smile he replied: "I am going to be saucy! I have heard

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that once certain sects withdrew from the church. Judging by the way things are going in these sects, the time is not far distant when they will ask to come back into the church. When they do, we shall be very glad to receive them."

The reply was as frank as it was illuminating. Its implications were even more thought-provoking. To picture union between the Church of Rome, which externally at least represents an unbroken front three hundred million strong, and the many hundred varieties of Protestantism requires a vivid imagination. It must also be admitted in these days when we are throwing all sham aside that things have not been going altogether well with "the sects." In the frank facing of the facts lies the hope for the future. At the same time it is clear that any general statements regarding such a many-sided growth as Protestantism must necessarily be subject to many exceptions.

Sooner or later every great religion develops its prophetic and its priestly tendencies. Its founders and spiritual and ethical leaders are prophets; its priests aim, through ritual and worship, to interpret the great truths proclaimed by the prophets in language which the people can readily understand.

In its origin and genius Protestantism represents the prophetic tendencies in Christianity. Its founders were fired by the divine enthusiasm and zeal of the prophets. The very name Protestant suggests the belligerent attitude and the fierce invectives of an Amos or a John the Baptist. A majority of the Protestant denominations during their early history spurned the ritual and symbolism of the priests. Protestantism has found its chief inspiration in the prophetic sections of the Old and the New Testaments. It has held tenaciously to the right of independent thought, and has usually been open to the reception of new truth.

These prophetic characteristics are the strength and weakness of Protestantism. The recognition of the right of independent thought and the authority of the living prophet go far to explain the rise of the sects and the many divisions which to-day separate and weaken it. As in ancient Israel and Greece, divisions and the resulting weakness have been the price paid for intellectual and religious freedom. Major or minor prophets, with a great or a little truth, have made the dismemberment of Protestantism complete.

In this age of co-ordination and co-operation, the fatal effects of these sectarian divisions are becoming ever more glaringly apparent. Confronted by the new and complex problems of rural and village communities, divided Protestantism, with its starved, competing sectarian churches, has thus far signally failed to meet its responsibility. In the foreign-mission fields it has in recent days been compelled to admit its inability to cope with the situation. As a result, plans for united missionary effort are being inaugurated which represent a long stride toward real Christian unity.

In more than forty towns in the staid New England State of Vermont, through the wise policy of denominational leaders, Baptist, Methodist, and Congregational churches have blended their resources. The result is the establishment in each town of one strong local church that elicits the co-operation rather than the criticism of the natural leaders of the community. The pastors are free to divide their work according to their natural ability or training. The religious education and the recreative life of the youth receive due attention. The entire religious and moral atmosphere of the community is being transformed. It is not strange that this movement is spreading like the leaven of early Christianity.

Significant, because it is largely due to the initiative of laymen, is the community church movement. Twenty years ago the name was scarcely known. Now there are between eight and nine hundred well-organized community churches in America. Seven new community churches are being launched each month.

While still crude and germinal, this movement has far-reaching possibilities, for it accords closely with the ideal of the Founder of Christianity, and especially with the needs of our village, suburban, and rural life. Its momentum and nation-wide extension are evidence that it is not a mere flash in the pan. Already sectional conferences are bringing together its leaders and unifying the movement.

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It promises soon to become one of the most significant trends in Protestantism, and may furnish a satisfactory solution of the rural problem.

Within the Protestant denominations themselves there are also many forces working for Christian unity. The fusion of the four Protestant denominations of Canada and of other denominational bodies in the United States and the utterances at conferences of church leaders reveal this tendency. The work of the Council of Church Boards of Education, which brings into co-operative relation the educational resources of twenty leading Protestant denominations, is a potent constructive force, for it works through the educational institutions which are training the church leaders of the future. The desire for Christian union is increasingly strong in the minds of the youth who must soon assume responsibility. Protestant unity is surely coming. Already the focal question is: What is the practical basis for such a union?

Protestantism still has its strong centrifugal, as well as centripetal, forces. Suddenly, like a volcanic eruption, the Fundamentalist movement has burst forth. It threatens not only to disrupt certain denominations, like the Baptist and the Presbyterian, but to divide the Protestant forces at home and abroad. Its leaders claim practically all the members of the Lutheran and of the lesser denominations and a majority in the Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist churches. Their claim regarding the last two denominations may be seriously questioned; but in any case the movement is significant.

It includes in its ranks thousands of earnest Christians who, like our Roman Catholic friends, feel the need of fixed authority in religion and regard with alarm any departure from the doctrines of their forefathers. They are dissatisfied with the fruits of our so-called Christian civilization. It is also fair to assume that, deeper still, they crave a more spiritual and a more satisfying religious life.

To many the ways in which these cravings are expressed seem strange in this twentieth century. Fundamentalism starts with the assumption that all parts of the Bible are equally and infallibly authoritative, whether it be in the field of science or religion. Genealogical tables, tales of craft and deception, imprecatory psalms, and even Ecclesiastes, with its pessimistic philosophy, are regarded "as verbally inspired of God and inerrant" in their teaching as the Sermon on the Mount. Hence evolution and the conclusions of modern science are rejected, for they do not agree with a literalistic interpretation of the opening chapters of Genesis.

On the basis of this mechanical theory of inspiration the dogmas selected as fundamental seem to follow like a mathematical demonstration. In the opening chapters of Joshua the Hebrews were directed to kill all the people of Jericho—women and children, as well as men—as an offering to Jehovah. In the same way, David and the Israelites hung up the innocent sons of Saul to placate an offended God. Even so the Fundamentalists hold that the blood of our Lord was shed in a substitutionary death to appease an alienated Deity, and that "all that believe on Him are justified on the ground of His shed blood."

A literalistic interpretation of many references in the New Testament to the second coming of the Lord leads them to believe in his "personal, premillennial, and imminent return."

Unfortunately the Fundamentalists fail to perceive the ghastly implications of their primary assumption that every word of Scripture is verbally inspired by God. At once a long list of discarded institutions—slavery, polygamy, the divine right of conquest, and the obligation to slay those holding heretical beliefs—are restored to the seat of authority. The Fundamentalists seem to forget, too, that the Master declared that He came to complete the law and the prophets, thus quietly assuming the incompleteness of the older Scriptures. Repeatedly He questions the authority of even the most sacred sections of the ancient law: "They said unto you . . . but I say unto you." The failure to appreciate the divine principle of growth—"First the blade, then the ear, and then the full corn in the ear"—would seem to be the fatal error that lies at the root of Fundamentalism.

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Its leaders also assume the right to single out certain dogmas regarding which devout Christians have long differed and about which even the biblical testimony varies, and declare them to be the fundamentals to which every Christian must subscribe. Thus they assert, in the terms of seventeenth-century theology, that "Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary, and is true God and true man," all human beings are born with a sinful nature, just and unjust shall experience a bodily resurrection, and "the lost shall suffer everlasting, conscious punishment."

What is the explanation of this strange trend in the twentieth century? Every period of world upheaval has witnessed a resurgence of a belief in the physical second coming of the Lord, and the present outburst is proportionate to the greatness of the cataclysm; but this explanation does not alone suffice. Thousands have been swept into the Fundamentalist ranks whose primary interest is not in Jesus' physical reappearance. The phenomenon calls for deeper diagnosis.

Fundamentalism apparently cherishes a grievance especially against the higher critics, the scientists, and the higher institutions of learning. Is there any real cause for this feeling, and if so, can the complex, by frank and searching analysis, be resolved?

In the larger perspective we are just beginning to appreciate the great constructive values of the critical study which has been given to the Bible during the past fifty years; but, unfortunately, the negative results of this study were first heralded to the rank and file of the church in ways that were often offensive. The critical study of the Bible is almost purely intellectual, and therefore cold rather than spiritually inspired. When to this chilling process is added the din and conflict inevitably incidental to a period of transition, it is not strange that the majority, who could not appreciate the divine meaning of the process as a whole, felt that the authority of the Scriptures was being undermined and that their religious teachers were giving them a stone instead of a loaf.

It is profitable for Fundamentalist and Evangelical alike to recognize that we have all been passing through a strenuous period of readjustment. Together we can rejoice that it is over and that an era of reconstruction has begun. Already a new spirit is stirring in the hearts of religious teachers, as they turn to subjects, if not more important at least spiritually more inspiring. The real problem now is to satisfy the deep spiritual craving that has inspired the present movement.

Too, it must be recognized that during the pre-war period a material, mechanistic interpretation of the universe, that left no place for God and spiritual forces, gained currency in certain departments of science and to a limited extent in our universities and colleges. Science has learned much since 1914. This materialistic philosophy has largely disappeared; and yet, if the protagonists of Fundamentalism had made it, and not evolution and biology, and science in general, the object of their attack, they would have met with almost universal approval inside and outside the universities.

The future of Fundamentalism is problematical. Fortunately its leaders have not formed a new sect. Also the genius of Protestantism is liberty of thought. Certainly the Evangelicals will not relieve the tense situation by calling the Fundamentalists reactionaries born three centuries too late. Nor will the Fundamentalists help the cause in which they are so deeply interested by calling their evangelical friends radicals and rationalists. The spirit of intolerance, which so easily passes over into active persecution, is as disastrous as it is unchristian. A very different spirit is expressed in a recent letter from a prominent Fundamentalist leader:

> "I have no sympathy at being at personal outs with men whose theology I cannot accept. I expect if I were your neighbor, I should love you personally, and scrap with you constantly theologically, and so I sign myself, in all sincerity,
>
> Fraternally yours."

Herein lies the solution of what is undoubtedly the gravest problem confronting Protestantism to-day. It is for representatives of the different Protestant movements to know each other person-

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ally, to understand each other's point of view, and to appreciate the reasons for the convictions which each holds so strongly. It is said that in war men never shoot when they are near enough to see the whites of each other's eyes. It is sincerely to be hoped that at the coming Fundamentalist World Conference the stress will not be placed on differences, but that full opportunity will be given for frank discussion between representative Fundamentalists and Evangelicals of the vital beliefs and aims and tasks which they all share together as the followers of a common Lord and Master.

Both must face squarely three facts. First, that the Author of their faith placed the entire stress not on declarations but on demonstrations, on life and deeds, not on creeds. Second, that the youth of to-day must live in the twentieth century and that their faith and their development should be the first concern of the church. Scolding and prodding will not compel the twentieth century to go back into the shell of the eighteenth, even could that shell be restored. Third, Protestantism, as the great prophetic movement of Christianity, is to-day confronted by stupendous tasks and responsibilities which can only be met with united front and in the spirit of Him who found his life by losing it. His many-sided teachings contain the fundamentals on which all his followers can safely and securely take their stand, content to differ regarding the debatable questions of intellectual belief.

Protestantism is undergoing a silent but fundamental transformation in its church life. This change is revealed, not in the majority of the churches, but, like the first rich tints that here and there foretell the coming of autumn, it is discernible in those under riper, more progressive leadership.

The constantly dwindling Sunday morning and evening audiences, the conspicuous absence of youth, and the silent protest of many who faithfully attend, indicate unmistakably that in a majority of the Protestant churches, where everything else is made secondary to the sermon, all is not well. Doctor Francis E. Clark, in a significant article in the October, 1922, *Yale Review* on "The Menace of the Sermon," has courageously diagnosed this twentieth-century peril in Protestantism. He points out that too often the pastor is called to a church not because of his ability as a practical spiritual leader but because of his reputation as a preacher; that the tragedy of many a pastor's life is the obligation and his own inability to produce each year fifty or a hundred memorable sermons; and that this sermonolatry develops sermon-tasters rather than active, efficient Christians.

This emphasis on the sermon is another of Protestantism's prophetic inheritances. In the days of John Knox or the Wesleys or George Fox or Alexander Campbell, the people were conscious of listening to the voice of a prophet. Through the contemporary prophet God spoke again, as he did through an Isaiah or a John the Baptist. Our early American forefathers lived largely in the atmosphere of the Old Testament, and the men of God who preached to them frankly assumed the manner and rôle of the old Hebrew prophets. From time to time in later years men like Beecher and Phillips Brooks, with a conspicuous prophetic gift, have inspired with divine truth and love intently listening thousands.

This high appreciation of the living prophet is one of the glories of Protestantism; but when the church expects every preacher to be a prophet forty or fifty Sundays in the year, it is building on a false assumption and is in danger of a tragic awakening. To many churches that awakening is now coming, and the problem of readjustment to facts is insistent.

Moreover, it is well to remember that Paul, in his burning letter to the Corinthian Christians, urges each to serve the beloved community according to his special ability. Not for a moment does he assume that prophecy or preaching is the only gift essential to the spiritual life of the church. May it not be that this assumption has misled Protestantism? It may be the devoted mother or the enthusiastic settlement worker or the invalid saint or the faithful physician or youth with glowing vision or old men dreaming dreams, who have a message that will set cold hearts aflame and send young and old alike out into paths of joy-

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ous service. The modern community church is seeking ways in which these messages may find normal and effective expression.

Protestantism is also awakening to the need of a differentiated ministry. It is no new discovery. In the little Christian community that Paul established at Corinth there were prophets, apostles, teachers, and healers. The vanguard of the army of trained religious teachers or directors of religious education, as they are called, has already entered the service. Directors of the social and recreational life of the church are in training. In certain individual churches gifted leaders of the musical activities in the church and community have demonstrated how indispensable are their services.

With this working staff, the pastor is able to become a shepherd of souls and to organize and direct the spiritual life and work of the church as a whole. When practical Christian unity makes it possible for each local church to become a community church and to minister alike to ignorant and learned, rich and poor, saints and sinners, the prophetic function of Protestantism will begin to be fully realized.

The stress that is being laid on the teaching ministry of the church marks another unmistakable trend in progressive Protestantism. It is in accord with the method of the Founder of Christianity, for he was not primarily a preacher but a teacher. The so-called "Sermon on the Mount" is not in the form of a sermon but is in reality an informal talk on the hillside. In the light of the vivid record we can in imagination see the great Teacher seated on one of the black basaltic rocks that are scattered so profusely on the hillsides to the north and northwest of Capernaum, while his followers sit close about him. Christianity from the first was a teaching religion. In the Corinthian church teachers were regarded as important as the prophets or apostles. Throughout Protestantism the vicious theory that youth must first be allowed to go wrong in order later to experience a catastrophic conversion is fast being abandoned. At last the words of the ancient Jewish sage are being fully accepted:

"Train up a child in the way he should go;
And when he is old he will not depart from it."

Underlying the religious-education movement that is rapidly transforming the life and the architecture of many Protestant churches are the accepted principles of modern psychology and education. The rediscovered Bible, interpreted into the terms of modern life, is its chief text-book. This movement is fast putting the youth and the leaders of Protestantism into intelligent touch with the vital principles revealed in the past experience of the race and with the active forces in our present civilization. In this direct way it is equipping them for the work of moral and religious reconstruction that must be done by the prophetic forces in Christendom.

Another trend in Protestantism is not yet strongly marked, but there are indications that the tide is strongly setting in. A typical illustration—one of many—may be cited. In one of our American cities the gifted and devoted rector suddenly died. A young curate—modest, likable, and with excellent organizing ability—was asked to take the helm until a successor could be secured. He did so on condition that all the members of the church share the responsibilities with him. From the first a new life and atmosphere pervaded the staid old church. Old and young found their special task and joy in doing it; and enlarged budgets to meet the needs of the rapidly growing membership and the extended community work were taken care of as by magic.

Soon the people discovered that none of the candidates appealed to them. The leaders recognized that the real reason was that no one wished to restore the old type of church. The young curate (whom every one called by his first name) was asked to become their rector. To-day this church, made up of active, working Christians, is fast becoming the most potent religious force in one of the larger of our American cities.

The explanation of this rebirth of a church is simple. Psychologists tell us that we are interested in that to which we are able personally to contribute and in nothing else. The Master Teacher knew well this simple but vastly important principle. He saved the men and women

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who pressed about him, first by believing in them and then by giving them a task which each could perform. The very essence of the Christianity of Jesus is individual loyalty to the fraternal community expressed in service. Protestantism is gradually grasping this ideal of universal enlistment, and as a result new life is coming back to many dying churches.

The principle of distributed responsibility applies to the religious services as well. Men never lose their boyish love of "doing something." If the preacher and a highly paid chorus assume all responsibility for the service, the men, as a rule, seek more active occupation elsewhere, and the country club becomes a strong rival of the church.

It is a frequent subject of wonderment that when Quakers, with their complete absence of ritual, change their church affiliations, they usually join the Episcopal Church. The same bond binds these two faiths very closely together: their democracy in worship, their stout insistence that the individual worshipper shall have a large part in the service.

Finally, Protestantism, to do its unique work in the world and to satisfy the needs of men, must give them a more vivid sense of the presence of God. Has it here something to learn from the priest? Most of the world's prophets have been men of the out-of-doors. They have lived so close to God that they needed no ritual nor symbolism. To-day the majority of men live in great congested centres, out of touch with nature. There is need, therefore, that the church supply that lack, even though it be through imperfect symbolism. With true insight the mediæval church met this need. It built the naves of its great cathedrals so that they represented the branching trees. As the light of the sun came through the richly colored windows it suggested the green of springtime, the gorgeous tints of autumn, and the resplendent glory of the sunset. The rich tones of the great organ recalled the still richer melodies of nature. Here the dwellers in hovels and palaces forgot their unnatural and distracting daily life and felt themselves in the presence of God. Familiar prayer, solemn chant, and words of prophet and psalmist aided in realizing that presence.

Sermonolatry and the old reaction against all forms of religious symbolism have given Protestantism many an architectural monstrosity that is a barrier rather than an aid to true worship. And yet a hopeful trend is even here discernible. To imitate the mediæval cathedrals would be false to its traditions. Progressive Protestantism is building, in keeping with the ideals of its prophetic Founder, church homes fitted to the needs of the fraternal community. Here children in the church-school find a fitting habitat. Here the various communal activities centre. Here the voices of the prophets can be heard. Here, amidst symbolism that suggests the presence of the God of beauty and of love, men may learn the joy of worship. In this new type of "meeting-house" all classes in the community may meet with their common Father for communion and co-operative service.

"The sects" undoubtedly have their serious problems. They are still a dissonant babel of voices and have found as yet no common basis for united action; but they are seeking it. In the language of yesterday, many of them need the experience of a sound conversion that will lead them to forget their bickering, their man-made creeds, their petty rivalries, their pathetic trust in mere organization, and inspire them to try the bold experiment of finding their life by losing it in the service of mankind. Too often they have followed wrong impulses or clung too tenaciously to institutions long outgrown; but they are usually ready to learn from their mistakes. They are still responsive to the voice of the real prophet and, therefore, ever open to new truth. They are, as a rule, in close touch with the world's thought and life. They are eager to satisfy men's deepest religious needs. There are unmistakable indications that they are passing through a great transitional period out of which will emerge a more unified, a more spiritual, and a more truly prophetic Protestantism.

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Luck

BY JAMES BOYD
Author of "Elms and Fair Oaks," "The Sound of a Voice," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. F. WILFORD

THE old, smoke-blackened fence along the freight-yard made a good shelter from the daybreak autumn wind. Cowan sat in its lee, tying a string around the waist of his rusty overcoat while he waited for the tin can of soup to get hot over the swaying fire of chips. His bold, restless face puckered as his stiff fingers fumbled at the knot; his mouth, small and precise, tightened in methodical preoccupation. A film of vapor rose from the soup in harried spirals. He curled his red hands around the can, raised his daring eyes, and drank.

Setting it down, he drew a knuckled wrist across his mouth and rolled a cigarette with gloomy accuracy. Autumn, shrivelled and foreboding, bore on him heavily. All the world, from the distant, blue, cold hills to the clutter of drab houses by the tracks, looked pinched and sterile. He shrunk within himself before the lifeless morning chill and knew that he was growing pinched and sterile, too. Pretty soon he would be no good; it would be too late. He was getting on, almost done for. He'd had many jobs and never one he liked; always he kept moving on, a hobo, looking for something that beckoned and vanished like that shifting engine's nodding steam plume. But if the right thing came, he'd know and never quit it.

Making up the fire, he stretched out his oily sea-boots and smoked. The warmth on his soles gave him more heart.

The old jobs had all been good in a way. They had all been chancy, nothing soft. He thought of them; of the night-shift in the foundry when they had stood naked, gilded with sweat, as the blinding, red-hot flux crawled from the bottom of the cone. Then there had been the powder-mill; trundling the black dust in a push-cart, like a sleeping baby ogre, treading lightly in rubber shoes for fear of waking it. He thought of the time when he was out of Gloucester before the mast; fog-bound dories bobbing off the banks, listening in the ghost silence for the swish of a liner's tall, gray bow. He looked at his boots; they were the same ones he wore, the last race to market, when the skipper cracked on canvas till she lay down under galloping seas and groaned.

All had been chancy, there was that good about them. But it had been blind chance, chance where a good man might get knocked off as quick as a bad; quicker, it sometimes seemed. However careful a man was in the powder-mill, any minute some dub might clink a spark from metal and blow him to blazes. On the banks the ablest seaman was just as likely to be cut down by the big ships. He wanted risk; nothing was fun without it, but he wanted risk of his own making, not some one else's. He was willing to play the game for big stakes, but he didn't want to play stud poker, he wanted to play chess.

If only life would be like chess he'd have no kick; like chess for a million dollars a side. He fished in the breast of his overcoat and drew out a pigskin wallet, varnished with age. Unfolded, it was a small chess-board with painted ivory slips for men. He spread a scrap of crumpled newspaper on his knee. "Black to checkmate with the castle in seven moves," he murmured, reading aloud. He placed the men on the board according to the newspaper diagram and studied them.

The thump and crash of shunted cars and the high squeak of flanges came over the fence on the gusty wind. To Cowan, hunched over the board, these sounds

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grew faint and far away. His mouth was a short straight line. He moved a piece —no that wouldn't do it. He ground a fist into his cheek and thought. There must be a right answer, there always was in chess; if you didn't get it, it was your own fault. In life there might be a dozen answers, all wrong, or none at all. If only chess had some risk to give it an edge.

He stared at the problem on the board; hanged if he could solve it. The white knight always got in the way. He never liked the knight's move anyhow; it wasn't regular; no sense to it. He'd have to give up. That was the trouble with playing for fun; a man couldn't do his best except for big stakes. Putting the pieces neatly back in their place, he shoved the board into his breast pocket and lit another cigarette. He turned his face to the black fence and stared through it into space. Behind him he heard the rattle of grocery carts on the cobbles, the caller calling a freight crew, the cackling of draggled, town-bred chickens; dull, flat morning noises of a stale, dirty world. He was sick of it. If only something would come along to get him started. But what that would be he didn't know.

He saw, beyond the end of the fence, a corner of the yards and the roundhouse. Behind it, four big, steel-latticed stilts stuck aimlessly in air. A tall boom stood up beside them, its tackle jerking in the wind-bursts. Some kind of erecting job. With his square toe he raked black dirt on the fire and strolled over.

A minute figure in jumpers squatted at the base of the tall, meagre monstrosity. The smoke-veiled distance obscured its features, features which themselves seemed preternaturally obscure. Cowan wrinkled his blunt nose in a squint. Yes, by golly, it was little Whitey, the White Knight kid.

"What you doing, White?"

The kid advanced with cur-dog effusiveness and deprecation.

"Hullo, Cowan, where'd you come from? I'm on this job here—partner hasn't showed up—saw a girl down street. Expect he won't, either—he's got two quarts. But I'm making my time, see?" He undertook a labored wink indicative of worldly knowledge.

Cowan scowled. "I'll rig and rivet for you to-day. Show me what's laid out."

They spent the morning on the ground, riveting the short sections of the main collar together, two by two. Cowan worked the pneumatic and the kid, casual and ineffective, entered the red hot rivets and held against him. The tall, accurate man never spoke except for an occasional "Put your weight against it," or, "Take it out; it's cold."

"Gee whiz," the kid would mumble. "What's the difference? They're plenty more, ain't there?"

Whitey produced sausages for dinner, and Cowan led him to the shelter of the fence.

"So you haven't played since you left the mill?" Cowan said as they leaned back to smoke. "Well, here's a chance to practice." He drew out the leather board and showed the kid the newspaper problem.

"Aw, Cowan, I can't play. It's all luck with me."

"Can't miss if you use your bean. Go ahead."

"Aw, Cowan."

Whitey shifted the pieces irresolutely, with anxious glances at his tyrant. Cowan watched him, then stared grimly into space. Why didn't the boy sit still and figure instead of pushing the chessmen brainlessly around? That was just the way he used to act back at the powder-mill when Cowan had taught him to play. He glared at Whitey's pale, vacant face and looked away again. He used to give the kid a rook and three opening moves and play him for ten dollars a game. The boy should have won every time. But he'd always lose his head and play blindly. Sometimes he won, but win or lose, the young fool acted as if it was a game of luck, as if he thought the answer would come from the sky, from God. Cowan spat. Not a chance. He'd heard about God from the preachers and there wasn't half as much sense to him as there was to chess. Every man ought to stand on his own feet. The less he had to do with God the better.

"Look, Cowan—I got it."

"Well, I'm—how'd you do it?"

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Drawn by L. F. Wilford.

Cowan sat in its lee, tying a string around the waist of his rusty overcoat.—Page 173.

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"I don't know, just a kind of hunch. Don't even know what I did do now."

Patiently Cowan traced back the moves, ironically he showed him what plays he had made. The kid was indifferent.

"Say, don't you want to get this? You could use it in a game."

"What's the use, Cowan? It was just a hunch. I couldn't remember it, and anyhow if I get a hunch, I don't need it. It's just luck the way I play."

"You make me sick. No wonder you don't get anywhere."

"Don't you worry about me, Cowan, my luck's turned since the first of the year. Everything I do comes out right, just like this." He pointed at the chess-board.

"Keep thinking that and see how long you hold your job. There's no luck in erecting steel towers. You do it right or you don't. That's what I like about it. Been thinking about it all morning. I like this job better than anything I've ever struck. If a man makes a mistake he gets it in the neck, if he don't he's O. K. I'd kind of like to go into this business."

"It's all right," said the kid loftily, "only that's not the way I look at it. When a man's time comes, he goes, that's all there is to it. And until it does come he's as safe as a church, no matter what he does."

Cowan shut the board with a snap.

"That's what every muttonhead thinks that hasn't the gimp to figure things out for himself. Some call it luck and some call it trusting God. Let's go back to work."

As Cowan, spare and resolute, and the blurred, insignificant kid made their way across the cinders, they passed a ladder which one of the ice-boys for the refrigerator-cars had leaned against the fence. Cowan went underneath it with a grin.

"You oughtn't to do that, Cowan. It's unlucky."

"Is it? Well, it's unluckier to be the bum mechanic you are."

"That's all right, but you want to be careful up on the tower this afternoon. That's all."

They hoisted the sections up and riveted them. It was almost dark by the time the last one swung into place, so they pegged it with wooden pegs to hold it over night. The kid went down to gather up the tools.

Cowan sat on the big steel ring, gazing across the fading valley. He fingered a rivet in the joint beside him. It was as tight as you could make it and so were all the others. It had been a good day's work. The tower-building game was all right; risk but no chance to it. Nothing could happen as long as your work was right; nothing could touch you but your own mistakes; not even God. He rubbed his tired arms beneath his blue flannel shirt. It was great, sitting here, safe and firm on your own work, high in air.

In the west the edges of dark clouds had been gnawed to tatters by an angry, sinking sun. Swinging his sea-boots, Cowan looked at the dull, red disk with a grin. He twisted his small tight mouth. He was a good man and he knew it. On work like this where everything was fair he could take care of himself. That malignant eye in the west didn't trouble him. He kicked his heels; it vanished with a sullen afterglow.

He climbed to his feet, his hobnails ringing on the girder. Behind him, down the valley, the lights of a city began to wink up through the dusk by twos and threes. Moving softly and smoothly, balancing on the beam, he walked around to get a better view.

The kid's feeble, piping voice came up to him:

"Come on down, Cowan, before your luck turns."

Luck! There was luck in some jobs, whatever luck was. But here he stood on his own work. It was fair enough. He'd stick to it and have no kick. Those lights were pretty. It must be a big town. Ought to be some chess-players there. He moved along.

He heard a tiny crackle. The section sagged down with swift quietness. He turned to dive back to safety, slipped, and caught the hanging steel beam as he fell.

He hung there. His fault. The wood-pegged section.

He tried to raise himself, but there was no grip for his fingers on the steel, he only just had purchase to hang on. He saw the kid's pinched, white face below him and heard his quavering voice:

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Drawn by L. F. Wilford.

"Can't miss if you use your bean. Go ahead."—Page 174.

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"I knew it—God—I knew it."

The pasty rat!

"Swing the tackle to me, you fool," he said in a hard-bitten whisper. He dared not shout for fear of jarring his tenuous grip.

He saw the kid scuttling. If only the boy kept his head down there. His hands had gone numb. He couldn't hold out long. Well, it was his own fault. Fair enough. But, oh, God, make that kid hurry! His arms were dead now, too.

He heard the creak of the boom and a pulley whirring. It stopped. Faint and far off he heard the plaintive voice, "Hang on, Cowan, the block's jammed."

His eyes were blind with sweat, a palsy crept down his rigid body. He could feel nothing, but he knew he was slipping.

"So long, Kid," he called softly. He felt himself falling, turning. The world swung in a crazy arc, tower and sky and all, and a little figure cringing with its face in its hands.

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In a Greek Garden

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

We have known it all before, in some far dream,
These lines of fountain-water, willow trees
Bending over a myriad tulips shining,
And the white walls alight in the evening sun,
And stillness, but for the water falling shattered.
There was a time beyond full memory
When standing here, where we never have stood before,
We knew it ours, as we know it again to-day.
So in return the wonder all comes back
Familiarly, from the dream to the suddenly real.
We have intruded on a sacred place
Not meant for mortal sight. Oh, long ago
We had forsaken it for fear of the gods;
But now we would claim it from them back again,
To behold it to-day in wonder and delight.
Even these shadows wove patterns in times before
On this pale grass, and over swaying tulips;
And we have seen the evening sunlight slant
Through willows trailing.

If to see it again
May be but the late return of an old dream
Long since grown dim, oh, then remember well
How we stood breathless underneath these willows,
When we had entered through the amazing gates;
And made our ancient challenge to things unreal,
Through senses when the senses seem to fail:
"This thing may vanish; therefore hold it now;
Even for this one instant hold it close—
Fill ears and eyes with it—drink up its air—
Gather its fragrance—bend before its light—
Then, let it vanish!" But it does not vanish.
So we have proved with the old test of sense,
And found no dream. Oh then let us put off
Strangeness, and doubts from the doubting age we know,
And let them slip like garments down from us;
And feel the ageless wonder of this place
Sweep over us like tides of moving air—
Sun-filled blue air, that drowns us with its coming.

These are the skies of Greece, and Artemis
Poised here in marble, with her fair disdain,
Looks out into the West, whence gods must come
In the high splendor of their loveliness.
She waits some great event, who takes no pleasure
In gardens of the gods, or the slow passing
Of long, uncounted hours. She with her bow,

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Artemis, comes not from her wildwood groves
Nor pauses here in shadow of marble walls
But for some strange portent that the gods must know.

These are the skies of Greece, and the day-moon, faint
Like a high-blown feather, shows the depth of them
Unclouded to the tops of distant trees. . . .
Though we are mortal, in these formal ways
Let us move stately and slow, as if we too were gods.
Oh well we know these ways are not our own!
Why you are not half so tall as the fountain-water!
I could lose you behind the drooping ends of the willows,
And you are as nothing in this portico—
This pillared circular temple, with its rim
Of whitest marble high above your head,
That frames a round blue roof that is the sky;
You are as nothing here, but yet move slowly,
Being a god for a while. At least your eyes
May see this place as the heavenly ones must see it. . . .
Or break from stately ways and run as a nymph—
Put off your close black dress, and move in the air!
You are a stranger from a foreign land,
And have forgot that it is summer time!
Do you think the pool that laughs below your feet
Can mirror you in black? The marble fish
And the marble crab upon the sand-rayed floor
Would laugh at you, breaking out of their stone
To move in mirth along the floor of their sea!
Was ever a nymph in black in summer time?
Put off your little shoes and run in the grass;
And if a god should see you, do not mind it.
Artemis of the wilds would understand,
As she watches there, from the ever-deepening shadows.

Shadows—shadows—shadows. . . . The late round sun
Falls to the darkening West, and so is gone,
And twilight hangs in the warm haze of evening.
Now the wisteria along the wall
Looks whiter than blown foam, and tulips brim
In the half light with colors new and rare,
And violet shadows fall behind each leaf—
Dark leaf for green, against the marble wall.

To have seen this place after so many days
Is a coming back to an old forsaken dream.
We walk these paths now, and familiarly
Lean here against the columns, and look out
Over the valley below, and the pale river
Curving around the West past misty hills;
And even the ominous dark comes on as before.
There was a night in our lost familiar garden
When we stood watching the moon grow white, and knew
That Artemis must waken from her marble—
That all the gods must soon be coming together.
Almost we heard them passing, but did not see them;
And Artemis stood unchanged. And soon we felt

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The time had not yet come; as standing to-night
Watching in silence while the dark comes in,
We know it is not the time. . . . But listen again,
And tell me that you can almost hear them passing
Beside us over the steps, with robes aflutter
And light feet pressing soft on the yielding grass.
We have intruded on a mystery
That soon must fall and fade and be no more;
But now while the hour lasts, stand quietly here
And see the moon and the ageless stars of summer
Caught in the circle of marble over this temple,—
All the blue darkness and height and brilliance of heaven.
Now are the edges of marble whitened with moonlight;
Pillars shine out, and shadows fall behind them,
While the high roof of stars turns slowly to Westward.

Artemis! Artemis there in your marble niche!
Come alive and see a strange thing brought to pass!
Come alive and flee away—come alive and escape
Out of this place unholy! There is a sign
Must fill your eyes with dismay: look up and see it—
Here on this night at the highest point of heaven
Silently flash the long fires of the North;
Coldly Aurora shines athwart the moon
With shafts of light that waver and break and fade,
And rise again. O Artemis, be afraid!
What shall avail your long and disdainful waiting
Here in the North? Proud Artemis, be afraid!
Darker these skies than ever the skies of Greece;
More strangely cold and high and ominous.
Now is the new light shaken over the walls
In purpling colors, and red of the far North,
Unseen by the ancient gods. Here Artemis
Must stand all moveless in the unholy place,
With broken moonlight colored over the walls.
Oh, far is the moon, whose long light out of the West
Slants to this garden, faintly. She must pass,
Leaving the sky to shafted Aurora fires—
Silently moving lines of changing light.
Soon the moon must pass, and Artemis
Be wrapped in shadow, alone and proud and forsaken,
Under cold skies, in this garden of the North.

Come, let us close our eyes, and pass from the dream.
We have intruded on a mystery
More strange than any we knew in any dreaming.
Now with the wonder upon us, let us go—
Let us slip out through the gate in the slanting moonlight
That soon must fall and fade and be no more.

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Moss Rose studied his people and came to know them better than they knew themselves.—Page 185.

The Magic Pipe

A STORY OF CAP'N MOSS

BY BURRIS JENKINS
Author of "Princess Salome," "The Bracegirdle," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. W. KEMBLE

CAP'N MOSS ROSE, nearing sixty years of age, had retired as a well-to-do planter, but could not stay retired. He had made by years of toil and attention to business what is, for the Black Belt, a comfortable fortune, had sold his farm and removed to the city of Seminole; but, one year of idleness proving insupportable, he had rented two farms, one north and one east, and gone to work again.

"Moss Rose" sounds like a highly sentimental name, but is really quite matter-of-fact. "Rose" is the family cognomen; and "Moss" is that of certain highly respected relatives. The South has a way of using the last names of those it delights to honor as the first names of its children. For example, Moss had a brother named "Beauregard," shortened frequently to "Beau"; and another, "Stonewall Jackson," always called "Jackson" and "Jack."

As for the title which Moss Rose wore, he was never captain of anything or anybody but his negroes. They dubbed him "cap'n," and "cap'n" he remained for them. He had a way with them that won respect and affection, sometimes wholesomely mingled with fear; and this way of his rendered him rich and them

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comfortable. While other farmers studied their soil, their cotton, their corn, Moss Rose also studied his negroes, the most important part of his machinery in his opinion, and found his study profitable as well as diverting.

Moss had lived a bachelor until he reached forty-two, and he had nine reasons for doing so; two of them were brothers and seven of them sisters. He early determined, at the death of his father, soon followed by that of his mother, that Beauregard, the oldest son, should marry and perpetuate the family, while he, the second, should care for all the rest. There seemed to him no sane reason why Stonewall Jackson, when he came of age, should remain single, as one pair of shoulders was sufficient to carry the load of supporting and educating the seven Rose sisters. Having once "figgered" it out for himself, no adding-machine or no system of integral calculus could produce any other convincing result. So *must* it be. The others bowed to his will.

For years his brothers were his partners in running the big old plantation at "Egypt Gate," share and share alike. Although they had families and he none, the treasury of the firm remained common. They took out of it what was needed to support themselves and theirs; while he took out what would satisfy his slender wants. They prospered, by some subtle secret, above the planters, their neighbors; until eventually Beauregard bought into the Seminole National Bank, removed from the firing line to the base in the town, and became president of the concern. Stonewall Jackson got the oil craze, and, gathering all together, went into the far country of Oklahoma. The seven sisters duly entered and were graduated from Madame Mirabeau's Young Ladies' Seminary at New Orleans, and dropped into matrimony with the sequence and precision of a row of dominoes tumbling over on a table.

At the wedding of the youngest, Cap'n Moss appeared with a new cut to his beard. Hitherto he had allowed it to grow almost as it pleased, and had paid little or no attention to the fact that it was becoming streaked with gray. Now he had shaved his cheeks, leaving a graceful sandy imperial and a long, drooping mustache. His big, gentle blue eyes danced at the wedding as gaily as his feet; and many a young woman, long marriageable, caught her breath as if stung by the splendor of a sudden thought. And if to conceive an act were the same as to perform it, Moss was married that very night; for his eyes lit most upon Dolly Lestrange, and remained there longest, while in them slumbered soft fires suggestive of home and hearthstone.

Dolly was winsome, and Dolly was not overly young. Perhaps she, too, had been waiting, knowing Moss Rose and his desire better than he himself knew. Women have a way of knowing things better than their men; that is why the men are theirs. Dolly's eyes, too, danced that night, and burned black with a vivacity that suggested the province of Brittany from which her fathers derived, by way of New Orleans. Dolly's feet, moreover, were light as those of Goldsmith Maid, who held the turf record at the time, and far prettier, in their black pumps and white silk stockings, laced over her plump but tapering ankles with black ribbon. And Dolly's heart! How it leaped as Cap'n Moss appeared at the door of the big "parlor," in that new cut of beard, so suggestive of Napoleon the Third, which announced to her as plainly as if he had shouted it: "The time has come! The time has come!" It was a year later, however, before Dolly came as a bride to live in the old Rose "mansion" at Egypt Gate; for Moss was nothing if not deliberate.

Let it not be supposed, nevertheless, that during the score of years from his majority to his marriage, Cap'n Ross lived as a St. Anthony or an anchorite. He could scarcely pose as a Jacob toiling for his Rachel. Neither was he a prematurely old young man. On the contrary, while thoughtful, industrious, and unremitting, there coursed through his veins the blood of the old cavalier South, and he had his boon companions and his seasons of harmless recreation—comparatively harmless, and well-nigh innocent. One of these seasons brought him the magic pipe and developed the incident connected with it.

Moss Rose had been to New Orleans on

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a week's leave, to dispose of the cotton crop, a goodly number of bales. Business done, he had passed a never-to-be-forgotten four days with some hail-fellows-well-met, playing the ponies in a mild fashion, and playing other games as well

He knew too much to have dealings with a negro in wrath.—Page 185.

up and down Canal Street, and in the old French restaurants in the evenings, until, when he came to depart, the hail-fellows-well-met regretted his departure with a great regret.

They cast about for some token of their esteem, and hit upon a beautiful French brier pipe, with a bowl as big as a baby's fist, and a stem which, as it left the bowl, was as large round as a man's little finger, but tapered down to the regulation amber mouthpiece. The pipe was unusual to look upon; but the most remarkable thing slumbered within it. The boys wanted something bucolic for Moss Rose, befitting his occupation, and they found it in the rooster that perched inside the rim of the magic pipe; for though when you drew on the stem nothing happened out of the ordinary, yet when you blew through it, into the bowl, out popped a game-cock amid the clouds of your smoke, ready to peck you in the eye. It startled you unless you were prepared for it, and even then, unless you understood the mechanism of bulb and tube that worked the magic. Moss was proud of his pipe, and thought tenderly of the donors.

Upon his return to the plantation the days took on the usual complexion, which was brunette only in the fact that his dealings were mostly with "the darkies." Taken for all in all, Moss loved the days because they contained a never-ending

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interest, diversion, and success. He studied the psychology of his people and came to know them better than they knew themselves. He understood the simple kindness of their natures, even the generosity. He knew, he had always believed to be a matter of generations of training and discipline, so he scarcely hoped to see it developed much in any individual negro of the stage of growth as yet reached by those around him. He did not, therefore, expect too much of this

"You won't tell 'im, cap'n?"—Page 187.

known, their intense emotionalism, which took form in sentimentalism, superstition, voodooism, religious revivalism, and sometimes in hot and baseless anger. He knew too much to have dealings with a negro in wrath. He simply walked away and left the emotional creature an hour or a day to cool off. Most serious crimes of the negro—aside from petty thievery—he knew to be unpremeditated, the result of sudden and uncontrollable passion; and he deemed it wise to offer no provocation, no temptation, no opportunity. Control of primal passions he people in adolescence. On the contrary, in moments of ebullition, he rocked the cradle or got out of the way until the paroxysm spent itself.

Now in those days there fussed in his chicken-yard a Rhode Island Red hen, which Moss Rose was intent upon brooding. The hen was even more intent; and Moss provided her with a carefully selected setting of twenty eggs, of the purest preparation; and could see in his mind's eye the little, fuzzy balls which were to grow into such excellent specimens of slender, shapely pullets and young roos-

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ters for the chicken-yards of General Elgin, at Seminole. The general had long desired to inaugurate a line of these Rhode Island Reds, and nobody but Moss in all the Black Belt could furnish the point of departure. So, rather than send to Indiana, or Illinois, the general offered to pay Moss freightage and general ex-

"How 'bout you, Sandy?"

"No suh, not me! No suh!"

"You, Jake?"

"Numph, numph!" grunted Jake in negative.

This was only by way of establishing the record in the case; for Cap'n Moss knew full well that no confession could

His face took on the color of dead charcoal.—Page 187.

pense above the catalogue price. Moss was anxious to close with the offer.

The very first night the whole setting of eggs disappeared, and Moss scratched his head. No "varmint" tracks appeared leading up to his coops, nothing but the usual human footprints about the place. Moss set the hen again; and again the eggs were gone in the morning.

When the hands lined up in the dawn that day, before going to the fields for work, Cap'n Moss began at the beginning and asked each one:

"Did you steal my eggs, Lije?"

"No suh, no indeedy!"

"Did you, Giles?"

"I suttinly did not, suh!"

thus be extorted. Next he drew out a crisp five-dollar bill and walked down the line, flaunting it in the faces of the fifteen big "bucks" and tempting them as follows:

"Whoever finds out who took my eggs and tells me about it, gets this five dollahs."

That afternoon, as Moss Rose sat in the shade on the north porch, dozing a little after dinner, he heard a soft footfall coming round the corner of the house. Looking up, he beheld Jake tiptoeing toward the porch and glancing uneasily over his shoulder.

"What y' want, Jake?" inquired Cap'n Moss sleepily.

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"Well, cap'n, dat five-dollah bill you flashed in my face dis mawnin'—hit look pow'ful good to me. An' I know who took dem eggs; but he's a pow'ful big niggah, and he kill me, ef he know I tole you——"

"He'll never know it, Jake."

"Hones' to Gawd, Cap'n Moss?"

"Hones' to Gawd, Jake."

"Well suh, hit was Giles."

"Umph umph!" exclaimed Moss Rose. "I kind o' thought so. Well, here's your money, Benedict Arnold."

"What, suh, who's dat!"

"Never mind, I'll tell you a story about Benedict Arnold some day, but not now. You better clear out o' here, now, niggah, befo' Giles sees you."

"You won't tell 'im, cap'n?"

"Haven't I told you? Now clear out."

Next morning Moss Rose again lined up the fifteen. He ranged them according to size on benches against the big barn, with Giles, the tallest, at the head of the line. Then he delivered them an oration. It was on eggs, the drama and the tragedy of eggs, the plots and counter-plots, the intricacies and the mazes of eggs. It concluded with a peroration upon hell, and the lake of fire, the smell of sulphur and brimstone, and the everlasting punishment of those who embezzle eggs. When Moss conceived that the proper psychological groundwork had been laid, he drew out the magic pipe, and announced that he intended to ascertain, by an infallible test, who stole his eggs.

"When the guilty one pulls on this pipe, won't nothin' happen; but when he blows on this pipe, a rooster will come out and look him in the eye. This pipe has been blessed by the pope, and it suah is magic! It's called the pope's pipe. Now ev'y man-jack of you's got to blow in this pipe, beginnin' with the biggest and goin' on down. That's the way the test's got to be made, or it spoils the magic. Here, Giles, you blow on the pipe!"

"Not me, cap'n! Begin wid somebody else! Not me! No, suh!"

"You the biggest! Blow on that pipe!"

Giles protested, but Moss was adamant. At last the great, overgrown child took the marvellous pipe tremblingly into his hands, and drew in on it, tentatively, gingerly, barely moving his thick, leathery lips. His face took on the color of dead charcoal.

"Blow on that pipe, niggah!" shouted Cap'n Moss. "Blow on it!"

"O Lawdy!" groaned Giles, while his huge black face grew yet more ashen.

"Blow, I tell you, niggah, blow!" exhorted Moss, almost animatedly.

Groaning again, and summoning what little courage remained under his crawling skin and had not oozed out with the perspiration that now stood upon his brow, Giles exclaimed once more, "O Lawdy!" and blew. Up jumped the little game rooster, and up jumped Giles. Dropping the pipe as he did so, and leaping away from the barn, he tumbled headlong over the fence, and spreading his ganglionic legs in long strides, he burnt the ground away into the woods pasture and the cane-brake beyond.

That evening, as the night shades began to draw down over Seminole County, and as the Rhode Island Red hen contentedly brooded for the thirteenth hour over a new setting of eggs, Cap'n Moss Rose sat under the live-oaks and the Spanish moss in the front yard of his home, puffing his old corn-cob pipe, when Giles rustled up to his chair, woebegone, weary, hungry, and gaunt, and began, almost eagerly:

"Cap'n Moss, I done took yo' aigs, took 'em twice; but I ain't never goin' to eat no mo' stole aigs, nary one, never no mo'! I'se gwine to be a good niggah, and y'aint never goin' to have to use dat hoodoo pipe on me no mo'! I'se gwine to be a good niggah."

All that was many years ago, and Giles is a good negro to this day. Jake, also, heard and pondered the story of Benedict Arnold, and profited by it immeasurably.

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The Aspirations and Inspirations of a Ranchwoman

BY L. M. WESTON
Author of "A Day with a Ranchwoman" and "A Ranchwoman's Guests"

FROM my childhood I had had aspirations to be an authoress, which reconciled me to moving from town to the ranch, as I thought the country must be an ideal place for literary work.

Far from neighbors and friends, my studies and meditations would not be interrupted by callers, parties, card clubs, lectures, concerts, or shows. I could spend hours of solitude in writing; and in fancy I already saw the Great American Novel signed with my name.

Having had many experiences in divers places, and known a number of odd characters, there was no lack of material to make me a famous writer; I simply had not found time to chronicle my ideas and adventures. In the country there would be nothing but time—I was unacquainted then with rural life.

Getting settled in my new home kept me busy for a couple of weeks; then, one fine spring day, when the men were ploughing, so not likely to disturb me, I sat down before the typewriter.

In those days I believed in the spontaneous creation of literary masterpieces, and the necessity of frequent and painstaking revision did not enter into my scheme of writing for publication.

I typed out, laboriously, a title that seemed to be "fetching," and was about in the middle of my first sentence when a noise on the front porch made me pause. A scuffling sound, interspersed with menacing growls and sharp yaps, told me at once that Buster, the collie, and Mike, the Boston terrier, were having a fight. They were as unequally matched as Dempsey and Carpentier, and I knew if they were not separated, Mike, who had been our pet for years, would be killed. I opened the front door and saw a conglomeration of long, curly tawny hair, short, smooth black hair, and white hair of both kinds struggling, straining, snarling, growling, and rolling around the porch. At my sharp command, Buster loosened his hold, but Mike took advantage of this respite to make another savage lunge at his opponent, ever striving to get his deadly grip on the big dog's throat, and succeeding only in getting a mouthful of long white hair. Mike was a game little fighter, and in his youth was never licked; but, like some human beings, he could not realize he was growing old.

Again I spoke, and again Buster let Mike go, and again the terrier renewed the attack, only to be contemptuously flung off by the big collie. Still I feared Buster might lose patience at last and, notwithstanding my presence, put an end forever to the little pest who so frequently tormented him.

My son always stopped a scrap between the two dogs by following up his command to Buster with a vigorous kick, then picking up Mike in his arms; but my feet were not adapted to football methods so the one-sided fight went on. Knowing the men would not be home for a couple of hours, I was in despair; then I had an inspiration. In my pantry was a bottle of ammonia. I rushed to get it, poured out a liberal dose on a rag tied to the broom, and poked it before the noses of the combatants. The fight stopped very suddenly; no dog on earth can feel belligerent after a whiff of strong ammonia has taken away his breath. Neither animal realized what had happened, and while they were both trying to breathe again, I managed to get Mike into the house.

The whole affair did not last five minutes, would have been over in one had the ammonia been used in the beginning of it; but, after the fracas, I was in no condition to continue writing a Best Seller. Trembling with excitement, and on the verge

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of a good old-fashioned fit of hysterics, my fine fancies vanished. Perhaps tranquillity would return to me in the afternoon, when lunch was over and the men had gone back to the field.

But at meal-time my husband announced that he had broken his plough, and was going to the post-office to send for a new part. He asked me to accompany him and I went—instead of pounding the typewriter.

The next day was stormy, so the men were in and out of the house every hour. I did not even attempt to write, as, like ex-President Wilson, I cannot express my thoughts on paper with any one else in the room. Even the prospect of an intruder will scare Pegasus with me on his back. So it was two days before I had a chance to continue the story interrupted by the dog-fight. Still, my zeal had increased with the delay, and I wrote almost all the morning. Then I counted the number of words I had written and subtracted them from a hundred thousand—the usual length of a novel. The result was discouraging and made me decide it would be wiser to write short stories, at least until I could typewrite faster. Then, too, extra money was needed immediately in my purse, and waiting the time necessary to get a check from a serial would interfere seriously with my plans. On reaching this conclusion, I looked out of the window and was horrified to see my husband and son, with their horses, approaching the barn. *Noon!!*—and I hadn't even washed the breakfast dishes!

I hustled into the kitchen, and, twenty minutes later, the men sat down to a meal of boiled eggs, potatoes left over from last night's supper, canned peaches, bought ginger-snaps, and tea. They were not enthusiastic over the repast and asked me what was the matter.

I confessed my vaulting ambition.

They laughed derisively, and counselled me, à la Wolsey, "to fling it away," and hoped, at least, I wouldn't have another inspiration when it was likely to interfere with their meals. Then they laughed again, mockingly, heartlessly, until in bitterness of soul I resolved to keep my literary aspirations—and my checks—to myself.

However, between housework, care of the fowls, four-footed pets, and other duties, I did not have any too much time for literature, and it took me several days to write even a short story. Once, in the midst of a most telling scene, I heard a great hubbub in the hen-house. I knew at once something had scared the feathered folk, and rushed out with visions of weasels, snakes, coyotes, porcupines, and other creatures tormenting my poor fowls.

I found—a three-months-old calf lying down and chewing his cud with an air of great contentment. Probably he had been attracted by the fresh, clean straw put in that day, but not, as he undoubtedly thought, for his benefit.

The hens evidently considered him an intruder, and were holding a noisy indignation meeting, each one apparently trying to outsquawk her neighbor.

I prodded the poor little calf with a stick, and was driving him through the door when a vociferous peeping assailed my ears. Glancing in the direction of the sound, I saw a week-old chick had fallen into the drinking-can. The water was shallow; still, if rescue had been delayed very long, it would have been all over with one of my potential broilers. I took the wet, frightened, bedraggled little thing out of the dish and carried it to the house, then wrapped cotton-wool around the tiny shivering body, and put it into an empty shredded-wheat-biscuit box.

I can conscientiously recommend empty shredded-wheat-biscuit boxes to any one raising poultry. I do not know what I should do without them when my hens are hatching. They are just about the right size to serve as chick hospitals, carriers, and nurseries, and, costing nothing, can be burned by the most economical housewife as soon as they get dirty.

After making the chick comfortable, I went back to my writing. Fortunately, my story was nearly finished, as the minute my patient began to recover from its chill and fright, it began to shriek for its mother, brothers, and sisters. I was nearly deafened by its continuous, shrill "peep—peep—peep" as I addressed a big envelope to the editor of my favorite magazine. With the sublime assurance of the literary tyro who, usually, expects to fly

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before he can creep, I put it in the post-office, and—with a promptitude that did credit to the United States Mail Service—it came back.

Of course I was disappointed and surprised, but being already engaged on another *chef-d'œuvre*, wasted no time in vain regrets; just sent the rejected screed to another editor, thinking I had been unfortunate in my first choice.

Like dope, the writing habit grew on me, and so much of my time was spent at the typewriter that my family suffered—or said they did. I neglected my housework and even my four-footed friends to get more time to write. Occasionally, but not often, I felt guilty. One time conscience pricked me when I saw my son trying to find a clean spoon in the holder. My dishes had been given a lick and a promise that day, as I was in the midst of a story that should make my name immortal.

That night my husband had barely retired when I heard a muttered imprecation, saw him rise in righteous wrath, pull all the sheets and blankets off his bed, then carefully replace them.

Again the still small voice of conscience spoke as I remembered how hastily I had slicked up the twin beds that morning, having been obliged, while doing the housework, to leave my hero suspended over a precipice with the villain just ready to cut the rope. My own bed was far from comfortable, and, before the night ended, I regretted not following the example of my irate spouse and remaking it. The upper sheet, not being tucked in properly, came up from the bottom, so the rough, woollen blanket rasped my skin. The under-sheet got rucky beneath me, and the quilt slipped off onto the floor, so I was cold in the night. Altogether, I resolved then and there to leave my hero hanging in future until I had taken time to make the beds.

And the food I wasted in those days would have made the members of the Commission to Feed Starving Russians hold up their hands in condemnatory ire. I never saw or heard of bread, potatoes, and pies burning up as easily and quickly as mine did at that period. I fried most of the meat. The hands of the clock seemed to whirl around when I was wrestling with new ideas, and sometimes I had to step pretty lively to remove the charred remains and clear the house of smoke before the men-folk came in.

A year passed—spring came again, and my manuscripts had multiplied so that I was scarcely able to find house-room for them.

I had garnered a large number of rejection slips, but—no checks.

One day my son came home from the post-office, and throwing down several returned manuscripts on the table, remarked irritably: "I wish you wouldn't mail the things here, anyway. If you sent them from the city, they couldn't keep tab on you so easy."

"They" meant the postmaster and his numerous family. He also kept the store, which with the railroad-station, two elevators, a water-tank, and two more houses constituted our home town.

"What do you care?" I queried calmly. "All authors get lots of rejection slips at first. It is a sort of initiation into the Ancient Order of Scribes. Would you have me give up the struggle on account of country gossip?"

"Yes," he snapped; "I would give up if I had been writing a year and had had all my manuscripts fired back at me. If you ever had an acceptance, I wouldn't care," he continued, with brutal frankness, "but I do hate to take those bulky envelopes out of the mail-box, knowing every one is laughing at my mother and calling her a fool."

So saying he went out, slamming the door to emphasize his outraged feelings.

His blunt speech angered me, but, after due consideration, I concluded it contained some common sense. Perhaps I was a fool. I had always prided myself on my perseverance, but what merit was there in the persistency of people who kept walking around and around in a circle; their dogged determination under such circumstances was foolishness. Indomitable resolution must be combined with intelligent effort to amount to anything. My literary wares were not salable—why? I had better find out before wasting any more money on postage-stamps.

I was too sensible to take any stock in the silly twaddle about editors playing

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favorites and looking only at the names signed to the manuscripts. Magazines to succeed must be run on a sound business basis, which is always to get the worth of your money. Doubtless, editors bought largely from well-known writers, as merchants stocked up on the goods of reliable manufacturers, but editors or merchants would buy anywhere they could find what suited them.

Why didn't editors want my manuscripts? was the question to be answered.

They were as well written as the papers that won commendation from my fellow members at the Woman's Club. But—I did not read fiction at the club. I remembered the ladies were, usually, the most interested when listening to descriptions of my European trips. Most of them had never crossed the ocean, and liked to hear about places, people, and things that were strange to them. "Something new, something different," I thought scornfully; "people of to-day are worse than the ancient Athenians, spending time running after novelties. If an author should take a trip to Mars, he couldn't supply the editors' demands."

My thoughts took another twist. Mars—an unknown world. I couldn't go to Mars, but—the ranch was an unknown world to most city people. A cluster of unknown worlds, in fact, comprising as it did the animal and vegetable kingdoms, not to mention the feathered folk.

I had thoroughly explored the world of domestic animals, and loved and was beloved by its inhabitants, who were always chary about admitting strangers. Love, alone, could find the way into it; education was powerless to penetrate its fastnesses or interpret its language.

In fact, graduates from Eastern places of learning were noted in our vicinity for their cruelty to horses. There was not a farm boy in our neighborhood who would be willing to let an Eastern "schoolmarm" ride his saddle-horse. "They ride 'em to death" was the unanimous verdict; "go lickety-split all the time; no horse could stand it."

It was the truth; still, it is incredible that those sweet girl graduates from the East, who come to Montana so sure of their superiority over Western rough-necks, would injure a horse except through ignorance. What a pity a course on "Kindness to Animals" does not find a place in the curriculum of every school and college.

It is so easy to interest children in dumb brutes. My young nephews and nieces always listened breathlessly to tales about my four-footed friends; in fact, all my city relatives liked to hear about my ranch life. I remembered how the tears had stood in the eyes of my undemonstrative mother as I described Spot's death. I had gone into the barn to get some alfalfa-leaves for the chickens, and found the cow lying stretched out on the floor, evidently dying.

I bent over and spoke to her, and a slight movement told me she heard. I looked around to see if there was anything I could do to make her more comfortable, but everything had been done. My husband was always kind and considerate to his stock, so if there is any truth in the legend that the dumb brutes you have befriended will be waiting to help you at the River Styx, he will have no difficulty in crossing.

Still, I fancied the sick cow liked me near her, liked the feel of my hand as I stroked her head lovingly, liked to hear my voice as I murmured: "Poor Spot; I am so sorry you are going to leave us."

I stayed and petted her as long as possible, then went up to the hay-loft for the alfalfa. When I came down, she was gone. We had had her so long, I mourned her sincerely, but was comforted by the thought that the last thing she felt on earth was a caress.

How interested my sister's children were in hearing about the trouble we had to raise Spot's motherless little calf. How they laughed at the description of two steers having a friendly bout in a coolie; and, at the sound of their clashing horns and scuffling feet, fifteen or twenty more rushed over the bench, for all the world like small boys running to a fight.

Then there was Pickles. The little ones never tired of hearing about our four-year-old colt who was always ready to share his hay and oats with his mother and sister, and would actually take his head out of the manger to give his two-year-old sister the biggest share of the grain.

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As these recollections crowded into my mind, I was busy with my housework—sweeping, dusting, cooking, and washing dishes—but my brain worked faster than my hands.

Everything in life was represented in the Ranch World—comedy and tragedy and soul-stirring excitement. Only the day before, I had watched my son coming home from field work, expecting every minute to see him killed. He was standing up in an empty hay-rack, driving four horses down the bench opposite the house. They were running as fast as they could go; something had scared them, and the rattle of the rack momentarily increased their fears. There was no brake on the vehicle, and only four strips of leather to control nearly six thousand pounds of horse-flesh mad with fright. If one of them fell in their headlong career—if the boy lost his nerve—if a rein should break—I waited what seemed to me an eternity until they reached the barn in safety. I learned later that a neighbor who had borrowed the rack brought it back as far as the field where my son was drilling, and he agreed to bring it the rest of the way home, as he was leaving his drill on the land to be seeded.

Those who call country life dull must have "eyes that see not, and ears that hear not," and a self-centred callousness that makes them insensible to the appeal of "the green things growing," not to mention man's four-footed friends.

After the midday meal, just as I was about to write down a few facts instead of romances, my son rushed into the house saying: "We have found Babe. She is in a coolie, not a half mile from the house, standing by her dead colt. We tried to drive her home, but she didn't want to come, so we stopped bothering her; but she must have been without a drink for over twenty-four hours."

Babe was my big black Percheron mare, who had been missing from the bunch of horses for nearly two days.

The jitney was in front of the door, and I jumped in, without hat or wrap, and asked my son to drive me to Babe. He took me to the bench overlooking the coolie he had mentioned, where I left the machine and walked down the hill.

The tears filled my eyes at the sight of Babe standing over her dead colt; her beautiful black head drooping so low it almost touched the still little body.

I spoke to her. She looked up, recognized me, and whinnied.

I had wandered so long and so often in the animal world that I had begun to understand the silent language of those who dwelt there.

Babe thought that I could put life into her dead, and was entreating me to do it. To beasts and birds, human beings are gods (when they are not demons) with omnipotent power.

Babe had never before asked my help in vain, but—I must fail her now.

I put my arms around her neck and talked to her as though she were a young woman who had lost her first-born, and gently tried to draw her away from the little one. Not having a halter with me, I took off my apron, wound it into a kind of rope, put it around her neck, held both ends in my hand and tried to lead her toward home. Gradually, I coaxed her to move a few steps, then a few more. She would stop frequently and look around for the colt, but I kept talking to and petting her until, with my voice in her ear, and my hand smoothing her glossy black coat, she slowly left the coolie.

On the bench we were joined by our other horses, who seemed aware of Babe's affliction, and expressed their sympathy with the mute eloquence of dumb animals. They followed close behind as Babe and I walked home over the fresh, green pasture studded with wild flowers. It was all so beautiful; the green, blossom-bedecked earth under the deep blue of the overarching sky, where the white feathery clouds veiled at times the dazzling brightness of the sun, that often seems so cruelly harsh to mourning hearts. The stillness of the soft spring morning was broken only by the measured tread of the unshod horses. Even the youngest colt adopted the slow, solemn pace set by the bereaved mother, who evidently was highly respected and honored by her companions. At the corral gate the procession halted; Babe and I went through to the barn, while the other horses stood around, respectfully, but made no attempt to accompany us. They waited

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there a few minutes, then returned to the pasture, as though they knew that Babe would have grain to eat, and remain in seclusion for a time. Fortunately, tragedies are soon forgotten on the range, so it was not long before the big Percheron resumed her duties and pleasures.

In a few days I wrote a plain, unvarnished description of the Ranch World and its four-footed denizens, to whose inarticulate language my ears were so well attuned that I knew their joys and troubles as well as my own. I sent it to a New York editor, thinking a breath from the vast wheat-fields and limitless pastures in the Land of the Shining Mountains might refresh him in his city sky-scraper, above the welter of crowded humanity.

I guess it did, as he sent me a check instead of a rejection slip.

Again Fiesole!

BY MARIE E. RICHARD

FIESOLE!—The Stadium, the blue sky
Above me, as it was that Sabbath year
We spent beside the Arno.—You were by
The days I lingered here!

From here we saw the orchards blooming white,
The almond blushing, and the vines in bands
Clasping the slim young tree boles left and right,
As if they held their hands.

The gray old olive-trees that heaving fill
The rough and stony hollows by the road,
Stooped to the quarry underneath the hill,
Where oxen felt the goad.

'Round the blue hills we let our vision run,
Vagrant our speech, as wandering minstrels roam;
So, oft we lingered till the setting sun
Touched the cathedral's dome.

We watched the curlèd river in the dusk,
Saw lights spring out like jewels on its brim;
Before we wandered down, we breathed the musk
Of pale primroses dim.

Fiesole!—From here we saw the beam
Of Fifi's candles that she set to say
Their homely tale of fruit and cakes and cream
That waited by the way.

Our little room close by the river's marge!
What held it not of learnèd things and sweet?—
So little! clasping close a love so large
It scarce seemed meet!

To-day the little room is desolate.—
Straining my heart, these shadowy memories pass;
No little room, no lighted candles wait;—
"Man is as grass."

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From Immigrant to Inventor

BY MICHAEL PUPIN
Professor of Electro-Mechanics, Columbia University, New York

VI. STUDIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PORTRAITS

A LONG-CONTINUED struggle with no let-up will wreck a feeble constitution. It produces in a strong and healthy constitution a tuning-up of continuously rising pitch under the tension of which even the strongest constitution may snap in two. My struggle had been going on for nine years when I was returning to Europe on my way to Idvor, hence my pitch was very high. Nervous tension resulting in a lack of poise was the diagnosis of my ailment, according to my English friend in Lucerne, who urged me to abandon the exploration of the beauties of the Alps and seek the solitude of my native village; otherwise, he said, not even all the guardian angels in heaven could prevent me from breaking my neck. A two months' vacation in the soporific atmosphere of Idvor was a blessing; my pitch was lowered through several octaves, and I did not vibrate violently in response to every impulse that came along. I recognized, for instance, that the Serbs of the Voyvodina could wait a little longer for their political salvation, which I confidently expected from their adoption of the American point of view. I also recognized that a knowledge of the modern theories of physics was not indispensable to the happiness of many human beings. There was not a single person in Idvor who cared two straws about these things, and yet most of these good people were happy, as, for instance, Gabriel, who was to be married on St. Michael day. Gabriel did not know much, I said to myself, but the little knowledge he had was very definite. He knew that he loved the girl he was about to marry, and he also knew that his life, following in the footsteps of his peasant ancestors, had a definite object in view which, as everybody in his village knew, was easily attainable. I knew more than Gabriel did, but my knowledge was not as definite as his. My aim in life was, I thought, much higher than his; but was it attainable? And, if attainable, was it worth the struggle? Two months earlier such a question could not have occurred to me even in a dream. But Gabriel's melody and the dreamy atmosphere of Idvor suggested it.

My mother observed that a change had occurred, but she was not alarmed. I spoke less often of my future plans, and was less anxious about my departure for Cambridge. The wedding celebrations in my native Banat were already ushered in by the gay autumn season, and the beautiful kolo dancers, whirling around the merry bagpipes, engaged my interest much more than when I came to Idvor two months before. One evening my mother recalled an incident which happened in my early boyhood days and which I remembered well. She said something like this:

"Do you remember when Bukovala's mill with its high conical roof was rethatched?" I said, "Yes," and she continued: "You were then a little shaver, but you certainly remember still the shining tin star which the workmen had planted upon the top of the conical roof after they had finished their work of thatching. The children of Idvor thought that it was a real star from heaven; it looked so bright when the sunlight was shining upon it. One day the tin star disappeared and everybody wondered how anybody could have climbed up that smooth and steep roof and taken the star away. Old Lyubomir, who loved you so dearly and delighted in making sheepskin coats for you, was sure that it was you,

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and he suggested that special prayers of thanksgiving be read in church for your miraculous escape. Old Lyubomir was right, as you know, and I always believed that God had saved you for a mission in life much higher than that of young Gabriel, whose happy lot you seem to envy. Blessed America has taught you how to climb a roof much steeper than that of Bukovala's mill, and on its top and all the way up to it you will find many a real star from heaven. You are not far from the top and you cannot stop nor turn back now any more than you could when you saw the peak of Titlis in the distance, but felt too fatigued to finish your climb. Gabriel's magic flute and his mellow sefdalia, song of sighs, have turned your thoughts to things which are now in everybody's mind: to wedding-feasts and kolo dancing, and to other diversions which fill the hearts of Idvor's youth during this merry autumn season. You are dreaming now some of the idle dreams of youth, but when you return to Cambridge you will wake up again and see that all this was a pleasant dream only, which you saw in your restful hours in drowsy Idvor. The real things are waiting for you at Cambridge."

I confessed my weakness and pleaded extenuating circumstances. I tried to persuade her that her tender affection and watchful ministering to what she insisted should be my pleasures and comforts during that summer had transformed a hardy youth into a soft and pampered pet. She answered: "The blacksmith softens his steel before he forges it into a chain; you are just right for the blacksmiths of Cambridge."

When I returned to Cambridge from drowsy little Idvor things looked different from what I saw on my former visit two months before. Things which, in my feverish haste, I scarcely noticed then filled me now with awe. The ancient college buildings inspired a feeling of wonder and of veneration. I saw in them just so many monumental records of the ancient traditions of English learning. I began to understand, I thought, how it happened that a little nation on a little island in the northern Atlantic became the leader in the world's empire of intellect, and the cradle of a great civilization. This first impression made upon me by these ancient monuments was greatly amplified as soon as I caught even the first glimpses of the daily activity of Cambridge. The forenoons appeared serious and sombre to an outside observer; everybody wore a black cap and gown and everybody did apparently the same thing, going somewhere in search of sources of learning and inspiration. The intellect of Cambridge seemed to be in full action during the forenoons, and hence the solemn seriousness of the university town during the early half of the day. But the scene changed as if by magic when the midday had passed. The black caps and gowns disappeared, and in their places white flannel trousers and gaily colored blazers and caps adorned the college youths and many college dons. The same youths who in the forenoon, like sombre monks, were making a pilgrimage to some miracle-working fountains of wisdom joined in a gay procession in the afternoon, hastening to the sparkling fountains of athletic recreation. The intellectual activity of the forenoon was succeeded by the physical activity of Cambridge in the afternoon. To a stranger, like myself, who knew practically nothing of the famous university town, the change of scene between morning and afternoon was bewildering. It looked to me as if I saw a monastic-looking procession of serious and thoughtful men suddenly changed into gay groups of lively youths whose only thoughts were on the games which awaited them. By counting the different colors of blazers and caps and the coats of arms which adorned the athletic youths one could easily count the number of different colleges in the old university. These colors and coats of arms had a meaning, I thought, and I asked myself whether they did not, like the ancient college buildings, record the ancient traditions of the venerable seat of learning. They certainly did; they were a part of the symbolic language which told the story of the university's customs and traditions. It was clear to me that while at Cambridge my work was to be done in the morning and evening, and my playing in the afternoon, in accordance with the local customs. I stayed at a hotel for several days and watched

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these external pictures of Cambridge life before I called on Mr. Niven of Trinity and on Mr. Oscar Browning of King's. I wished to get some picture of the daily activities at Cambridge before I presented myself to these learned men, and I got it.

Niven was expecting me and was ready with a programme of work which he had promised me in June, and I gladly accepted it. Both Niven and Browning assured me that at that late date lodgings in any college were out of the question, and that I must get lodgings in the town for one academic year at least. It did not matter, because very many students resided outside of the college buildings. I really preferred it, because I did not come to Cambridge to seek the opportunities offered by its college life; I came to study physics and find out how Maxwell answered the question "What is Light?" That was the only definite point in the programme which I brought to Cambridge; the rest was hazy and reminded me often of a Serbian proverb which speaks of a goose groping around in a fog to find its way. But I groped like a goose in a fog when I landed at Castle Garden and finally found my way. The saying, "Where there is a will there is a way," comforted me much.

My residence in lodgings outside of the college precincts had one great advantage. It gave me an opportunity to study English life from what I considered a somewhat novel point of view. It is the point of view which discloses to the foreigner English domestic life through the unique personality of the English landlady. During my eighteen months' stay at the University of Cambridge, I had an opportunity to study her wonderful ways, not only in Cambridge, but also in London, Hastings, Brighton, and Folkestone, where I used to spend my Easter and Christmas vacations. She was the same everywhere: dignified, reticent, punctual, and square; neat and clean in all her ways; willing and anxious to render service, but not a servant; possessing a perfect understanding of her own business which she minded scrupulously, but avoided carefully minding anybody else's business.

At Mr. Browning's request a Mr. Ling, the leading tenor of King's College choir, took me around to look for lodgings. He belonged to the town and not to the gown, and was quite anxious to impress me with the many virtues of the town. He transformed our trip into an elaborate inspection tour of the student lodgings, because he was proud of them and considered them a very essential part of the great university. At that time I thought that he, a very enthusiastic townsman, was perhaps exaggerating the importance of this subsidiary instrumentality of the university. But when I got to know the Cambridge landlady and to understand her importance, I became convinced that Mr. Ling was right. I had not been in Cambridge more than a week before I learned the fundamentals of English domestic life, and I admired its wholesome simplicity. My landlady taught me these fundamentals, and in her wonderfully tactful ways she enforced their operation without my being aware that I was led around by her intelligent and forceful hand. I take off my hat to the English landlady, who, in her humble and unostentatious ways, is one of the eloquent interpreters of Anglo-Saxon civilization. She was one of my trusty guides and sympathetic assistants during my strenuous eighteen months at the University of Cambridge.

I started my work at Cambridge unattached to any college. But later I made up my mind to attach myself to King's College, yielding to repeated suggestions from my friend, Mr. Oscar Browning. But I did not change my lodgings. King's had less than a hundred students and many dons. Not one of them was a star in physics, and therefore the college had no attractions for me on account of the learning of its dons. But it had a beautiful chapel and a famous choir. The stained-glass windows of King's College chapel were famous as far back as Cromwell's time and they are still so. Every time I attended service in this glorious chapel I went away feeling spiritually uplifted. I attended regularly, although, as a member of the Orthodox faith, I was excused from all religious services. What the other students, belonging to the established church, considered as a stern duty I considered as a rare privilege. The chapel gave me a spiritual tonic whenever I needed one, and I needed it often.

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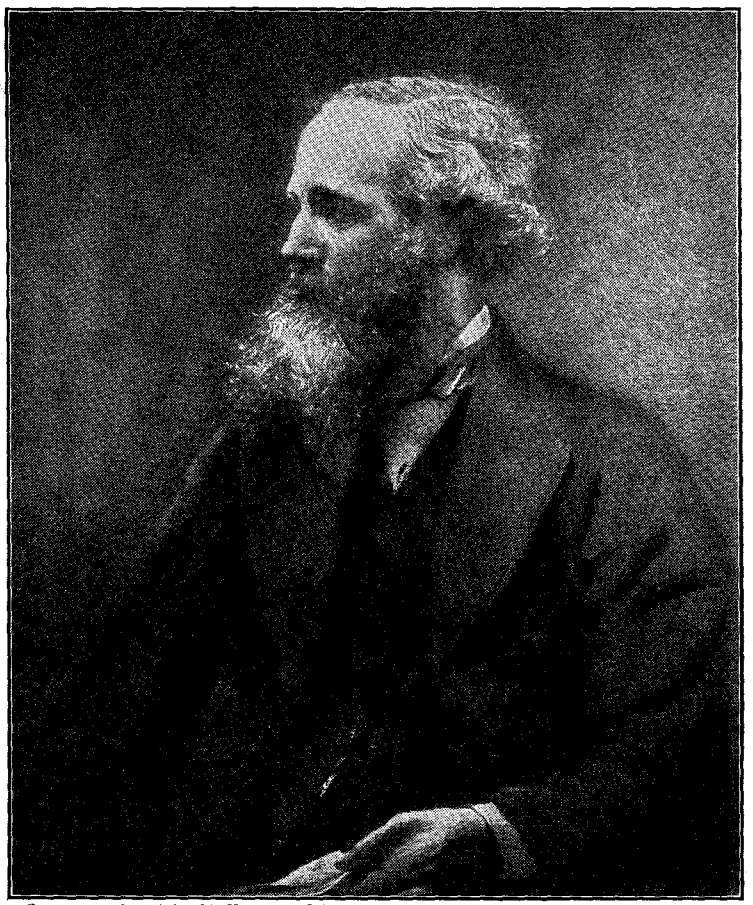
I also yielded to Mr. Browning's suggestions to try for a place in the college boat, which I did and succeeded. Rowing was the only exercise which I took at Cambridge after I had become attached to King's, but before that I took long walks, usually with one of the younger dons or with a student who was engaged in the same book work in which I was engaged. They helped me to make myself familiar with the history of Cambridge and of the surrounding country. Everybody in Cambridge took his daily exercise just as regularly as he took his daily bath and food. I followed the universal custom; it suited me well and, besides, that was the best way to get along in Cambridge.

Physical as well as intellectual activity of the students at Cambridge was a matter of daily routine, regulated by customs and traditions. But these regulators were different for different groups of students. The student studying for honors arranged his work differently from the arrangement which suited the needs of a Poll student, that is the ordinary student who did not aspire to academic honors. Their previous training was also different. The students who aspired to academic honors in mathematics were quite numerous, more numerous than the students in any other honor class. Cambridge, ever since the time of Newton, had become the nursery of the mathematical sciences in the British Empire. There were about five of these honor groups at Cambridge



By courtesy of the Columbia University Library.

James Clerk Maxwell (1831–1879).
First Director of the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge University.

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in those days. Niven advised me to join the honor group in mathematics, the so-called mathematical tripos group, and he picked out a coach for me. Just as one straight line, only, can be drawn through two points, so the line of the student's intellectual activity at Cambridge was fixed when he had picked out the honor class and the tutor or coach to train him for the examinations prescribed for that honor class. To join the honor class in mathematics meant to work alongside of students who expected to become Cambridge *wranglers*. To understand the meaning of this it suffices to point out that no greater honor was in store for the ambitious youths in the university than to be a *senior wrangler* or to stroke a victorious varsity boat. The preparations for these glorious honors were just as careful as the preparations of a Grecian youth for participation in the Olympian games. I had no ambition to become a Cambridge wrangler, but Niven pointed out that a prospective physicist who wishes to master some day Maxwell's New Electrical Theory must first master a good part of the mathematical work prescribed for students preparing for the Cambridge mathematical tripos examinations.

"Doctor Routh could fix you up in quicker time than anybody," said Niven with a smile, and then he added cautiously, "that is, if Routh consents to your joining his private classes, and if you can manage to keep up the pace of the youngsters who are under his training." Three months before, when I first called on Niven, and when my pitch was very high, I would have resented this; but Idvor had lowered my pitch several octaves and I swallowed Niven's bitter pill without the slightest sign of mental distress. My humility pleased him, because it probably relieved him of some anxiety in connection with the question of managing me.

John Edward Routh, fellow of Peterhouse College, was the most famous mathematical coach that Cambridge University had ever seen. In his lifetime he had coached several hundred wranglers, and for twenty-two consecutive years he had coached the senior wrangler of each year. This is really equivalent to saying that a certain jockey had ridden the Derby winner for twenty-two consecutive years. He was a senior wrangler himself in 1854, when great James Clerk Maxwell was second wrangler, and he divided with Maxwell the famous Smith's prize in mathematics. To be admitted by Routh into his private classes was flattering, according to Niven, but to be able to keep up with them was a most encouraging sign. Niven was anxiously waiting for that sign. Routh accepted me, but gave me to understand that my mathematical preparation was much below the standard of the boys who come to Cambridge with a view of preparing for the mathematical tripos examinations, and that I would have to do considerable extra reading. He also cautioned me that all this meant very stiff work for a good part of the academic year. I went to Cambridge to study physics and not mathematics, but, according to Niven and Routh, my real desire, as far as they could make it out, was to study mathematical physics, and they assured me that my training with Routh, if I could keep the pace, would soon lay a good foundation for that. Lord Rayleigh lectured on mathematical physics and so did famous Professor Stokes (later Sir George Gabriel Stokes), but according to Routh and Niven I was not prepared to attend any of these lectures, and much less to read Maxwell's famous mathematical treatise on his new electrical theory. Niven reminded me once of my first visit to Cambridge when I insisted that Cambridge without Maxwell had no attractions for me, and he asked me, jokingly, whether Lord Rayleigh's lectures were good enough for me. I answered that they certainly were, but that, unfortunately, I was not good enough for the lectures. "Next year you will be," said Niven, consoling me, and I, unable to suppress my feeling of disappointment, answered: "Let us pray that the starving jackass does not drop dead until the grass is green again." "What's that?" asked Niven, somewhat puzzled. "That is a free translation of a Serbian proverb, and I am the jackass," said I, and refused to furnish any further explanations. But Niven figured it out correctly in the course of the evening and laughed then heartily. He confessed that Serbo-American humor was somewhat involved and required considerable analysis.

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The Cambridge colleges, some nineteen in number, resembled our American colleges in many ways. The career of the Cambridge Poll men was essentially the same as that of our American college boys. But our American colleges had no class of students corresponding to the Cambridge honor men. Referring particularly to the honor men who prepared for the so-called mathematical tripos, they came to Cambridge after graduating at some college outside of Cambridge. For instance, Maxwell came to Cambridge from the University of Edinburgh, and Routh came there from the University College, London. Both of them migrated to Cambridge, because their teachers in mathematics, like illustrious De Morgan, the first mathematical teacher of Routh, were mathematicians of distinction, and discovering in their young pupils extraordinary mathematical talents they developed them as far as they could, and then sent them to Cambridge for further development under the training of famous coaches who prepared them for the mathematical tripos. These teachers were usually former Cambridge wranglers, apostles of the Cambridge mathematical school, and they were always on the lookout for a fresh supply of mathematical genius for the nursery which regarded great Newton as its founder. This was the type of boys which I met in Routh's classes. They did not seem to know as much of Greek and Latin, of history and economics, of literature and physical sciences, as I did, but their training in mathematics was far superior to mine. They were candidates for the mathematical tripos, and no American college of those days had a curriculum which could turn out candidates with the preliminary mathematical training which those boys brought to Cambridge.

Routh had warned me that stiff work was before me for a good part of a whole academic year, if I was to keep up with the young mathematical athletes whom he was training, and he was right. I experienced many moments of despondency and even despair, and I needed all the tonic which King's College chapel could give me; I needed it very often, and I got it. Routh was a splendid drill-master even for those students who, like myself, had no tripos aspirations. He certainly was a wonder, and everything he did was done with ease and grace and in such an offhand manner that I often thought that he considered even the stiffest mathematical problems as mere amusing tricks. Problems over which I had puzzled in vain for many hours he would resolve in several seconds. He was a virtuoso in the mathematical technique, and he prepared virtuosos; he was the great master who trained future senior wranglers. I never felt so small and so humble as I did during the early period of my training with Routh. Vanity and false pride had no place in my heart when I watched Routh demolish one intricate dynamical problem after another with marvelous ease. I felt as a commonplace artist feels when he listens to a Paderewski or to a Fritz Kreisler.

Long before the end of the academic year I finished Routh's preliminary tripos course in dynamics and much of the auxiliary mathematics demanded by it, and became quite skilled in solving dynamical problems. I had much difficulty in keeping pace with Routh's classes, but I succeeded and Niven was pleased. But I was not pleased; I did not think that I found there what I expected to find. In the course of time I discovered that I was not alone in my opinion; many distinguished Cambridge men failed to find in tripos drills the stimulating elements of that scientific spirit which leads to original research. I was a goose which groped around in a fog when I came to Cambridge; but, if I had come from an English college as a promising tripos candidate with my work cut out for me by my superiors and in accordance with old customs and traditions of Cambridge, I would not have discovered that there was in Cambridge at that time an epoch-making movement, the significance of which cannot be overestimated. I shall return to this point later.

Many a time during my early experiences in Routh's drill school I thought of my mother's words which described the steep and slippery climb which awaited me and which was leading, as she expressed it, to real stars from heaven. I felt the steepness of the climb, but I saw no star ahead of me. Routh was a great

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master of the mathematical technique, but he was not a creative genius; he was a virtuoso but not a composer. His principal concern was to drill his students in the art of solving those conventional problems which usually formed part of tripos examinations. The poetical element of dynamics, which thrills and enthuses, was absent from his businesslike drills. The only star, I thought, which his students saw ahead of them was a high place in the tripos examinations, and that star did not attract me; recalling my mother's story I called it a tin star. I loved Routh and admired him much, but I did not admire the Cambridge tripos method of laying a foundation for mathematical physics. When Niven discovered my state of mind he sympathized, and he gave me a little book called "Matter and Motion" by Maxwell, a very small book written by a very great author. "You are not up to the mathematics of Maxwell's great electrical treatise," said Niven, as he handed me the little book, "but you will find no difficulties of that kind in this little book, which covers a very great subject." It was first published in America in the *Van Nostrand Magazine*. No magazine ever performed a greater educational service. There was not only much poetical beauty and philosophical depth in this tiny and apparently most elementary book on dynamics, but there were also many illustrations of the close connection between this fundamental science and other departments of physical science. Maxwell's presentation roused, and it also stimulated, the spirit of inquiry. Routh's elaborate system of clever tripos problems in dynamics appeared to me for the first time as little parts, only, of a complex and endless art which had grown out of a simple and beautiful science, the science of dynamics, which first saw the light of day at Trinity College, Cambridge. The exquisite art as practised by Routh and the subtle science as described by Maxwell, the two leading Cambridge wranglers of 1854, disclosed to me the real meaning of Newton, the greatest among the great Cambridge men, the creator of the science of dynamics. I knew then that I had seen one of the real stars of heaven of which my mother spoke. But without the light of Maxwell I would not have seen the light of Newton. It will be seen further below that Maxwell and Routh, Cambridge wranglers of 1854, were the representatives of different mental attitudes in Cambridge: Maxwell was the apostle of the new and Routh of the old spirit of Cambridge. Niven was very fond of reminding me of my first visit when I told him that Cambridge without Maxwell had no attraction for me. After reading Maxwell's little classic I told Niven that my opinion was, after all, not as funny and strange as he represented it.

A short digression is timely now. I went to Trinity College occasionally to spend a Sunday evening with Mr. Niven. One Sunday evening I walked around the historical Trinity quadrangle, waiting until Mr. Niven returned to his rooms from the evening service in the college chapel. The mysterious-looking light streaming through the stained-glass windows of the chapel and the heavenly music radiating from the invisible choir and organ commanded my attention. I stood motionless like a solitary spectre in the middle of the deserted and sombre quadrangle, and gazed, and listened, and dreamed. Yes, I dreamed of great Newton, the greatest of all Trinity dons, and I saw how, two centuries before, he was treading over the same spot where I was standing whenever he was returning from a Sunday evening service in the very chapel at which I was gazing. I also dreamed of Maxwell, another great Trinity don, and remembered that, five years before, the very same choir and organ to which I was listening paid their last tribute to this great Cambridge man, when his earthly remains left the grief-stricken university on their last pilgrimage to Maxwell's native Scotland. But I knew that his spirit had remained at Cambridge to inspire forever the coming generations of ambitious students.

I dreamed of other great Trinity College men whose spirits seemed to hover about the sombre quadrangle rejoicing in the heavenly light and sound which radiated from the historical chapel where Newton and Maxwell worshipped in days gone by. I longed for the day when my alma mater, Columbia College, and other

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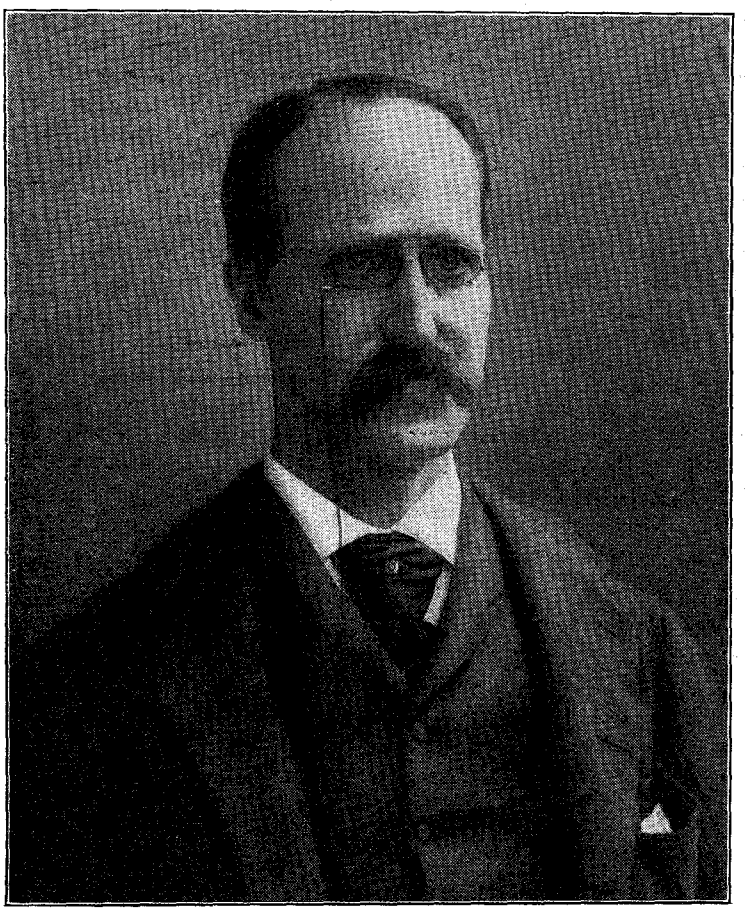
colleges in America could offer such an inspiring scene to its students, and I wondered how soon that day would come. Niven told me the following story which, he thought, might answer this question:

A don of Magdalen College, Oxford, was asked by an American friend how long it would take to raise, in America, a lawn like the famous lawn of Magdalen College. "I do not know," said the don, "but it took us over two centuries to do it here in Oxford." Niven implied, of course, that it will take much more than two centuries to create at any American college that atmosphere which surrounded me at the Trinity College quadrangle on that memorable Sunday evening. It was the mysterious charm of that atmosphere which held me chained to Cambridge in spite of the fact that I did not believe that the Cambridge tripos method of laying a foundation in mathematical physics was fitting my particular case.

Students shift from university to university in continental Europe, migrating to places where they are attracted by the reputations of teachers who happen to be there. I went to Cambridge because I thought that Maxwell was there. But at Cambridge, and at Oxford too, it was not only the teacher who was there but also the teachers who had lived there during generations long past which determined the choice made by ambitious students. The great teachers in the mathematical sciences when I was there were Lord



Henry Augustus Rowland (1848–1901).
First Director of the Physics Laboratory of Johns Hopkins University.

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Rayleigh, the successor of Maxwell; John Crouch Adams, who, with Leverrier in France, shared in the great distinction of calculating from the perturbations in the orbit of Uranus the position of the still unknown planet Neptune; George Gabriel Stokes, the greatest mathematical physicist in Europe at that time, and the occupant of the professorial chair once held by great Newton. But that which brought the students in mathematical sciences to Cambridge was not only the lustre of the reputations of these great professors, but also the existence at Cambridge of a historical educational policy in the development of which many great Cambridge mathematicians of generations long past had made lasting contributions. The mathematical tripos was the most concrete expression of this traditional policy.

It can be inferred from what I have already said that this traditional policy did not suit me. I do not think that it would have suited any American student of those days who had a taste for physics. I said once to a Cambridge friend that my landlady, Routh, and rowing shaped the daily events of my life. He saw my point and admitted that each one of them represented a powerful determining factor in the life of a Cambridge student who was preparing for the mathematical tripos examinations. Each one of them had its deep roots in ancient traditions from which it was difficult to deviate. Routh was a rare product and a loyal apostle of the tradition called the Mathematical Tripos. It was perhaps the most powerful of all Cambridge traditions and stood as immovable as the rock of Gibraltar; its great strength was the fact that it had produced many distinguished men of science. But nevertheless some of the greatest living Cambridge physicists of those days felt that it had defects and called for remedies. It was claimed that its method, having no direct connection with the nascent problems of scientific research, was artificial and unproductive.

Sir William Thomson, known later as Lord Kelvin, was among the first who called for speedy remedies. He was the second wrangler in 1845 and Stephen Parkinson was the senior wrangler. Thomson left Cambridge and went to Paris to get from the famous physicist Regnault what he could not get at Cambridge. After a year, when only twenty-two years old, he accepted a professorship in physics and directorship in physical research at the University of Glasgow. The long-headed Scotch were fully thirty years ahead of Cambridge in establishing a research laboratory in physics. Here Thomson worked out the scientific elements of the first Atlantic cable, and invented the instruments necessary for its operation. When I was in Cambridge the name of Thomson was attached to most measuring instruments employed in the electrical industries at that time, and he was also one of the leaders of abstract scientific thought. He represented in the popular mind the new spirit of Cambridge. Stephen Parkinson, Thomson's superior in the tripos test of 1845, was still in Cambridge when I was there and he had to his credit a text-book on geometrical optics, with stereotyped problems, suitable for tripos examinations. He was not among those who called for a change in the traditional mathematical tripos examinations at Cambridge. Maxwell, undoubtedly inspired by Thomson, was one of the earliest leaders of the Cambridge movement which demanded a modification of the mathematical tripos, favoring more the spirit of research and less the art of solving cleverly formulated mathematical problems. The Cavendish Physics Laboratory, organized by Maxwell and first opened in 1874, was, according to Niven, a concrete expression of this movement.

A similar movement was taking place in the United States in those days. Among its leaders were President Barnard of Columbia College, and Joseph Henry, the first and the most distinguished secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. The date of the foundation of Johns Hopkins University falls within the early period of this movement. Niven told me that what Maxwell had been doing in the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge was also being done by Maxwell's friend, Professor Rowland, at Johns Hopkins, founded in Baltimore in 1876. Maxwell thought very highly of his young American friend, and undoubtedly recommended him strongly to the physics professorship at Johns

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Hopkins. Just as the establishment of the Cavendish Physics Laboratory in Cambridge marks the beginning of a great epoch in the development of physics in Cambridge and in Great Britain, so the organization of the physics laboratory at Johns Hopkins by Rowland marks a new and most fruitful era of scientific research in the United States. Rowland's influence had not yet been felt at Columbia College when I was a student there, nor at many other American colleges of those days. But the forward movement soon commenced, and the people of this country do not understand yet as fully as they ought to how much they owe to the late Henry Augustus Rowland, whom I had the honor of knowing personally and whose friendship I enjoyed for several years. One of the aims of this simple narrative is to throw more light upon some obscure spots of this kind which need more illumination, and particularly upon the work of men like "Rowland of Troy, the doughty knight," as Maxwell referred to him in his verses.

Another historical fact must be mentioned here which is very characteristic of the state of the science of physics in those days, and which is closely connected with the progress of this science as it appeared to me in the course of the last forty years. I mention now another great American physicist whose name, like that of Rowland, I first heard mentioned at Cambridge at that time, and that was Professor Josiah Willard Gibbs, of Yale. I know that many of my young colleagues will find it strange that I never had heard of Lord Rayleigh, of England, before I graduated at Columbia. What will they say when they hear that at that time I never had heard of famous Willard Gibbs, of Yale, New Haven, U. S. A.? Will they charge me with extraordinary ignorance for which Columbia of those days was to blame? That would be unjust, as the following story will prove. One evening, after dinner, I was enjoying at the University Club, New York, the company of some twelve Yale graduates, and one of them was the learned Professor William Welch, dean of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. He was then president of the National Academy of Sciences. Most of my Yale friends present were of about my age or even older. I offered to wager that the majority of them would fail to give the name of the scientist who, in Doctor Welch's opinion and in mine, was the greatest scientist that Yale had ever graduated. Not one of them mentioned Willard Gibbs. When I mentioned his name they frankly confessed that they had never heard of him before. Neither they nor Yale College of those days were to blame. Did my fellow students at Cambridge, who were training for the mathematical tripos, ever hear of him before they came to Cambridge? If they did, it was by accident, just as I heard of it by accident. Such was the spirit of the times in those days; and it was against this spirit that President Barnard of Columbia took up arms. He considered its existence a national calamity. But I shall return to this point later.

I will now describe the accident just mentioned, because it is closely connected with the main thread of my narrative. In the beginning of the Easter term, the third term of my training under Routh, I had caught up with my class and had spare time for outside reading. Niven was greatly impressed by my enthusiastic eulogies of Maxwell's little book, "Matter and Motion," and he suggested that I take up the reading of another of Maxwell's little classics, "Theory of Heat." It was written with the same elegant simplicity as his "Matter and Motion." This little text-book on heat was the first to give me a living physical picture of the mode of operation by which heat is transformed into mechanical work, an operation which I watched so often in the Cortlandt Street boiler-room. I watched it, but I never dreamed that the operation could be described as Maxwell described it. According to him it may be considered as the resultant action of non-coordinated activities of an immense number of busy little molecules, each of which, as far as human observers can tell, moves about lustily according to its own sweet will. But, behold the miracle: the average activity of the countless crowd obeys with mathematical accuracy the fundamental law for heat transformations, the so-called second law of thermodynamics discovered by Sadi Carnot, the great

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French engineer. It was Maxwell's little classic which also informed me that in all cases of very large numbers of individuals, whether they be active molecules or busy human beings, exhibiting as far as an observer can tell non-co-ordinated activities, we must apply the so-called statistical method of inquiry, that is the method which statisticians employ in recording the activity of a nation. Newton's dynamics, which at that time had been the food of Cambridge for two centuries, said nothing about that. It was a new idea in the heads of new men, who, under the leadership of Maxwell, were creating a new and far-reaching science. Up to that time Tyndall's poetical description of "Heat as a Mode of Motion" was my gospel regarding thermal phenomena, but Maxwell's plain and modest text-book, intended to stimulate the imagination of the inquisitive mind of the young student, was the first to assist me in forming my own judgment on the doctrines described by Tyndall and illustrated by beautiful experiments. Routh's training-table of tripos athletes offered no such morsels of stimulating food, because these athletes were training for tripos examinations and not for research in physics. I will say now that it was in Maxwell's theory of heat where I first saw the name of Willard Gibbs, and I heard from Niven that Maxwell held Gibbs in very high esteem. I must also say that Gibbs was the first in this country to write a splendid treatise on statistical mechanics.

When the Easter term approached its end in May I began to think of my summer vacation. I needed one. Seven months of steady drilling under Routh, supplemented by extra reading prescribed by him, and also by the reading of Maxwell's inspiring books, had produced results with which I was satisfied, and so was Mr. Niven, my Trinity College mentor. I certainly did not feel any more like a goose wandering in a fog; I saw much light ahead and felt much more confident that I saw the goal for which I was steering. But my pitch was very high and I needed de-tuning. I finally decided to visit some little place in France and selected Pornic, on the French Atlantic coast, in the department called Loire Inférieure. I knew nothing about it except what I read in Baedeker, but it looked to me like a quiet little place where in addition to complete change of scene I should have a good chance to learn French. The names of Laplace, La Grange, and Ampère were mentioned so often and with so much veneration by Maxwell, that I felt ashamed of my ignorance of the language of France. Pornic was only a day's journey from Cambridge, and off I went with no other books in my bag except Campbell's "Life of Maxwell" and a French grammar.

The Pornic landlady was not up to the standard of my Cambridge landlady, but I did not complain nor make any invidious comparisons; the English were not very popular in those days on the Atlantic coast of France, where the oldest fishermen had not yet forgotten the operations of the English fleet during the Napoleonic wars. I was the only stranger in town and when it became known that I was an American who came to Pornic to study the language of France the village was mine. I engaged the village schoolmaster to give me French conversation lessons. I met him in his garden every evening and we talked to our hearts' content. He was a most entertaining little fellow, with a bald head, a red nose, and a big snuff-box to which he appealed very frequently for a fresh supply of interesting topics of conversation. He boasted among the villagers that his reputation as a French scholar had reached the United States and, *voilà*, that brought me to Pornic. I never denied it, but on the contrary I often walked through the village streets with the good old *maître d'école* and listened most attentively to his French accents as if they were the rarest pearls of wisdom.

When the villagers found out that I was not only an American but also a student of a great English university, then the stock of the little schoolmaster rose sky-high. My landlady informed me that the old curé had become quite jealous of the little man's rapid rise in the community. An old but renovated Norman castle was a part of Pornic; it stood on the very edge of the steep coast and it was inhabited in summer by a rich merchant of Nantes. The castle had a thick

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grove of stately old trees, and there the nightingales revelled every night. On moonlight nights I spent many watchful hours listening to their mellow notes, accompanied by the solemn rhythm of the Atlantic waves striking gently upon the cliffs of the rocky coast, which appeared in my imagination, as I listened, like towering pipes of a giant organ. In daytime I selected lonely spots on the coast and there I spent my days from early morning till late in the afternoon memorizing my French grammar and vocabulary. Every evening I practised for an hour or so in conversation with my beloved *maître d'école*. This advanced my knowledge of French very rapidly and before one month was over I could converse tolerably well. My circle of acquaintances expanded rapidly as my knowledge of French increased, until it took in the nightingale grove, including the family of the merchant from Nantes. Between my friends in the nightingale grove and my schoolmaster's garden my conversation in French became so fluent that it astonished the natives. They pronounced it perfect. But discounting this enthusiastic estimate by even fifty per cent I was still secure in my belief that I was enriched by a good knowledge of the language of a great civilization. A two months' visit to Pornic was originally planned; its end was very near, and my trip was a success. I bade good-by to my friends in little Pornic and arrived in Paris on the following day, the fourteenth of July, 1884.

Paris was gay, celebrating the national holiday of France, the anniversary of the storming of the Bastille in 1789. This gave me a chance to see many of the striking characteristics of the gay side of Paris in a single day. The next day, while visiting the great Sorbonne and the Collège de France in the Quartier Latin, I found a great treasure in a second-hand bookshop: La Grange's great treatise, "Mechanique Analytique," first published under the auspices of the French Academy in 1778. La Grange, the Newton of France! There was no student of dynamics who had not heard of his name and of his great treatise. My two months' stay in Pornic enabled me to appreciate fully the beauty of the language of this great work, and my training with Routh eliminated many difficulties of the mathematical technique. I was convinced of that in my very first attempts in Paris at deciphering some of its inspiring pages. I described this short stay in France at some length, because I wish to refer to it later for the purpose of showing how little things can exert a big influence in the shaping of human life.

I had promised my mother to visit her again during that summer and off I went, deserting without delay the gay scenes of Paris. On my journey to Idvor I wasted no time looking to the right or to the left of my speeding train; villages and towns, rivers and mountains, and the busy folks in the yellow fields who were gathering in the blessings of the harvest season appeared like so many passing pictures which did not interest me. La Grange was talking to me, and I had neither eyes nor ears for anybody or for anything else. Oh, how happy I was when I saw Idvor in the distance, where I knew I should be free for nearly two months during that summer to read and to reflect, free from all restraints of the Cambridge routine. By the end of that heavenly vacation I had mastered a good part of La Grange's classical treatise, and in addition I reread carefully Campbell's "Life of Maxwell," and I understood many things which I saw in Cambridge but did not understand before. The Cambridge movement which I described above was clearly revealed to me in the course of that summer, by a careful study of Campbell's "Life of Maxwell."

Idvor was never rich in books nor in people who paid much attention to books. To think that a native of Idvor would ever read a La Grange in his humble peasant home seemed incredible. The natives of Idvor noticed that, during my second visit, I was much less communicative than during the first, on account of my devotion to what they considered as some strange books, which to those who saw them suggested sacred books. The company of La Grange and of Maxwell kept me a prisoner in my mother's garden. I told my mother that Maxwell and La Grange were two great saints in the world of science, and she considered my reading

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during that summer as a study of the lives of saints. That made her happy, but it puzzled the good people of Idvor. Studies of this kind they associated with priests and bishops, and noticing that I paid much less attention to bagpipes and kolo dancers and to other worldly things, they began to whisper about that Misha was getting ready to enter monastic life. What a pity, they said, to gather so much knowledge in great America and then bury it in a monastery!

My mother paid no attention to these idle whisperings. She knew better. When I described to her the ancient college buildings and the beautiful chapels of Cambridge, and the religious life of the students and of the dons, she listened spellbound. When I related to her the many traditions of the old university, and informed her that one learns there, not only from the teachers who were living there at that time, but also from great teachers who had long departed, a luminous expression in her eyes told me that she was about to reveal to me an original thought. "I go to church, my son," she said, "not so much because I expect the priest to reveal to me some new divine truth, but because I wish to look at the icons of saints. That reminds me of their saintly work, and through the contemplation of their work I communicate with God. Cambridge is a great temple consecrated to the *eternal truth;* it is filled with icons of the great saints of science. The contemplation of their saintly work will enable you to communicate with the spirit of *eternal truth.*"

With this thought in her mind my mother was most happy when I bade her good-by and, repeating her own words, told her that I must go back to "Cambridge, the great temple which is consecrated to the *eternal truth.*" "Go back, my son," she said, "and may God be praised forever for the blessings which you have enjoyed and will continue to enjoy in your life among the saints of Cambridge."

(To be continued.)

The Night Path

BY FLORENCE HINES BUNTEN

I CANNOT wait the coming of the spring
  Nor plant my garden, for the high gods say
That I must close my house and bolt the door
  And take a journey—and I do not know the way.

I know that I shall not return again
  When they shall take the key and bid me go.
They do not pity me, nor understand
  Why I should love my house and miss it so.

Some say there is a mansion where I go,
  A palace in my little house's stead;
Some say the pathway ends in soundless night;
  What matter?—I can only bend my head.

I go into the terror of the dark.
  No friend shall walk beside me, for none may,
Though he should sob his heart out. So alone
  I take a journey—and I do not know the way.

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When It's in the Heart

BY RAYMOND S. SPEARS
Author of "Hoarded Assets," "The Ripe Peach," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT MATZKE

THE leading hardware store in Mosstown carried a line of guns, rifles, and side-arms. The proprietor was Jim Malden, whose business constancy was such that from the day he inherited the store from his father to the twentieth year of his trade, he had not missed a full week's time at a stretch. He would go into the woods three or four days, deer-hunting, in the autumn; he would fish for a day or two during the trout season; and occasionally he would steal away on snowshoes to dog rabbits.

Because he had a gasolene-pump on the curb and a line of automobile accessories, including tires, he was as hard-working on Sunday as on any other day. He was married, and had three children, two boys and one girl. So far as any one knew, he was a happy, contented, and successful man. He had no record laid up against him by the hook-beaked gossips.

The gossip of the outdoor world rang in his ears. He heard of the flocks of quail, of jack-rabbits, of coyotes, and of deer, bear, moose, and wild fowl. More than these things, he met the interesting people who come to a gun store—always to some certain gun store in every community.

Talking about entertaining angels unawares! Who could be more interesting than those who come walking or rolling up to a hardware store, some with one eye looking over the shoulder, some with camping-outfits, some to buy 22s for target practice, and some to buy 30-30s, or 45s, for business? There were men everybody knew, and men nobody knew.

Jim Malden leaned against his counter till 10.10 o'clock one night. Two men who had gone to school with him twenty-five years before were with him; there was a stranger who walked in after dark, and stood with his face in a shadow for an hour, leaning against the counter, but taking no part in the conversation, except as a listener.

This stranger was a tall, slender man, smooth-shaven, with hard, weather-darkened face, with eyes whose brightness sparkled under the brim of his floppy hat; and he wore clothes that fitted him comfortably—bagged knees, uncreased legs, an old, unnoticeable coat, rather dusty, and some kind of a negligée shirt. The two friends, Bill Gays and Rob Michael, remembered that the stranger seemed to be a cowboy, or at least gave the impression of being a man of the far range of prairies, or something like that. They remembered that, just a few minutes before the store closed, this stranger leaned over the counter and said something to Jim, as the storekeeper noted the cash-register figures and rolled up the bills which represented the day's business in cash, gross receipts. Malden went to the cartridge shelves and took down a box, but whether 44s, or 38s, or what caliber, they could not remember, for they had looked without seeing.

The stranger strolled away; the three friends stood a moment on the store-step and sidewalk, looking at the sky, wondering if the trout wouldn't be biting good at grizzly kings or yellow sallies the next day, for this was in middle May, when the streams were just beginning to warm up, and the trout were liable any day to begin to jump good.

Bill and Rob turned down the street, toward their homes; Jim turned off the gas-pump light, locked in the hose, and —vanished.

That is all there was to it. Jim Malden disappeared from the face of Mosstown and all that vicinity. No one knew what had become of him. His wife tried to call up the store about 1 o'clock in the

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morning. She called up police headquarters at 3 o'clock; by 8 o'clock the following morning every one in Mosstown knew that Jim Malden, genial, steady, good-natured, without any bad habits, and one of the best fellows in the country, had gone.

"He must have had several hundred dollars," the investigation revealed. His cash-register, when examined by an expert, disclosed the fact that during that day $345.67 had been taken in; when this fact became known a cold chill crept through the backs of Malden's friends.

"Who was that man who leaned against the counter and saw him take his money?" Bill Gays and Rob Michael asked.

The police sent out an alarm for the arrest of "the unknown." They couldn't take a chance on letting the murderer of Jim Malden escape. They found a clew. One of the city boys who was just coming home from visiting a girl remembered seeing Malden walking along East Agate Street with a tall, slender stranger, who wore a broad-brimmed hat and whose eyes sparkled distinctly. Agate Street was beyond Gresham Street, where Malden lived. The end of Agate Street was a stone quarry, beyond which was a rough, second-growth timber ridge.

With aching hearts the friends of Jim Malden went up into that cut-over and ransacked the brush, searched every nook and cranny, and viewed with suspicion every footprint in the soft ground and every scrape on the rocks. They found nothing to explain the disappearance of the man.

Jim's wife was a fine, competent woman. She immediately took charge of the store. Her oldest son, Tom, eighteen years of age, returned from college and took his place behind the counter, where he had long served an apprenticeship in salescraft. Business went on as usual. There was no break in it, and the commercial travellers coming through discovered that the boy and mother, between them, knew very nearly what the trade wanted, and that they bought to advantage.

An inventory of the store revealed a fine stock; the books balanced, except for the several hundred missing dollars. The business paid a profit of several thousand dollars a year, and the frugal and competent mind of Jim Malden had provided fully for his family.

"I can't imagine why he should go," Mrs. Malden said. "He must have been —something must have happened."

But no trace of violence could be found. The hunters of the region who knew Jim ransacked the hiding-places. They searched up and down for miles. They decided that, whatever had happened, it must have been an automobile that carried the victim away—whether willingly or not none could know for certain.

Bill Gays and Rob Michael argued the matter between them. Once assured there was no local crime discoverable, the two friends split on the subject of what had happened. Jim might have gone crazy. He might have been hit on the head and gone away, a victim of aphasia. He might have done any one of many things.

"He was always talking—you know that!" Bill said morosely.

Jim Malden, sitting in his store or leaning against his counter, had ranged the earth for information. He had read hundreds of books and took a dozen hunting, trapping, fishing, and travel magazines. He was the best-posted man anywhere around those parts. He even knew where certain English pheasants flocked, and where certain gray squirrels ranged, and none knew better than he did where to fish to find certain big, cunning, and scrupulous trout swinging in eddies on quivering fins. Moreover, he was unselfish; he told every one the best of his information.

"I tell you, something's wrong with that man!" Rob declared.

"Oh, sure!" Bill assented. "Something had to be wrong, for him to pass out like that!"

The description of Jim Malden said he was 5 feet 11 inches tall, dark complexion, brownish-gray eyes, dark hair slightly streaked with gray, and that he weighed 230 pounds. Sitting and lounging in his store for years, with rare intervals of exercise, he had grown fat and sluggish of physical manner, but he had given no sign of any mental aberration.

Two years had gone by, to a week.

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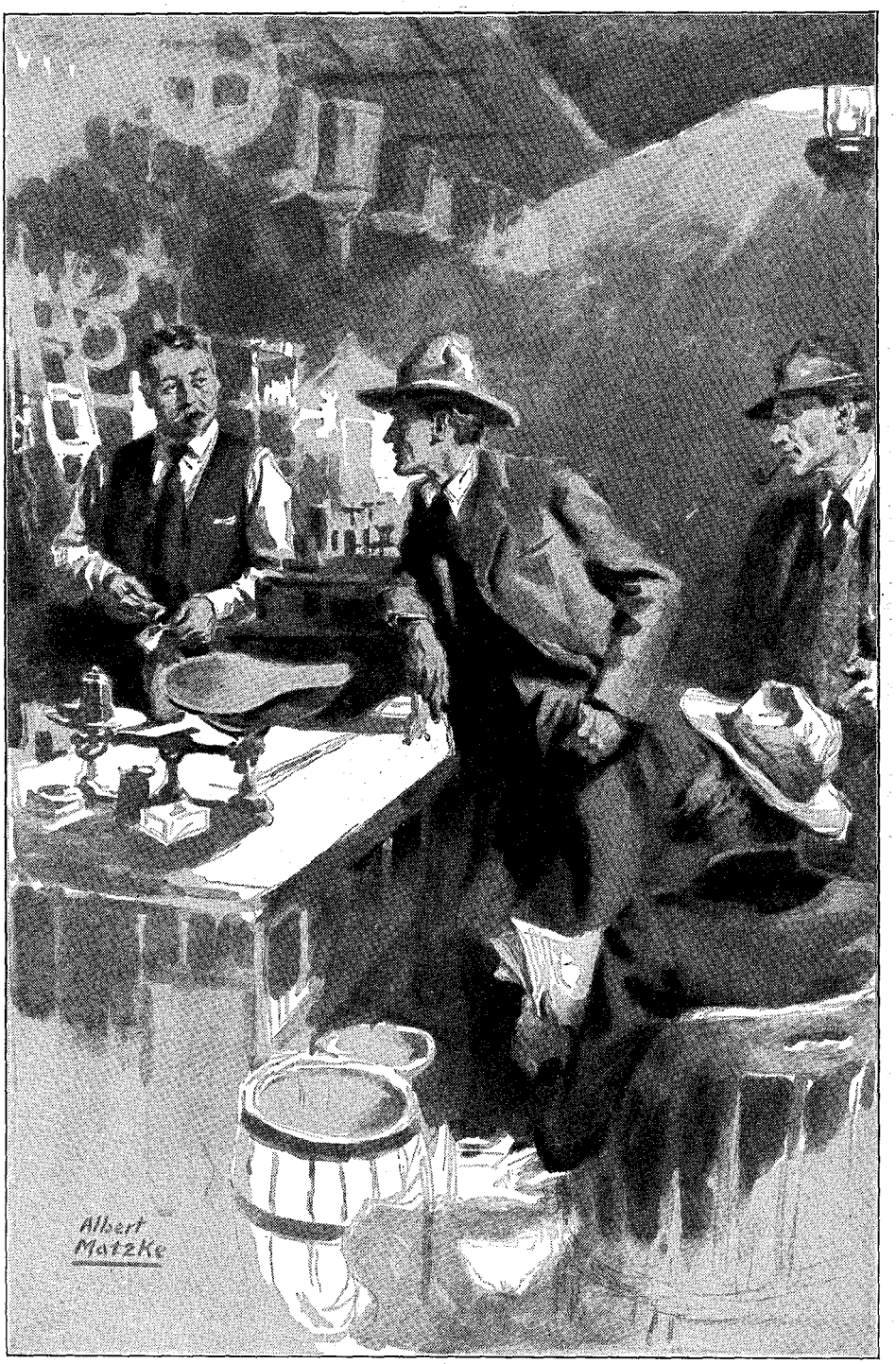

They remembered that . . . this stranger leaned over the counter and said something to Jim.—Page 207.

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Tom Malden, the son, was sitting with Rob, Bill, and two other local sportsmen in the store, which had lost none of its prestige as a centre, once it was learned that Tom welcomed them and that Mrs. Malden did not mind tobacco smoke nor an occasional cuss-word. Mrs. Malden seldom remained late, often not coming to the store at all after supper. This night she happened to be in the store.

A stranger strolled in. He was tall and slender, dressed unnoticeably, and with his hat drawn down over his eyes. He was soon leaning against the counter with his back to the light and listening to the talk, that was running to fishing, for this was the fishing season again, when trout would be jumping on the rifts.

Suddenly Bill Gays started slightly and glanced at Rob Michael. Then Bill glanced at the calendar. This was Wednesday night. It was the second week in May. Two years previous Jim Malden had disappeared. Mrs. Malden, perhaps noticing the interchange of glances, perhaps feeling the current of their thoughts, glanced at the calendar, too. She caught her hand against her bosom, bit her lip, and turned her eyes from the light. Tom, her son, noted the sudden emotion and divined the cause.

"I can't see what became of him!" Mrs. Malden suddenly cried out in the agony of her spirit. "Two years—and no word!"

"It's beyond everybody—" Bill shook his head. "Jim Malden was the finest man that ever lived. Who'd hurt him—who'd want to hurt him? Well! I'd like to lay hands on that man who was here that night. That's what I'd like to do."

"What's the idea?" the stranger asked. "I don't catch the drift——"

"Jim Malden, who used to keep this store, disappeared two years ago to-night. He just walked up the street there, and nobody has seen him since. There was a stranger in the store that night—fellow saw him take about $350 out of the cash-register. Jim was seen with him out on Agate Street by young Nelson. That's the last anybody's seen or heard of him."

"He disappeared that night?" the stranger exclaimed. "Was that the night we were talking here about trout-jumping? I bought a box of 22s for an automatic pistol——"

"What! Are you that man?" Bill rose, and Rob stood to back him.

"If that's the night he disappeared," the stranger replied, "I came through then, same as I am to-night. I was just in from the Rockies, where I'd had a trap line, but cut loose as soon as I could get over the roads. I went down East, to fish salt water, commercially, during the summer. He disappeared that night?"

"Yes, sir. What did you know about it—talk about that night?" Bill asked.

"Let's see. I was up on the corner. He came and joined me. I told him I was camped over at the stone quarry, and he walked over with me. We sat down in my tent; smoked a pipeful or two. He wanted to know about the roads, and I told him I was touring up and down, and living trapping, fishing, and swapping some.

"He wanted to know how much it cost to travel in a jitney, and what a fellow could do to earn a living on the road. I told him all I knew. We talked, probably, about an hour or two. Then he said good-night. It was a nice warm night. I remember that, for it'd been cold all along till about that time—cold and wet. I stepped out and looked at the skies. We talked a minute or two, nothing special. I never forgot, though—he said he was sick of living the way he was, never running around any, not to speak of, and when he walked away he turned down the path toward the main road, instead of going back on the street, toward where he said he lived."

The people who had known Jim Malden looked at one another. The stranger had thrown his hat back. He had shown his face squarely and honestly; his eyes were clear and gem-brilliant; his face was the kind that any man can trust. For two years the memory of the shaded face and the silence had made a suspicion of this man, but when he told his story the suspicions vanished. They closed the store, and they all walked out to the stone quarry. There was the automobile and the tent of the stranger.

They walked down the cross-path to the main road. In two years they had added two hundred yards to the distance

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they had been able to track the missing man. But they had added something else.

Mrs. Malden, as the vision grew clearer with the few words the stranger had said, turned to her husband's two most intimate friends.

"Boys," she asked, "don't you suppose Jim just couldn't stand it any more? He couldn't stay in the house any longer. You know how he loved the outdoors! Perhaps—it may be——"

"I bet—probably he did blow up, Mrs. Malden!" Rob Michael said.

"Looks like it to me!" Bill Gays exclaimed.

"Then why—then why—" Mrs. Malden asked.

"Well—probably he—you know the kind of a man he is! He'd be ashamed of it—not being able to help breaking loose, the way he did!"

They all returned to the store. They could not let the matter rest there. They could not wait till morning, or for some other time. The friends and family of Jim Malden sat down to consider the matter. Just to know that he was probably alive was something. Where he was they could only guess.

For an hour, for two hours, they called back the life of Jim Malden. Through their memories ran, with increasing vision, the stories that Jim had told, the things that he knew so much about. With this new discovery of Malden's mind, they reconstructed his whole life. They all knew his patient, his steady, his plodding business in the store. Now they pieced together the other part of him.

He had talked about moose-hunting in Canada, about muskrat-trapping down the Atlantic Coast marshes, about bird-shooting in the great migration routes, all with enthusiasm. By his discourse he revealed the mind that longed with increasing desire for the far and the wild places. Yet which far land would call him most?

"He dreamed about the desert," Mrs. Malden said thoughtfully. "I don't know how many times he would start up in his sleep, saying that he was terribly thirsty, that he was lost in the waste of sand—that kind of dreams. Of course, he used to say he'd like to see the desert, but nobody would really like that kind of a place. Still, he might—perhaps he might have gone there——"

Thus they patched out of what they knew a sort of crazy-quilt pattern which showed what they hadn't suspected about Jim Malden. For days they studied the problem. The stranger, who was Ed Douglas, originally of Michigan, remained over three or four days. He was in no hurry; he didn't have to hurry; no devil of time could pursue the likes of him.

"Tom," Mrs. Malden said a week later, "I think perhaps you'd better go find your father, don't you?"

"I was just thinking that," Tom said. "I can go to the desert, and ask around!"

He took the store-delivery car, rigged a bunk for a bed, and took on an outfit. He started for the desert. He knew it was somewhere west of the Rockies; he understood the desert was in Utah; this was the Great Salt Lake Desert. He was a little puzzled, however, by the memory that Death Valley, a desert, was in California. He didn't stop to straighten out this bit of detail. He had been going a week before he began to revise any of his ideas. When he stopped in the beautiful tourists' camp ground at Omaha, he sat on a big timber, listening to a man who was telling about coming out of San Diego by the Imperial Valley, Yuma, and angling up across Arizona and New Mexico, into the Arkansas River valley.

When Tom Malden had rolled more than two thousand miles and saw the Rockies rising before him, he saw the sage and alkali stretching into the limitlessness of piedmontaine prairies. He had listened to a score of tourists who had made the transcontinental; the desert was often on their lips.

Not till he was beyond the Rockies did he suspect the truth; then, by chance, his travel-quickened ears caught the phrase, "the deserts of Colorado."

"Deserts?" he repeated. "How many are there?"

"Well," the proud tourist in a dusty car from Oregon replied, "let's see—Carson Sink, Great Salt Lake, Mohave—that's down on the Santa Fe trail—Blue Valley, and all those valleys in western Colorado that don't have any particular names, but are deserts, and Death Valley, and western Arizona, and the Colorado

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Desert, but you might say it's mostly one desert right after another, counting the Idaho lava beds, and the same in Arizona, New Mexico, and the Bad Lands, up in the Dakotas——"

"And—and they're big?" Tom Malden asked.

"Oh, yes! Take it out of Salt Lake, now, and you're in about three hundred miles of Salt Lake Desert proper; that's across, and if you go south, then you hit southern Utah, and there are some deserts down there, one desert, if you count it that way. Probably there are fifty or a hundred deserts, not counting the little ones, and separate valleys."

Tom Malden went to his cabin-car and sat in the seat, the stunning fact at last plain in his mind. Not one desert, but scores; and he had come looking for his wandering father where, as he spread the map, he now realized there were a million square miles of land, bare, beautiful, and cut up into glorious valleys by vast mountain ranges. How could he find any man in that land, especially a man hiding out?

He despaired, but he did not quit. Instead, he tried to rise to the magnitude of his task. He now knew things about his country no geography ever impressed on any pupil. He came down into ranches and, stopping, asked the men if they had seen a man like this one whose picture he showed? He left handbills giving descriptions of his father at these places, and in the scattered county-seats, each of which had a weekly newspaper if not a thriving daily.

When he swung south from Ely into Bakersfield he met tourists, and he told them, in the camps at night, about his quest. He skirted the edges of the great agriculture regions of California, dipping into the orange groves and grape vineyards, but swinging out again down the Coachella, down the Salton Sink, and into the southern Colorado desert, where they have turned a patch of gyp lands into Imperial Valley.

He drove north into western Washington, he cut back into Oregon; he traversed Idaho and, before advancing winter, retreated into the edge of the Mexican deserts and down the Big Bend country of Texas. He heard of men, strangers, and circled forth or back to catch sight of them. Twice fugitives pulled down on him with their guns, and backed away to escape what they thought was the detective service—and men threw up their hands to surrender to him, thinking he had them covered.

A desert hobo came into his camp just out of Amboy, in the Mohave, and when he told this man his story the grizzled old fellow wiped a gyp-cut hand across a sun-withered face.

"My boy," he said, "I'm not your father—but I'm—I'm somebody's father. Probably my children feel about me the way you do—and no man's a right to make his flesh and blood think so—worry so—and they can thank you. I'm going home!"

Tom Malden ransacked the deserts till he had seen a thousand valleys. He knew that any day he might find his father. But he might search for ten years and not have that good fortune. He might never find him, or discover trace of him. He was glad to think that he could do this much, though it was but a flower laid on the memory of a man he would always love. He knew now what had come through the books, through the stories, through the maps to his father, fascinating him. The desert was a wonderful and a fascinating place. Not all the sufferings it gave a stranger, from the stinging of cactus spines to the deadly thirst, but were welcome if one could but see the mirage, the sunrise, the sunset, the pitilessly beautiful glare of midday sun—things which once seen are never to be forgotten.

It was not always easy to send mail home from those back places. The mood to write a letter, for one thing, grew less frequent. Tom Malden hated to send word that he had no news. He would stop to trade a little, or to work a little, or to speculate a little. He had a trader's abilities, and thus he grew self-supporting, and he had less need of the letters from home, speaking financially. He sometimes forgot to send an address ahead, or he sent an address but took another trail. He sometimes forgot where he had said he would go.

Before he realized it he was an automobo, an automobile hobo, gathering up abandoned tires for the rubber and car-

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rying other junk to town to sell, and going into the far places, with jack-knives and trinkets to trade or sell. He picked up furs and pelts; he found a pocket of beautiful agates, and, recognizing their beauty, he gathered up what he could and sold them to a jeweller, to be made into curio trinkets—a hundred dollars' worth.

Always, though, he left handbills here and there, as he could. This he did, not only at the ranches and desert towns, but he would post them on rocks at the corners in the desert, at the springs, and at the mountain passes. He followed the main highways till he had been over them all; then he turned from the famous trails to go out to blind-canyon trails, which ended at ranches or mountain-settlement mines. He took his old machine over faint wagon roads, having grown expert in dragging himself out of holes and washes by using blocks-and-tackle.

He excused himself for thus becoming a vagrant by saying that he was looking for his father. In his heart he knew that this was merely an excuse for doing what he wanted to do. He cringed before the accusation of his conscience. He wrote, two or three times, asking his mother if he hadn't better come home and go to work in the store. But he never went to the addresses he gave her, for fear she would tell him to come.

He ranged from Milk River to San Diego; he ranged from El Paso and Brownsville to eastern Washington. A thousand times he confronted the perils of desolation and the extravagances of arid lands. Thus he rolled one day out of nowhere in particular toward everywhere in general, and camped for the night at Fish Spring, in the Salton Sink. East of him the vanishing sea heaved like dull lead before a faint wind. Mesquite grew luxuriantly where the water was sweet to its roots. The ancient waterline of a forgotten ocean led level along the sides of the mountains to the westward. A coyote howled mournfully in the gathering darkness.

It was one of a thousand camps, and yet it thrilled the wanderer as none of all his other desert camps had done. He loved this waste of arid land, this plenitude of color and thirst, the carelessness and forgetfulness, the fact of utter lack of responsibility—his conscience soothed by the thought that tacking up the notices which asked his father to come home, or for information which would lead him to find his father, was enough.

He went to the tall reeds around the deep, bitter-salt pool of water, Fish Spring, and tasted it. The stuff was undrinkable. He returned to his can of much less salt water to take a real drink. He sat on his running-board, listening to the things that emphasized the desert quiet.

He heard shuffling footsteps. Coming across the waste of rising slope from the west, where rose the water-marked mountains, the Sierra Madre, he heard a human stumbling. Then he heard a low voice. Out of the glow of night a man emerged.

"Howdy," Tom greeted him.

"Howdy!" the other answered. "Any water, stranger?"

"Yes, sir! Lots of it!"

When the visitor had swallowed a quart without pausing, he asked another question.

"Any grub?"

"Lots of it!" Tom replied, and brought forth of his sustenance to feed the ragged, unkempt desert hobo.

This service done, the hobo sat cross-legged, leaning against a tree. He did not speak for a time, apparently digesting and absorbing his stomachful. Tom, too, well-fed, was in no mood to talk. He watched the stranger narrowly, however, for he knew the temptation an automobile and outfit would be to a fugitive, or a lawless, desperate tramp.

"Where going?" the visitor inquired, "if it's any of my business."

"Down the line—Yuma," Tom replied.

"Where from?"

"Reno and up north—those parts."

"Reno? There myse'f a while back. Cross by Eureka, Austin—all around there. Great country! Carson Sink—hell in hot weather! Nice season, now."

"How long you been out?"

"Oh—quite a while—don't remember—five-six years. And you? How long you been out?"

"Three years."

"Anything special? None of my business, understand."

"Oh, yes! Mother sent me looking for her man—my father."

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"Sho-o—" the tramp exclaimed.

For a long time the tramp said no word. Then he grunted, drew himself up with his chin on his knees, like a coyote, lying on his side, and soon he was asleep. In the morning the tramp begged more water and something to eat. He was a shaggy, lank, and faded man, his hair bleached by sun, his whiskers bedraggled and long.

Tom fed him and gave him a drink. He looked, by the brightening light of approaching sunrise, at the old hobo. The searcher suddenly caught his breath.

"Pardner," he asked, "'tain't none of my business, probably, but what's your name?"

The man drew up and back resentfully. He glared at the younger man. Yet with that quick, straight look Tom saw eyes that he knew, a face that he remembered above the straggling whiskers and mustache.

"Hello, dad!" he greeted him. "How are you?"

"Tom!" the man exclaimed. "You here—what doing?"

"Looking for you, that's all."

The old man came over and sat down on the running-board. He was twisting his hands. He essayed to speak two or three times, but it was much time before he could say the question that was trembling on his lips:

"How are the folks?"

"Fine!"

"When—when'd you hear, Tom?"

"Why, just the other—um-m—" Tom turned to look away, and at last said in a low voice, "Why, a year ago this winter, dad! Just a little while ago!"

"A year ago?" the man asked. "I s'pose they—they got all through with me now."

"Mother's waited every day—twenty-four hours a day, dad. She's waited ever since. We just heard from that man you talked to—that tourist out to the quarry."

"I just blew up, Tom! I just *knew* —I just knew I'd never get to go, if I didn't just run away. So I did it. I be'n hiding out, but seein' those reward notices everywhere!"

"I'm— Well, dad, I ain't sorry. It give me a chance, too—to sort of run around. Better start back, hadn't we?"

"All right, Tom. Yes, we'd better. I'll miss the deserts—but—but I've had my share. You think mother—you think she'll really——"

"Sure she will! Kept me out here, looking for you, dad! Now we can go back!"

They packed up the camp outfit. They sat on the front seat of the rattling old light-delivery truck. They struck up north to the corner of the National Old Trails and turned to the right. They rocked and rolled across the Mohave, through the northern part of Arizona, and all the way they argued.

"Better write and tell maw?" Tom would ask.

"All right—to-morrow," the father would say.

They wrote nothing. They kept driving farther and farther each day. They climbed up over Raton pass, coasted off into the prairies of the headwaters of the Arkansas, and as the season waned they hit into the bottoms of the Missouri.

The roads were beautiful, dry, hard, and smooth, so that the old bus could do its best. The last few days they were gain-speeding, and when a tire blew they put on a new one, and kept going. They rolled into Mosstown at the end of a four-hundred mile drive.

They had shaved, they had bathed, they had stopped here and there along, to put on clothes that they bought. Yet in spite of the best they could do, they were weather-beaten, sun-dried, lank desert hoboes, who now shivered in the clammy chill of eastern autumnal weather.

They found the store closed; they went up to the house and there stopped at the curb, whisperless, even. The windows were bright with light within. A phonograph was playing. A tall young woman was sitting reading; a handsome son was holding up a map, looking at it. A woman, the mother, was rocking back and forth in her chair, her hands clasped in her lap, as she stared at nothing in particular.

"Go on, dad," Tom urged.

"You go first." Jim Malden hung back.

"We'll go in together," Tom said, and they held each other by the arm, walked up the step, and hesitated. They did not

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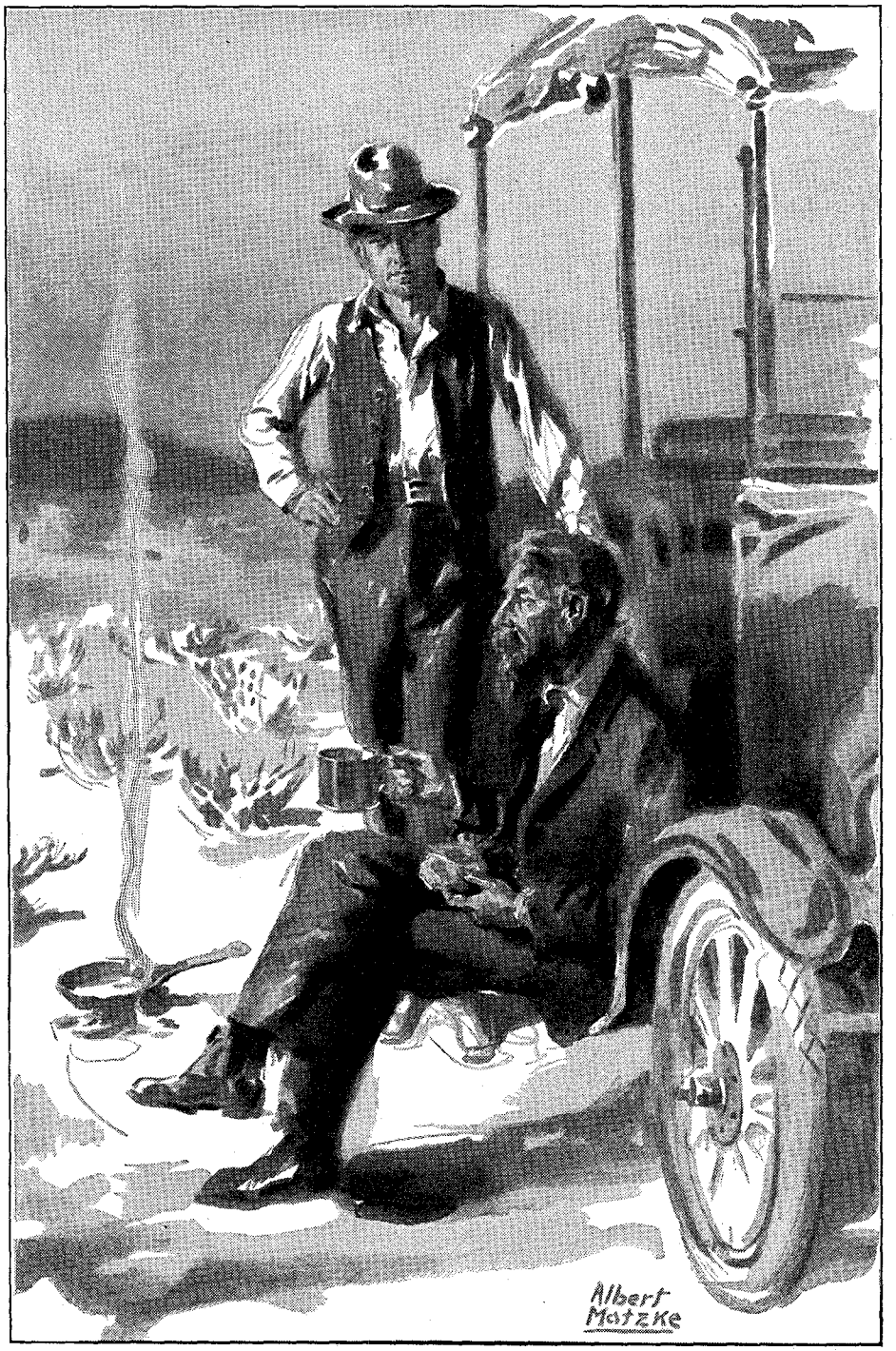

"Pardner," he asked, "'tain't none of my business, probably, but what's your name?"—Page 214.

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know whether to ring the bell or walk right into the house.

The mother, however, heard footsteps. She came to look out onto the front porch. As the sitting-room light streamed out upon the two vagabonds, she gave a cry:

"Oh, you've come! At last! At last!"

They didn't deserve that welcome, and they knew it. They were culprits, and they were there not for any rights, but for what in the charity and love of the home folks they might receive. Slowly, in the past thousand miles, they had been coming to their senses. They had grown more and more doubtful of their welcome. They nearly broke down when they found that they had not really forfeited their claim on home and family.

"Why did you do it?" Mrs. Malden sobbed on her husband's shoulder, and he replied:

"I couldn't stand it—I just blew up—if I didn't I knew I'd never see the—the deserts, or anything. Then—then I didn't dare to come back. I didn't suppose—you see——"

"And what of me?" Mrs. Malden asked. "Oh, Jim—why couldn't you have taken me, when you went? All my life—always—always—I've wanted to see the deserts, too!"

Then she broke down.

"The Westward Tide of Peoples"

(A REPLY TO MR. FREDERIC C. HOWE)

BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER K. C. McINTOSH
U. S. Navy

MR. HOWE'S careful article in SCRIBNER'S for September, 1922, is the most complete and painstaking statement of the case against restricted immigration which has as yet appeared. Not only are the circumstances meticulously observed and set forth, but Mr. Howe's conclusions are marshalled in orderly sequence and presented logically; so logically, in fact, that the careful reader pauses to wonder why the same studious process was not applied to the conclusions themselves. As one reads these conclusions and carefully analyzes them, one discovers the same old puppets dangling from the same time-worn strings. There is nothing underlying Mr. Howe's points but the age-old wail of the short-sighted manufacturer or operator who is unable or unwilling to keep step with the times. His six points are the arguments once advanced against every working reform in the history of the world. They are only slightly changed to fit the particular case. They are the arguments of the politician, not the statesman; of the "sweater," not the far-sighted producer. To entertain these conclusions, one must take account of surface conditions only, without effort to translate them into causes and effects. The past is ignored and the future discounted. To avoid discomfort *now*, Mr. Howe and others of his way of thinking are willing to pass our greatest problem on to our children, many times multiplied. This is the state of mind which when manifested by prominent men causes thinking patriots to be apprehensive for the future of our America. It is not the American state of mind. We are traditionally inclined to solve our problems as we meet them, in preference to postponing decision until our generation has passed on. We must not allow our institutions to degenerate during our period of responsibility. We must not force our sons to accept a meaner heritage than we received.

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Summed up, Mr. Howe's arguments against restriction are these:

1. It will halt the rapid increase of our population.
2. It will insure us an Anglo-Saxon-Germanic race.
3. It will make servants hard to find.
4. It will abolish unskilled and cheap labor.
5. It will so improve the lower limit of education, self-respect, and technical skill in America that "wops" will be non-existent.
6. It *may* (though how this conclusion is reached is not clearly evident) cause increased emigration of our farmers and food-producers.

Conclusions 1 and 6 seem to be two sides of the same shield. We will not gain in population; we may lose in population. Conclusions 3, 4, and 5 are identical, though stated differently. They are the voice of the "stand-patter," the man who regrets the "good old days when labor knew its place." As for conclusion 2, I cannot imagine any great apprehension arising in the American breast if it proved to be literally true—which it is not, as we shall see.

Before taking up Mr. Howe's Six Articles, one thing should be mentioned. The present writer is neither a Socialist nor a dreamer. He is a business man in spite of, or rather *because* of, his uniform and his naval title. He is one of the men intrusted with the spending of the quarter-billion of dollars of taxpayers' money annually appropriated by Congress. The fact that Congress is annually and completely satisfied with the audit and the purpose of these expenditures is proof that our business methods are sound. Our entire career is a matter of business economics, and in every phase of it we are in contact with labor—either the long-term, enlisted, contract labor or the short-term, civilian, navy-yard labor of exactly the same caliber employed by any other progressive manufacturer. The only difference between the navy business man and any other is that because he is a naval officer he is perhaps a bit more thoughtful about the American ideals and American institutions which he is supposed to protect. If any of the arguments of this article sound like dreams, then they are dreams very close to the heart of the American people—dreams embodied right in the Constitution of the United States. Remember the phrase, "a more perfect Union." It is technically incorrect English, but it is a hoping, insistent plan for constant growth, constant betterment of all American citizens. It is a confession of faith in a living, dynamic United States.

First: "It means that immigration has come to a positive end." Why the word "end" was employed is not apparent. This restrictive law means simply and solely what it says. It means that immigration is positively limited in volume. "That it has come to an end" is an obvious misstatement of fact. In 1920 there were 430,001 persons admitted to the United States. Mr. Howe's own figures show the departures during that year as 288,000, or a net gain of 142,001. This net gain is greater than the total admissions of any year prior to 1845, greater than the totals of 1862, 1877, and 1878. It is nearly 35,000 more than the total admissions of 1918. Mr. Howe himself notes that the departures are falling off. Any one who takes the trouble to consider the inevitable effect of restricted immigration over a period of several years will be forced to the conclusion that departures will steadily decrease until they amount to little more than periodical visits to relatives in the old country. A careful survey of 1920 shows that in that year a large percentage of departures was due to just that cause. People wanted to see how their friends and relatives had stood the devastation of the war. They flocked "home on a visit" in unusual numbers. Most of them are now hurrying back.

However, let us disregard the evident unsoundness of this first conclusion, and accept it as true. What are the disadvantages to America which will follow this condition?

In the old days the special attraction of the United States to the immigrant was its personal opportunity. A man with a trade and a man with a desire to work had no trouble in locating in this country and prospering after location. We particularly held out our hands to farmers, and our first immigrants were farmers

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skilled in wringing a livelihood out of tiny patches of overworked soil. There was plenty of room in America and the soil was virgin. We needed those farmers as badly as they needed our land.

Mr. Howe laments the fact that our arable land now costs money. This may not be an unmixed curse. A farmer from Europe with savings or credit enough to buy would be a rather desirable immigrant; but aside from that minor point, are we now getting the farmer type of immigrant? Can any one who has read the yearly almost tearful appeal of the Western farmer for help doubt that our farms are undermanned? Is it asking too much of the immigrant we say we need for cheap, unskilled labor in industry to hope that he will be satisfied to work on a farm at four, six, perhaps ten, dollars a day until he can save enough to set himself up in business? The dismal fact remains that it has been a long time since any great number of foreign farmers have applied for admission, and the number is not naturally increasing. The war temporarily more than doubled the percentage of farmers among our immigrants by making farming an impossible profession in many European districts; yet in 1920 farmers composed only $2\frac{8}{10}$ per cent of the total immigration. The farmer has taken himself out of the immigration problem, and the average immigrant of these days will prefer unemployment in a city to employment on a farm. There has never been a period of unemployment in the fall of the year in the history of this country when room for at least half of the unemployed could not have been found on the farms, if they would come and occupy it. This farm employment would have been to a great extent temporary, but so was the unemployment period temporary. Moreover, our present population is 40 per cent farmer. Even with the annual shortage of farm labor, which immigration has not relieved and will not relieve, this 40 per cent are furnishing us with food and exporting a comfortable balance. The growth of our farmer population for some years has had to depend upon the birth-rate. There is no reason why it should not continue to do so. This first point then resolves itself into a matter of increase in the industrial and professional population. It is another restatement of points 3, 4, and 5.

Second: "We have definitely determined that America is to have an Anglo-Saxon-Germanic race." We have done no such thing. We have definitely decided that America shall have an American race. We are now endeavoring to exclude the immigrants who will not or cannot become Americans without longer training than wide-open doors permit us to give them,—the kind of foreigner who flees from the old country rather than migrates; the kind who crowds our slums and damns the government because gold is not to be had for the asking, as he had hoped; the kind that throws bombs and derails trains and attempts to seize the government of cities such as Seattle. We are shutting out the sort of workman against whom Mr. Gompers and Mr. Lewis have warned organized labor time and time again, the "borer from within," sent to America with a rotten purpose.

But are we an "Anglo-Saxon-Germanic race"? It has been a byword that we are, and some of us used to make speeches about it. The idea has been too much stressed by those in favor of restricted immigration, and it has weakened their case, for it contains no American appeal. It is to be presumed that Mr. Howe includes Norwegians and Swedes as "Germanic," although the racial stock is quite different. But census figures are easy to obtain and a *World Almanac* costs but fifty cents. Mr. Howe's attention is invited to our element of Irish, Italian, and Hebrew peoples in the existing population, without considering the French and French-Canadians, the Mexican-Spanish, the Poles, Croats, Bohemians, Slavs, Rumanians, and Syrians. During the war regiment after regiment sailed for France without 5 per cent of Anglo-Saxon-German names on the muster-roll. I know, for some of them took passage in the transport to which I was attached. They were all Americans.

Our selection goes deeper than what is usually called "race." The American race which we seek to perpetuate is not named after any particular country, but has furnished the pushing brains and the progress of every white man's country since history began—the Nordic, long-

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skulled, enterprising race. Nowhere outside of Nordic culture has respect for law ever been found in a white man's country. Nowhere outside of Nordic institutions has the idea of continuous betterment for *every* citizen been entertained. War's death-toll falls heaviest upon the Nordics, for they are the first to go, the volunteers who see their duty almost before the other and more individualist races realize that war is impending. We alone survived the war with a preponderating Nordic population and we mean to keep it preponderant. We exclude wholesale immigration not for the purpose of keeping out Spaniards or Italians or Jugo-Slavs. We are setting up the barriers against an invasion of round-skulled individualists who are inclined to consider any stability of government as an oppression and to disregard totally their duties as citizens. I am reliably informed that, while they entered this country as citizens of different European countries, the huge majority of our new arrivals in 1920, 1921, and 1922 are Jews. To call a man English or Czech means very little, racially speaking. It is merely a convenient national handle to his name.

Mr. Howe speaks of the superior birth-rate of the people of southern Europe with a low standard of living. Exactly. Why continue to admit lower standards of living until we have raised a little those already with us? The phenomenon he mentions is not confined to southern Europe, but is confined to the class of people now seeking admission. Large families are found only at the bottom of the ladder, as a rule. The reason is not far to seek, and is admirably set forth by Doctor Fetter, as follows:

"Volitional control (of the birth-rate) is effective in very different degrees in different families and industrial classes. The possession of property is both a sign of forethought and an incentive to it. Concern for the welfare of the children is one of the most powerful motives. . . . Among the classes with property, the provision for the children depends not only on the amount of wealth, but upon the number among whom it is to be divided.

"Among the poorer classes very different motives operate. After the first few years of the children's lives the parents' income is increased by the earnings of the children, both on the farm and in factory districts where the laws do not prohibit child labor. Moreover, when the children are grown, their income will depend on the general labor market, not on the number of their brothers and sisters." ("Principles of Economics," pp. 416–417.)

Any naval officer who has had to answer indignant letters from parents of enlisted men can contribute still another motive to Doctor Fetter's second paragraph above—the fact that grown children can, if properly induced or threatened, support their parents altogether, relieving them of the disagreeable necessity of saving for old age and enabling them to stop work altogether.

Mr. Howe himself admits that this propagating tendency of cheap labor will partly, at least, nullify his fear of an Anglo-Saxon-Germanic race.

Third: "In a few years' time we will be faced by a shortage of servants." We are now. We were in 1907, when nearly 1,300,000 aliens entered our gates. We will continue to be faced by such a shortage until we apply the obvious remedy and make the conditions under which our wives are forced to work decent enough to appeal to a self-respecting woman. I live in a "modern" apartment-house, and the only modern things in the kitchen are running water and gas in the range. Neither my cook, when I have one, nor my wife, when I haven't, is forced to carry water from the well or chop wood from the wood-pile. She has literally no other advantage over her own great-great-grandmother in the matter of cooking and washing up. It is less than three years since some manufacturer made the amazing discovery that it hurts to stoop over a sink, and began to advertise as a novelty a sink at which a woman may stand upright. No man with the ambition of a mouse would consider a job which calls for the useless overexpenditure of energy which our average kitchen demands from our women. We try to keep abreast of the times in the navy. We peel our potatoes with a very adequate and silent machine which not only does a good job but eliminates waste in peeling as well. A small edition of such a machine for home use would be simple, but practically no

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"modern" kitchen has one. Fireless cookers may be obtained, but there is no place in the apartment-dweller's kitchen to put one. As for the real *bête noir* of the house servant—dish-washing—the best aid yet devised is the clumsy, dish-destroying affair that the navy uses. It is the embryo of a dish-washing machine, and it is noisy enough to drown out a city block of phonographs. The attention of inventors is invited to this circumstance. Every civilized kitchen in the world is waiting for a quiet, efficient, cheap dish-washer.

Immigration has very little to do with the servant problem as it exists to-day. It is the conditions of service that have caused shortage and will continue to do so, but the signs of betterment are hopeful. Already in many of our larger cities the newspapers are advertising "servant-less houses," and while the electric labor-saving apparatus is still crude, it has started on its way. When builders of homes for renting purposes try to make a girl's work clean and easy and when they allow her a decent room in which to live, with adequate toilet facilities, we shall have very little stigma attached to the term "hired girl." It now implies a lack of taste and sensibility. No really intelligent girl can be expected to embrace domestic service when there is any alternative profession, as long as we offer her nothing better to work with and to live in than we furnish at present.

The fourth point is brief, and so expressive that it must be quoted in its entirety:

"There will be a vacuum in the labor field when industry revives. It will be especially noticeable in the unskilled trades. There will be a shortage of men in the iron and steel mills, in the mines, in the fields, in all those industries *where mere physical power is needed.*" (The italics are mine.)

This is a plain, flat statement that our civilization and our progress depend upon brainless muscle at the bottom, preferably brutish muscle, satisfied with a brute's fare and housing. This paragraph gives the lie to all our hopes of anything like equality of opportunity. It says that in order to live we needs must keep on hand a comfortable number of men upon whose necks we may plant our feet. It means that all the bitter things said about the industrial revolution must be true—that any improvement in method is accompanied by the slavery of some of us. If this is true, then God help the world!

I do not pretend to deny that a sudden shortage of unskilled labor would be very embarrassing right now in many lines of industry. I do state, and have no fear of being challenged, that *every industrial improvement that the world has ever seen has been forced upon an unwilling world by just such embarrassment.* Any American industry to-day which can be classified as one in which "mere physical power is needed" has no proper place in our American scheme of things. Power can be obtained much more economically and efficiently by machinery than it can by men; and machinery breeds no children of its own, "accustomed to a low standard of living" in tuberculous surroundings. As for intelligent application of non-human power "in the fields," it is suggested that Mr. Howe visit the Naval Academy Dairy Farm. This farm makes a profit on a larger-than-average acreage, and when I last saw it, nine years ago, every employee was a college graduate and proud of his job.

In the mines and the mills no one will deny that the field for improvement in methods and working conditions is vast and as yet barely entered. Under the wide-open immigration of 1907, we could cover our inefficiency by hiring starving, dazed peasants to whom any work was welcome every time more labor was needed, and "tying the can to them" when hard times came along. These bewildered and unassimilated foreigners, thrown out of employment without knowing why, drifted to the great cities, and their children inherited their righteous anger against the disappointing land of promise. Their children are our gunmen and rum-runners.

As long as we lazily cling to methods of brute strength, we shall never solve our problems. As long as we permit the free importation of sheer brute strength without brains, we will continue to be lazy. Moreover, our growing labor disorganization will not be bettered as long as we bring in "wops" to take the place of Americans who object to being exploited

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uselessly. Yes, "uselessly" is the word I mean. We saw during the war what improvements we can make in methods and processes when we have to make them. I believe that nine-tenths of the odium attached to unskilled manual labor is due to a dim realization that we consider the laborer brainless, and we do so consider him and so he is, if he remains a manual laborer of the kind who needs nothing but "mere physical power" to succeed. The fact that we now need his kind is one of our greatest economic hindrances and reproaches. However, the matter is at present more one of redistribution than of immediate shortage. By the time a real shortage develops we shall have had time to set our house in order; willingly on the part of the more alert and progressive producers. The producer who is unwilling to learn how to get ahead without an un-American, uneducated, brute type of workman must be forced to learn how, if our doctrine of "equal opportunity" is anything but silly gush.

One feature that makes for cowardice on the part of producers is the present temper of labor. They claim that if we shut out the low-priced substitutes for American unionized laborers, we permit them to get a strangle-hold upon us. The logical continuation of their plea ends in the thing they fear. We should continue, with each new influx of cheap substitutes, to add to the ranks of disgruntled union labor the total of the last importation of cheap substitutes. We should be continually strengthening the belligerent class the producers fear.

Just now there seems to be no real basis of disagreement between Management and Men (let us forget those rancid words "Capital" and "Labor") except that they dislike each other. Each has good cause to dislike the other. Both in their sober moments will admit the truth of that statement. A pendulum will always swing. For a long time management kept the screws on men. Now men are gouging the management. All that is necessary for peace is a getting together, a realization that the century-old fight has no real basis and hurts both sides. The only possible way to get together is to stop evading the issue; to stop the importation of cheap muscle to work for the producer this year and to strike for the walking delegate next year. Faced with a shortage of "wop" labor, management will make work economical and attractive. Faced with attractive working conditions, with the humiliating, senseless lost motion eliminated by science, labor will abandon its truculence. This is no wild imagining of a socialistic dreamer. The record is open, for all to read, of the Philadelphia Traction Company, of Wilson & Company, of the Celluloid Company, of Black & Decker, of any of the scores of great American houses that have, figuratively, realized the importance of "letting the help sit down with the family." Not only are these companies the leaders in their fields, but it takes almost unprecedented trouble to cause even the thought of striking among their men. If these gentlemen can afford to dispense with "wops" and employ only trained men, treated squarely, so can the rest of us. So *must* the rest of us.

Fifth: "A decrease in the production of wealth will follow restriction, because in ten years no one will be willing to work with his hands." Let us put this statement plainly. Say, rather, "A decrease in the production of wealth will follow when every one works with his brains." Worded this way, is the statement still credible? A man has a right to refuse to dig ditches with a pick when he knows that on the next street a skilled and well-paid mechanic is digging the same kind of ditch with a steam-shovel or a tractor-and-plough. He has a very solidly founded feeling that an employer who will waste man-power by putting him on such a job will also beat him down as low as possible on his wages. When we learn to do without "mere physical force" in production, wealth will not diminish. Its production will rise tremendously. It will have to, and no one will see that so clearly as the educated mechanic. There must be more production, in order to furnish jobs to the newly educated ex-wop. If any one doubts that food production can eventually be made independent of the brainless hand-worker, let him contemplate the successful farm of to-day in comparison with the best farm of our grandfathers. Reaping and binding, threshing, stacking hay, ploughing, har-

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rowing, even milking and feeding stock, are becoming more and more independent of unskilled human agency. There never has been and never will be any objection to manual labor which requires skill and education. A jeweller works with his hands and so does a cabinetmaker or an optician. There is no reason why all other trades cannot be developed just as far, cannot become professions just as proud.

How far toward increasing our production of wealth will the kind of people now seeking admission contribute? What sort of people are they? I shall let the bald official figures answer, without comment. Note where the increases and decreases occur.

Occupation of immigrants	Number	Percentage of total	
	1920	1920	1910–1914
Professional	12,442	2.9	1.2
Skilled	69,967	16.3	14.5
Farm laborers	15,257	3.5	24.3
Farmers	12,192	2.8	1.1
Laborers	81,732	19.0	18.4
Servants	37,197	8.7	11.7
Other occupations	28,081	6.4	2.7
No occupation at all	173,133	40.3	26.2
Total	430,001	99.9	100.1

Sixth: "It may cause emigration of our food-producers." Considerable stress is laid upon the steady emigration of Americans to Canada, where they are taking up unoccupied farm lands. Mr. Howe himself comments on the lack of free land in the United States. I believe that he hopes to compensate for this annual exodus by immigration, though this part of his article is not definite. Now, of course, lack of free land has something to do with this movement; but it is difficult to see how immigration can cure it; for we are not getting many more farmer-immigrants, and those who do trickle through cannot buy until after they have been in this country for several years. However, in large degree, immigration has been a *cause* of this exodus of Americans. There are many townsmen still living in the Connecticut Valley who can remember when practically every farmhouse in that fertile tract of land contained a family of old New England stock. To-day one can ride mile after mile without hearing a word of any language other than Polish. The immigrants came not merely in families but in communities. The Americans moved out and left them alone. What has become of the American farmers of a great part of northern New Jersey? They have vanished before the influx of Italian market-gardeners. Whole counties of the grain belt are now peopled by Bohemians, Czechs, and Letts. The Americans have gone. I do not decry the new occupants of the soil. They are making better use of it than the old ones did, or they could not have crowded them out; but the fact remains that without wholesale immigration the Americans would not have been crowded out.

In conclusion, Mr. Howe envisages an American migration of wise and skilled workmen to the old countries to help them to their feet again. The idea is altruistic, slightly quaint, when one considers the present overcrowding in Europe; but under wide-open immigration it would be totally impossible. We have not enough skilled workmen here to be making the progress we demand. The lamentable events of the summer just past clearly show that even our best labor is not yet wise enough. We can never hope to acquire a sufficiency of either, let alone an excess, as long as we continue to put cheap men in their places as soon as they have become wise and skilled enough to think for themselves, and by so doing drive them into the hands of professional labor-leaders.

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His

BY McCREADY HUSTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON

ULYSSES HOWLETT stood in the arch between the back parlor and dining-room and beckoned the intimate funeral guests toward the mid-afternoon dinner. His was an hospitable arm, but on it the sleeve of his black Sunday coat twisted crazily. Mr. Howlett's face was long and pallid; his mouth, indicated by an unkempt mustache, was weak; his mild, blue eyes were expressionless, except when he remembered to summon to them what he imagined was a sad expression when he reminded himself that it was, after all, a sad occasion. Howlett was so fond of company, vain of his establishment and of the vigorous country abundance and country cooking, that even the funeral of a daughter could not destroy the pleasure he found in going around, rubbing his palms together, and inquiring about the welfare of his many county acquaintances crowding the house and yard.

By urging diffident elder farmers and far-come cousins and aunts not to hang back but to fill up the table, he had managed to clear the back parlor and was sweeping relatives and close friends in the front room toward the feast, which overflowed the dining-room and found space on the side-porch and under the apple-tree in the back yard.

Mrs. Howlett, relieved as chief mourner of her place in her own kitchen, sat in the front parlor where she could be found by the relatives and friends, her face fixed in an expression intended to mean resignation. Neighbors of the proper rank were in possession of the kitchen, pantry, and dining-room. For the day she was "Poor, dear Mrs. Howlett."

Humped on a haircloth chair beside her was her bereaved son-in-law, Anthony. He leaned forward with his eyes on the roses in the carpet and his hands clinched between his knees. Once he had leaned back, only to feel a carved ornament between his shoulders. He cast a wild glance around the room, studied the clock a moment, and then resumed his scrutiny of the carpet while Mrs. Howlett droned on in the heat. She was droning about the baby. She wanted to know what on earth they were going to do about the baby.

Mrs. Howlett was one of those women who are referred to as wonderful housekeepers, but who are so disquieting to have around. Her personality could neither be ignored nor endured without suffering. Yet with her fair plumpness, her white hair, her absolute composure, and her light eyes behind their round glasses, nobody dared charge her with any qualities not admirable. Her appearance was her refuge and strength; behind it she lived her life. Nothing about her except, perhaps, her pursed lips, suggested thought; forty years of the toil of a farmer's wife had left hardly a mark on her. She was fifty-eight years old but more substantial in the flesh than any of her children; and more than their mental equal.

Long ago, Anthony Ash had decided that his mother-in-law was an unusual woman. Since his arrival yesterday from Cleveland with his wife's body he had heard a number of times that Mrs. Howlett was one of the dearest women in the world. He observed that she was a lover of order and he had heard of her devotion to the church at the Corners, where they had just been to lay Francine to rest. She was not a reader, he knew; but for that matter, readers were rare among the farmers' wives. Several things she had said made him think she was almost illiterate. But she seemed to recognize no superior; hardly even an equal. Ash felt that she did not even see him when she looked at him.

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Anthony was twenty-eight, looking anything but a widower, anything but a father. He had a high, thin forehead, close, light-brown hair, with a suggestion of a wave that had been fought down with a brush. His hands were long, white, and thin, and he had the nose and mouth that should go with a sensitive nature but seldom do. His clothes had the informality of an undergraduate. He had felt during the day that the country people thought he was not dressed right for a funeral, especially his wife's. He had not thought of dressing for the ceremonies.

It was, after all, a sad occasion.—Page 223.

He wondered suddenly why he was sitting there, why he was not gone, now that the funeral was over; or at least, why he was not up-stairs with the baby. He wanted to see if he could really look at the baby and think consecutively of what he might do with her. Finding that he could not move after slumping into the parlor chair was a surprise; he wondered if something about his mother-in-law did not hold, transfix him.

Well, let her talk. To-morrow he would be gone, back to Cleveland to do something about the house there and something about his job. That was all he could achieve in constructive thought. He would stay in the house here to-night; that would be decent. Somebody, Helena Crane perhaps, would look after the baby; and to-morrow he would go. He decided he would not even think about picking up the threads of his life until he was back in Cleveland. To sit and endure time was better than to try to organize his thoughts.

He let his eyes wander again, this time to where his father-in-law was watching over the guests. Mrs. Howlett, he realized, was at it again. She was asking him for the hundredth time what he expected to do with the baby.

"Have you decided yet about the baby, Anthony?"

"No; I have to think it over."

Mother Howlett went on rocking.

"You won't keep the house, will you? They say it's a good time to sell in the cities."

"I haven't thought about that yet. Just now I keep thinking of Francine. I want to think about Francine."

"You'd have a hard time finding a good housekeeper; one that'd take good care o' the baby. If you rented the house to some nice, genteel family you could keep a room there. That is, if you stay in Cleveland. Do you expect to stay in Cleveland?"

Straightening and throwing his hands apart in a gesture half appealing, Anthony rose. Anything was better than this.

"I think I'll walk around a little and look at the place. I want to smoke. You excuse me, Mother Howlett."

He walked out into the hall, glanced up the stairs, hesitated a moment, and then chose the outdoors. He went down the

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red-brick walk to the dusty roadway. Mrs. Howlett kept on rocking.

Neighbors came and went. Some of the women stopped to speak, pat a hand, then passed quickly out toward the yard. The people were beginning to start home. Many of them had come for miles to the funeral, and those whose Fords were not too dependable were eager to be off. Engines began to sputter in the barnyard. Looking through the window Mrs. Howlett remembered how full it had been of buggies when her husband's old mother was buried.

In the kitchen dishes were rattling. Somebody was sweeping the dining-room. In a little while the house was almost quiet.

Mrs. Howlett was just making up her mind to go up-stairs and take off her black silk dress when Helena stopped in front of her, a nursing-bottle in her hand.

"I can't get her to take anything, mother, and she won't stop crying," Helena said. Mrs. Howlett looked up at her daughter; she was Mrs. Cummins Crane in the village, a tall, bony, faded woman who had once been blonde. She looked very incompetent to her mother as she stood there in her mussed and ill-fitting brown foulard, her stringy hair in damp wisps about her face, and her forehead knotted over her unfamiliar task. Helena Crane had never had a child.

"Put some sugar in it," said her mother in an even tone. "Or take a little rag, soak it in warm milk, and sprinkle some sugar on that. It isn't what they'd call scientific but—never mind. Give me the bottle. I'll go up in a minute and see what I can do. Have you talked to Cummins? What'd he say?"

"He's not overly anxious but I think he'll do it all right. He's not used to babies, and Francine's has done nothing but cry since she came."

Mrs. Howlett smoothed the black silk over her knee.

"A child would help hold him. It always does." She did not look up at her daughter this time. Helena stood helplessly, the filled bottle dangling.

"Maybe it would," she said. "But sometimes I don't know whether I want to hold him or not. Especially since the last time I had with him—over that cashier in the store, that young girl. It seemed too bad for her, and too hard for me to try any longer."

She turned away toward the kitchen.

Her appearance was her refuge and strength; behind it she lived her life.—Page 223.

"Give me that bottle, Helena," snapped her mother, with the sudden sharpness she was capable of bringing into use. "I'll get the baby quiet and dress her clean and maybe she'll go to sleep. Then we'll take Cummins and let him look at her. He hasn't seen her in a way to appreciate her and she's a real pretty baby, too. You talk to Cummins some more."

"Where's Anthony?" asked Helena, sinking into her mother's chair and fanning herself with her apron.

"Oh, that Anthony! He's so unsatisfactory. I can't get a word out of him one way or the other. He's gone off for a walk somewhere. But I'll venture to say he'll come around. The thing I'm worrying about is Cummins. I'd like to hear him say he's willing to try it with you again. The baby would make such a difference. If you two had only had some children."

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"Well, mother, I've told you time and again it wasn't my fault. I was willing."

"I know," replied her mother absently, with that manner of not having heard. "Well, you see Cummins. I'll go and 'tend to the baby."

As she passed through the dining-room Cummins came in from the side-porch.

"I'm goin' up to feed our ittie bitsie baby, Cummins, and after while oo tan see her," she piped at him, waving the nursing-bottle. It was curious that Cummins Crane was the only one of her connection that Mrs. Howlett courted.

Cummins only grunted and went on into the parlor.

In 1900 Cummins Crane had been the fastest young man in Fayette County. Coming home late from the Spanish War, in which he had seen, unwillingly, some action, he had tried earnestly to have the good time which he felt he had earned. He had lost his father just as the old century slipped away and became the nominal head of the Cummins and Crane dry-goods store in Brownsville, the Cummins member having gone on before. But the new village magnate could have been found at almost any hour of this period at the end of the Monongahela House bar nearer the private entrance, stirring whiskey and ginger ale and ruling a court of small-town loafers.

He kept the daintiest buggy horse and lightest runabout in the county; took the prettiest girls driving in the summer evenings; hunted with the most expensive shotguns and beagles; wore the broadest padded shoulders and the longest fawn raglan in the town. He was a heavy, florid youth and became a heavier man, the unnatural redness of his face taking a purplish tinge and his knowing, flashing black eyes misting considerably by the time he was thirty-five. He had taken his place in the store, but retained his habits of the country town roué, slowed somewhat by nature's insistence on her toll.

Crane had married Helena Howlett after a series of adventures with county girls, taking her off the biggest and best farm in the region. He took her to live in a brick veneer house that he had built in preparation for his marriage, a contractor-built affair on the site of the house in Brownsville where Lafayette had slept. There was nothing to stop him from razing the Lafayette house, and Cummins never gave the matter a thought.

The new house had stiff lace curtains at the parlor windows and shiny birch mahogany furniture down-stairs. Above was a den, done in the mission furniture that was the rage then, and college pennants, where Cummins was supposed to take his ease and mingle with his intimates. He had hardly entered the room now in fourteen years; the majority of his intimates had been tacitly forbidden the house by Helena's greetings after their first or second calls. Helena had never supposed that men did openly in their own houses the things in which Cummins and his friends seemed to revel.

In the fourteen years Cummins, the small-town sport—that was the word in vogue then—and Helena Howlett had torn the fabric of life to shreds. He, at least, was ready to toss the rag aside.

It was then, after fourteen years, that the death of Francine, Helena's baby sister, the wife of Anthony Ash, had stirred Mother Howlett to action. A child, she saw, was what Cummins needed, what Helena needed for the retention of that precious prestige that came with the name of Crane.

As Cummins approached Helena in the parlor she looked up at him pathetically, aware of her ugliness. He avoided her eyes, as he had done for five years.

"I was looking for you," he said, in a flat, husky voice. "It's time to start in town."

"Don't you think we ought to stay a while longer, Cummins, on mother's account? It's hardly decent to go yet; and she wants to see if we can't do something about the baby. Anthony will be going away and she wants to see if something can't be arranged."

She ended weakly, conscious of having repeated her plea to one who was not even listening.

"Well, I'll go along," Cummins threw back, half-way to the door. "You 'tend to everything. Whatever you decide is all right with me. I'll be driving in; have to see about things at the store. I'll come and get you to-morrow. I'll call you up."

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He was in the hall. Helena, desperate, called to him.

"You know I told you mother wants us to take the baby, Cummins."

"That's all right with me. Whatever you say. I don't care."

The door slammed. He was gone.

Helena sat and fanned herself with her apron. She heard Cummins swearing at something about the car. Presently he started it and was off with a great deal of noise. Cummins liked the noise of his car.

Sounds from up-stairs told of Mrs. Howlett's preparations to show the baby to Cummins. Helena wondered how angry she would be when she learned he had gone to town. Presently she wandered outside and sat down on the edge of the little front porch, staring across at the hillside on which the ironweed was beginning to appear in purple patches. Only yesterday, it seemed to her, she had taken little Francine across there to gather Queen Anne's lace; and now Francine was gone and in her place another little girl to lead and guard. Helena sat on in the heat.

A mile away Ash was standing on the summit of Clark's Hill. He was resting in the only way he had found to rest in the Howlett neighborhood. Far below was the river, making a deep bend cut across with the white foam of the dam. Across the valley Washington County lay, sleepy, remote in the final full sunlight of the passing day, with green folds of rolling pastureland, white farmhouses, and lines of trees that marked rambling roads, all quiet, all peaceful. Ash never came to this spot without feeling his cares slipping away in unimportance. Off there to the left was the town. He knew it was ugly; from this height and distance it had an old-world picture quality.

Here he could think of Francine a little differently; not as he remembered her in the casket or as she had died, but as she was in the plaster cottage he had succeeded in finishing for her in Cleveland in time for their baby to be born in their own home. He wondered how anybody of the Howlett strain or in the line that came down through her mother could care as Francine cared, genuinely and tenderly, for a picture, a book, the graceful turning of a chair or the line of a house's eaves. Francine had been delicate, tender, sensitive, utterly fastidious in mind and person, utterly honorable and true. In nothing was she in any wise kin to the hard prominences of Helena. They were sisters; but it was almost unbelievable.

Yet he knew Helena was not wholly or even in large measure unkind. That look of surprise she wore as a habit was related to helplessness and inability to comprehend, he had always thought.

The baby occurred to him in connection with Helena. The important things for a child in infancy were the physical needs. Helena and her mother could and probably would supply those needs bountifully, if only out of personal pride. Later he could claim the girl—he had not thought of her as his daughter. Things did not look so bad from up here. He sat on a field stone and found that he really could rest at last. He stayed there until the sun dropped below Krepps' Knob, across the river, signalling him to start back.

Footing it along the dusty road, buff in the declining sun, Ash looked like a student hurrying to a class. He had his coat over his arm, his hat off; and as he passed a cottage where the decrepit inmate knew him for the mourning husband, the crone pointed and gesticulated to her companion at the door-step. Ash did not see them. He was magnifying to himself the advantages the baby would have in a good country home, the advantage to himself of having such a home assured for the baby for years, without planning or manœuvring on his part. This, he thought, was the way things worked out; bereft young fathers were relieved and freed to go on; old people were given something to cheer their age. He had been ungrateful to be irritated by Mrs. Howlett's unceasing reiterations. She meant well, kindly. To her it was a simple matter of providing for her own.

In Cleveland, housekeepers and nurses would be uncertain and expensive. They would have to live in Francine's house, handle Francine's things, care for Francine's child. They would be wasteful, probably insolent, at best tawdry, perhaps slatternly. He would have to inter-

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view, engage, dismiss them. He admitted he had no will for that task. He could leave the baby safe here, on the farm. Already Helena and her mother had disposed of it somewhere—were feeding it. He had not seen the baby since he came. As he walked up to the gate he felt cleared of his burden. He could talk about the future.

Helena rose from the step as he came up to the door. She found she felt taller, straighter, and cleaner whenever she talked to Anthony alone, and she shivered with a curious delight when she found herself stepping forward to meet him. She desired to be understood by Anthony; that was it. In a moment before she spoke she had a vision of that understanding. It would enable her to endure a century of Cummins.

It had all seemed quite clear to her as she saw Anthony coming down the road. She could atone in one sentence for her failure in life by telling him to take his baby and go, that she would not remain quiet, watching him being enveloped by her mother's scheme. She felt clean and peaceful.

"Anthony," she began, tremulously, smiling a little, groping for the words.

"I know," broke in Anthony with his friendly smile. "I've figured it all out. You want my baby, to keep for a while, and I'm going to let you have her. I didn't like the idea at first but it's all right now. You keep her a little while and love her. It will do you good and be a great help to me. Then I'll come and get her when she is older; when I am able."

"Seen anything of a flivver see-dan?"

Down the road a motor roared.

"But, Anthony, I don't want you to misunderstand. You must get it right. Mother——"

"That's all right, sister. Let's go and find your mother and fix it all up. I'm sorry I seemed cross with her. I think I'll be leaving the first thing in the morning. We'd better see her now."

He passed a friendly arm through hers and drew her toward the door. But she drew back.

"Anthony, I want you to hear me. Mother wants the baby—Oh, here's Cummins back."

She stopped in confusion, and both turned to greet the dusty figure at the gate. When Helena saw the lumbering, uncouth man who was her husband, she felt her resolution freeze.

"Well, Cummins," she began, with a painful effort to appear unconcerned.

"Seen anything of a flivver see-dan?" blurted out the other, wiping the back of his neck with a soiled silk handkerchief.

"A fellow looking for me," he went on.

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"They told me in town, so I come right back out again. He's got a case o' good liquor for me, and a fellow can't take a chance of missing them these days. I didn't waste any time getting back, I'll tell you. Give you a quart to take back, Ant'ny."

Ash shook his head. He looked at the wife, standing there, twisting her apron; then at the husband. He was conscious of his earlier feeling, that sense of wonder at why he was there.

"Excuse me," he muttered. "I want to see Mother Howlett."

At the supper-table Anthony found that his spirit of the afternoon had departed definitely. They surrounded the kitchen table covered with food left from the company dinner. "Just heated up," Helena had explained as she put down the teapot and took her seat. The food, she observed, would not keep in this weather and must not be wasted.

"I can't get her to take anything, mother, and she won't stop crying."—Page 225.

Anthony nodded absently. Howlett was giving the list of those who had attended the obsequies; he was very statistical. Large numbers, distances travelled, representation from all districts, such things pleased him. The Everetts had driven over from across Dunlap's Creek; the Nixons from the Krepps' Knob farm. A remote and almost forgotten cousin had appeared. Howlett retailed the history of the Saltlick township Howletts, alluding smirkingly to backwoods clothing and timid ways.

Mrs. Howlett took up the thread when her husband paused to dive at some dish, throwing in corrective or explanatory sentences, her hand playing with the top of the heavy blue Staffordshire sugar-bowl. She was not eating. Neither was Anthony nor Helena. Cummins, who had attended to his stealthy business with the liquor-carrier, ate greedily, matching Howlett's relish. A number of festival sweets and preserves were there to "finish up." Helena went back and forth between table and stove; a great quantity of tea seemed to be required.

Anthony looked from Mrs. Howlett to Helena, trying to find an answer to the problem that had seemed so simple to him a little while ago on the hilltop.

After all, these were Francine's people; good country folk; substantial. They had nourished Francine. They would keep the baby well, safe, fed, until he could make a home for her. A few years—four or five—would pass quickly. Then he could claim her for surroundings more becoming a delicately made child of Francine. If he took her now, what could he do? There was the possibility of doing worse than Helena and her mother might.

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He pushed back his chair. He had made his decision.

"I think I shall leave the baby with you, Mother Howlett," he said. "I shall take the early morning train. Cummins will drive me in. You have all been very good and I know you will feel comforted by having Francine's little girl for a while. So keep her."

He stood, trying to bring the family together with an inclusive smile.

Mrs. Howlett picked at the cloth.

"Well, now, just as you think best. You're the father and it's for you to say. Of course——"

Suddenly Ash did not want to listen. He felt choked, wondering why he was there. He lifted a hand, then dropped it helplessly. Mrs. Howlett was going on, justifying herself, and his decision. Her husband and Cummins were busy with pie.

"You couldn't really take care of her right, you know. Now, Helena——"

"Mother—" It was Helena, trying to break in.

"Helena can devote herself to the baby," her mother finished, turning and looking at Helena with a peculiar expression of quiet anger that Ash, on the other side, could not see.

Mrs. Howlett rose heavily and pushed her chair back. Anthony, longing for escape, was saved from the necessity of further speech by a ring at the front-door bell. Helena mechanically pulled at the knot in her apron-string and began to push back loose wisps of hair. Ash vaguely understood Mrs. Howlett was ushering visitors into the front parlor, so he stepped out of the kitchen door and made his way to the seat under the apple-tree. There were mild stars and a sweet air was coming up over the hay-fields. He would smoke until he felt he could go up and sleep.

Lights were being made in the parlor. The Howletts clung to oil-lamps there—wonderfully painted shades. Anthony could see Mrs. Howlett moving about. Presently Crane came stumbling through the yard and found Anthony under the tree.

"The old lady wants to see you in there." He pointed toward the lighted windows. "Something about the baby."

Ash knocked the coal from his pipe and went wearily inside.

A man was fumbling papers on the marble-topped table under the lamp. Another stood by the mantel, turning in his hands Mrs. Howlett's souvenir of Niagara Falls. Ash knew neither of them, but Crane introduced them awkwardly with the local formula.

"Mr. Ash, meet Mr. Futter; Mr. Futter, Mr. Ash. Mr. Struble——"

The man by the table was Struble. Mr. Futter bobbed his head and grinned. Mrs. Howlett came in from the hall. Helena, over by the parlor-organ, was in shadow.

Mr. Struble was a little old man of seventy, but his youth's suit, evidently one of the local clothier's "snappy" styles, made him look like a boy suddenly and terribly grizzled and shrunk. He put out a disagreeable hand.

"Pleased to meet you. Heard a lot about you. I got everything ready here, and Mr. Futter come along fer a witness. I always aim to do everything right. If you'll step out here by the light I'll show you where to sign."

Howlett appeared out of the shadows with the family ink-bottle and an old pen.

Anthony moved forward and picked up the paper. He was puzzled and must have showed it, for Mrs. Howlett cleared her throat and spoke:

"It's th' papers for the adoption, Anthony. Mr. Struble's our lawyer. I thought you would finally decide to let us have the baby, so I asked him to drop in to-night an' fix everything up legal."

"Adoption?"

Anthony turned and faced her, then turned sharply again, for in the doorway Howlett was laughing and mumbling something.

"Ma thought a baby'd make a better family man outa Cummins here, and as you didn't have nobody to take care o' Francine's, she thought she'd get you to make it over to Helena and Cummins."

"She thought!" Ash turned furiously, first to Mrs. Howlett, then to Helena.

"You knew this to-day when I was talking to you?"

"I tried to tell you not to leave the baby here; you know that," Helena spoke thickly. She felt she could not make herself heard. She finished by wiping her eyes with her apron.

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He tore the legal papers to bits and scattered them on the floor.—Page 232.

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"Mrs. Howlett told me everything was fixed," said Struble, as if to justify himself to Ash, who stood by the table trembling.

"Too bad you couldn't keep quiet, Lys," said Mrs. Howlett. Her furious eyes were on her daughter, not on her husband. "Still, I guess Anthony don't understand. Let me——"

"Let me understand this." Anthony's voice was full of cold fury. "Did you intend to sacrifice Francine's baby to try to hold that man in your family? Yes or no?"

"Well——"

"Yes or no!"

"Sure she did," rumbled Cummins, out of the gloom. "To hell with 'em all, Ash. What's the use of foolin' with 'em? You don't belong here. To hell with 'em. Get your baby and let's get outa here. My car's outside."

"Your car?" Anthony pulled out his watch. "I won't ride in your car. You knew about this. But I'll get out of here, all right."

He tore the legal papers to bits and scattered them on the floor. In a moment he was bounding up the stairs. From below came a tirade of abuse, Mrs. Howlett to her husband.

Ash pushed open the door of the musty little eave bedroom and stepped in. The heat was terrific. Over in a corner, as far as possible from the single window, was an old crib and in it a huddle of bedclothes. He found the lamp and lit it; then put it out. The moonlight was enough. On the floor beside the crib was a saucepan half full of water, and in that a nursing-bottle, almost full. He looked down into the crib.

Under the smother of old quilts the baby stirred unhappily and cried faintly. Ash went down on his knees, straightening and smoothing the covering. His knee struck the saucepan and upset it, and in a fever of anger he rose and threw pan and bottle out the window.

He came back suddenly quieted. He knelt by the crib and gazed at the baby. Below, a door banged and a window was pulled down. It was growing late. But still he knelt there, and the baby slept on in the heat.

As he stood, gazing upward, there swept through him the realization of solution.

The long whistle of a distant train brought Ash to his feet and sent him hurrying to his own room, where he replaced the few articles he had removed from his travelling-case. Then he went back to the little room under the eaves. He took up the child and wrapped around her a piece of old blanket. In a moment he was down-stairs, had unfastened the night-barred country door, and stood out under the stars.

As he stood there, gazing upward, there swept back through him the same glad sensation of the afternoon hilltop, the realization of solution. He recognized it, smiled, and paused to wonder. Then he looked down at the face of the sleeping baby, and, picking up his bag, went down the country road into the night.

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Mainsprings of Men

BY WHITING WILLIAMS
Author of "Horny Hands and Hampered Elbows," etc.

II. WHO HURTS OUR FEELINGS?

THE plant manager was talking:

"After long and fairly sad experience we have learned always to find from the men threatening trouble how we happened to *hurt their feelings*. After we have squared that up, the settlement of the wage or other dispute is easy."

"Sure!" adds the labor leader. "Many's the time we've kept arguing and demanding for hours, when ten minutes of friendly talk would have finished it—all because the boys had been made sore, and so had to have the satisfaction of 'rubbing it in' as far as it would go."

Of one thing we may be sure: the superintendent whom we left rushing up to quell the sudden walk-out of his toolmakers, with his list of instincts in his hand, is bound to find his men acting less on the promptings of their logical reasonings as workers than of their feelings as just plain human beings. Few if any of them have failed to bring along with them into the factory their own individual portion of such complications as the "super" may have noticed in the morning paper.

Of course, the boss may become still further convinced than before that his obstreperous strikers are expressing their inborn wish or instinct for acquisition and ownership as a first step toward the luxurious satisfactions pictured in some advertisements in a near-by column.

But surely he will get farther if he sees at the bottom of his incipient revolt some universal root desire that lies back not only of the frivolous vanities of current fashion or the love of home and family, but also of men's wish everywhere to think well of themselves.

It is exactly such a wish that I have found running beneath all those lines of thought and feeling, by which each of the various groups called "Capital" or "Labor," "Bourgeois" or "Bolshie," contrives to make its belligerent viewpoint and programme appear *to itself* entirely reasonable and justifiable. It is exactly this, also, which furnishes that common denominator the superintendent needs, before he can determine whether his machinists' apparently overactive instinct for acquisition may somehow be offset by a reawakened interest in, say, workmanship. It is this universal master wish that requires some definition that will not, like "Gregariousness" or "Emulation," merely set it off from the others such as Fear or Anger, Curiosity or Submission; but will tie all these up together—in addition to explaining why the primitive compulsions of saving our physical skin now affect our feelings less than do the modern necessities of saving our social "face." Such a definition would go like this:

In organized society to-day the "wheels" of each of us are turned, for better or for worse, by our mainspring desire to enjoy the feeling of our worth as a person among other persons,—that individual feeling requiring always for its fullest satisfaction the surest possible substantiation at the hands of some particular group whose approval happens, at the moment, to appear especially pertinent and desirable.

Working our way to Europe on the cattle-boat, we college boys found the "fo'castle's" food so thoroughly uneatable that every afternoon we lined up, below decks, around a stealthy steward and his plate of leavings stolen from the captain's table. For us all it was a moment of fierce ordeal. Hunger urged to greedy unfairness. Honor—our standing with the other hungry seven—pleaded for moderation. The existence of society to-day indicates that honor has usually won. And we make victory in similar circumstances constantly easier by furnishing some measure of food and shelter to practically every one. But while we thus relieve the pressure of the bodily wants, the number of those who confess their spiritual and social defeat in suicide mounts into the thousands, and the cloud of those who

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unite with their neighbors to make war upon their fellow citizens for what they believe their honor, rises into millions.

The material nature that abhors a vacuum—whether it be ethereal space or empty stomach—is to-day less trouble-

ZOSIA COME HOME
BABY WANTS YOU
Baby Tresa is crying for her mother. Unless you come home immediately baby will have to be sent to hospital; refuses to eat. If you are sick, let me know. If you are not, come home now. If you are afraid to come, write and I will straighten things out.'
Peter Pashkowsky
6205 Thackerray Ave. Cent. 1597 W.

Such complications as the "super" may have noticed in the morning paper.—Page 233.

some in its requirements than is the "human nature" of our organized society, by virtue of which we abhor the spiritual cipher—the one who in reality does not *count* one. To each of us the most important thing in all the living of our lives is the message of the metre which registers the distance we have achieved away from the hateful zero of insignificance among our fellows. If that were all, then selfishness might have its way. But just because this distance is so supremely vital to our happiness, we dare not trust the reading of the dial to our own individual eyes: somehow, somewhere, in the eyes of the few or of the many, our findings must secure the backing of a body of less prejudiced witnesses.

The moment we come to hanker for the substantiation of one kind or group of witnesses rather than another, that moment we start toward establishing the precise direction and orbit of our planetary career in the social universe about us.

To understand the doings or misdoings of our fellows—or to exert any leadership upon them—that is to see in them merely the sequence of the interplay of these two forces; the thrust of this master wish for individual worth, working its way out through the spaces of our present-day social firmament, according to the restrictive pushes or the compelling pulls of the approvals and disapprovals of our chosen "set," and of the multitude of other less pertinent and more distant sets around us.

"Why, if I were a policeman," so my youngster, at the age of five, explained the latest shift of his life's ambition, "then people would ask me where to go, and I would tell them—and they would go there."

Apparently the chief obstacle to his sense of progress into the satisfactions of personality had been the necessity of requiring the services of a traffic cop—in the presence of the wondrous eight-year-olds who crossed without assistance!

"Well, you see, I could sit in the engineer's seat," so he explained a later direction of the same underlying wish; "and when I pulled the throttle—ever so little—like this—then the whole train would move and leave all the passengers' friends on the platform."

Later he may wish to be the maker of a speech which furnishes a new moral objective to a nation, or the pusher of the executive button which establishes a wider economic margin in the families of thousands of employees; but for the present the wires of such successions are too hidden for his fancy. Quite certainly he will shortly find himself in such contact with the general American public that he will be tempted to accept, as final for him, the measurement of the particular tape-line which that public happens to employ. That will mean the pursuit of one thing—wealth. For, at the present moment at least, the dollar furnishes the yard-stick by which the great body of our fellow citizens habitually endeavors to

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determine the exact degree of any member's accomplishment. That yardstick's application is so beautifully simple; so patently is the possessor of one million dollars demonstrated by it to be just ten times as much of a man as the possessor of only one hundred thousand dollars! All that being so, the pulpit, the editor's chair, the city school, or the college quadrangle will be passed by because they furnish the approval of too small—and too discriminating—a body of "substantiators." The same choice of the approval of the most numerous rather than the most careful judges will also require him to refuse all thought of the life of self-sacrifice, in, say, foreign missions; because that would necessitate his dependence upon the approbation of what is sure to seem too slight and intangible a group—namely, the One Supreme Person.

But it is not at all certain that here in America the majority will always exercise upon the choices of its members the colossal pressure which follows from its use of money as a measure of excellence. For nations copy us individuals in changing their yardsticks from time to time.

"Sorry, Dick, I'd like awfully to try the new speedster to-night, but—er—well—you see, Jim—Lieutenant Jim—is in town." In such ways our daughters, back in the summer of '17, announced to their friends that our traditional and world-famous "speedollarter" had suddenly given over its pre-eminence as the metre of achievement to the chevrons, bars, and eagles which denoted the distance travelled by their wearers from the comparative insignificance of the "rookie."

To-day, in South America, the civilized majority uses the money measure with what strikes us as extreme carelessness. The business man takes days of leisurely lunching and dining with the aggressive young salesman from North America not because time or money is of no value but in order to make sure that the final business dealings will be between gentlemen. Pecuniary profit, that is, counts less in the reading of the South American gentleman's public honor-rating than does the maintenance of his inherited social pre-eminence as a person of outstanding birth and established culture. The visiting salesman's problem is merely to make it evident that under his guidance there need be no conflict between the two. (Incidentally, the heads of certain New York bond houses report that exactly the same is already true in the case of many possessors of inherited wealth and culture in Boston, Philadelphia, and other of our older cities.)

The same preference for the concrete mile-stones of established status instead of the shifting sand-piles of current financial acquisition, tends to bind the South American for life to the social level into which he was born. So the man who would get a convincing measure of popular approval for a larger sense of his personal worth than his birth may happen to afford, finds two doors open—and only two. In the church he may become an adviser to presidents or prime ministers—provided only that his brains are equal to the task. Or in the army he may become the savior of his country—if his valor serves sufficiently. Thus, by the mere denial of one majority measurement and the permission of another, our Southern neighbors arrange for the two orbits which distinguish their political and social skies—the power of the clergy and the predominance of politics and revolutions.

Even with us money has slight attractiveness in itself: the important thing is the amount of distinction and social position it can give its possessor as compared with others in his own or near-by circles. As assistant to a college president and later in handling the financial side of federated social work in Cleveland, the big discovery was that the philanthropic spirit has less to do with finance than with feeling. A man is as rich, and so as generous, as he happens to *feel*—or as poor. How he feels depends mainly upon his standing, not with those who may happen to live in his own square but with those who move in his particular circle.

"My good man, I can't think of it"—so Russell Sage is reported to have responded when "pan-handled" for a dime. "Why, sir, I have a million dollars lying in the bank that's not earning a penny toward family expenses. Come around some day when I am making money!"

"'Lefty Louie' Loses Temper," so the head-lines told how, a few days before his electrocution, the murderer was suffering from hurt feelings. As in the case of all of us, these had come from a sudden threat against his sense of worth as a per-

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son among the others of the group with which he had—consciously or unconsciously—cast in his lot. A false friend had charged him with the one crime which for every self-respecting murderer or thief constitutes—and must always constitute—the cardinal sin: "snitching on his pals!"

"Thanks for a cigarette, eh, mate?" a half-drunken woman inquired of me from among the crowd of customers in a Newcastle (England) public house, adding: "Yes, I've just done twenty-one days for bein' drunk and assaultin' the bloody officer. I can kick a man pretty precise when I tries, y' understand? . . . Why, 'ello, 'usband Jack, back again! . . . I call 'im 'usband because the court makes 'im pay me a pound a week for my baby. . . . *No, thanks, if I smoked it now, everybody 'round 'ere would talk!*"

Our choices are not hers—unless her crowd comes to be ours. But for us as well as for her, the choice of our crowd—whether it be thieves or thinkers, financiers or philosophers—serves inevitably to set the "Stop" or "Go" for restricting or releasing all our powers of soul and body.

The passionate necktie, cane, or spats of our colored fellow citizen say something about his love of finery. But in that he is not greatly different from us all. The real difference comes from the fact that his clothes are about the only way in which he can let money talk about his success, seeing that the rest of us restrain him from, for instance, the fine residence by which we are apt to "tell the world" the story of our own attainments. For the same reason he is likely to seek membership in those societies where the blackest of the black can enjoy the thrill of having his acquaintances make up in intensity of recognition what they lack in range as they kowtow to him as the "Supreme Grand Guardian of the Exalted Shrine of the Holy Universe."

In the same way, the Chosen People have come to set what the rest of us are prone to consider an overvaluation upon financial acquisition, not so much because this instinct exerts a stronger pull upon them as because Gentile short-sightedness established the Pale. By so doing we forced into one single area all that wish for worth which under more permissive conditions would have spread itself with a more agreeable thinness over a wider field.

In the same manner, also, poverty tends to force into the sector beyond the grave the enjoyment of the social recognitions so deeply desired but so generally denied in the daily lives of our least fortunate fellows. It is the vast tragedy of our times that millions of insurance policies are expended down to their last penny—and expended gladly—on an outstandingly successful social function arranged by the neighborhood's most expert society engineer—the undertaker! Others of us who are apparently condemned to a life of healthful but eventless and unnoticeable health, are not infrequently made secretly happy by the kindly offices of some catastrophe which brings the preeminence of a bandage, a pair of crutches, or perhaps a helpless invalidism. Few mischances in life are worse than a modest good fortune which seems merely to "send us to Coventry!"

"He is one of the few"—so a wit has said of Chauncey Depew—"who have lived beyond eighty without exchanging their emotions for symptoms."

"Say, Sarge, for heaven's sake," appealed a lonesome doughboy; "read out my name for a letter to-morrow! I'll know there ain't none, but gee, I can't stand it to be the only guy that's never called out!"

Something of the same appeal for that group substantiation without which all is misery because all is uncertainty, undoubtedly explains, three times out of four, the person we mark—and shun—as an egotist. Like the rest of us, his feelings have been most hurt where he is most sensitive; and, like the rest of us, he is most sensitive at exactly the point of his greatest desire—where the very intensity of his wish makes all but the most convincing of confirmations appear inadequate and disappointing. So, not because he believes most in himself but because he *doubts* most, he whistles to keep his courage up—and offends us by using the spurious or genuine assurances he has elsewhere obtained as bait upon the hook of his desperate hope for a "Well done" from us.

Germany rattled her sabre only when she found that the master wish for world leadership, developed by her newly acquired and therefore doubtful nationality, failed to get the hoped-for, the indis-

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pensable, world-wide corroboration even after an amazing commercial expansion had been added to the victories of 1870. In the same way, a generation ago, Europe was constantly making us unhappy by giving us her approbation in general but withholding it at exactly our tenderest spot—the spot, namely, where the intensity of our wish for the acknowledged stability of our social and political culture was equalled only by our uncertainty as to its fulfilment.

It is out of the dangerous delicacies of these meeting-points of wish and fear in the hearts of peoples as well as persons, that the hurts arise which lead first to the severance of relations and then to the declaration of war.

So, too, it is not so much the absence as the abnormal delicacy of this tender spot that, according to the experts, distinguishes the insane. This, rather than the "meaningless and inscrutable medley" we wrongly attribute to their thoughts, is likely to prompt their cutting across lots into abnormal methods for securing the hoped-for confirmations. So we fear the insane just as we do the real egotist—because they will not be guided by the halter of our approvals into the established paths of acknowledged social safety. But the mind of either of them is only slightly more distant from our own than is the mind of one of our political or industrial factions from that of another. "To the Conservative the amazing thing about the Liberal is his incapacity to see reason," as W. Trotter puts it.

"Judge L—— is probably still unable to understand why the American Bar Association regarded his conduct with 'unqualified condemnation' "—so runs an editorial—"and why bills prohibiting federal judges from accepting private emoluments have been introduced in Congress. . . . Thus, even in the best of men there may be a certain obtuseness of taste, a queer little anæsthetic zone."

It is the twilight of this zone, wherein the lamp of logic is darkened by the thin but effective film of the heart's-bottom wish for self-certainty, that explains so many of the misdoings of all of us, whether judge or criminal or in-between sane or insane. For most of our transgressions are our mistaken and unsocial, albeit practically automatic, short-cuts at the protection of our self-respect, when it has been threatened beyond the possibility of any less extreme measures of defense. We are entirely too quick to ascribe to the criminal a lack of desire to count among his fellows. In many cases his "anæsthetic zone" is caused by a mentality too low to care for our guidance in the choice of his methods of achievement; in others he perhaps feels himself the victim of some affront too deep to be atoned for by any of the accepted measures. "Law or no law, I notice that the man who argues with his fists is always respected," says "Moleskin Joe." In still others the chief desire is the same as that of the nurse who confessed to wrecking trains "in order to get a few thrills."

"At all these fires we noticed a boy who appeared extremely proud of his having been 'the first one here,' " reports a detective. "Finally, we paced off the distances and found that even by running, the lad could not have arrived so early unless he had gone to bed dressed and ready. He proved to be the 'bug.' "

"I felt sat upon," or "as if he thought I was no good," "as if I had been caught with the goods on"—these, according to R. F. Richardson, are the most general descriptions of the rise of the anger which all too often shuts off the thought of consequences. Thus, for the safety of our spiritual "face" do we utilize an ancient tool that now finds comparatively little exercise in guarding the security of our physical flesh.

Whether the threat against the citadel of our thought about ourselves comes from hateful factors in our spiritual or in our physical surroundings, the effort toward preservation of our faith in ourselves is equally pronounced and equally automatic and inevitable. It is this effort that underlies the outrageous conversational goulash of blasphemy, sex-perversion, and filth which I have found so revolting in the "fo'castle" of the cattle-boat, the checker-chambers of the steel plant, or the mess-table of the strike-breaker. It is the soul's effort to ward off the thrusts of manifestly bad conditions by wrapping its hurts in the imposing garments supposed to register acknowledged manliness—with the help of a smoke screen of God-and-man-insulting indifference—like the child's tearful and

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over-vehement "I don't care if you *do* take my toys away! I don't *want* to play!" For tired men on the twelve-hour shifts, for instance, such language has the further advantage of laying a whip upon exhausted muscles by steam-heating their talk. Thus such workers first find profanity and filth a friendly oil for saving soul and body from the wear and tear of their "fell clutch of circumstance"; then, standards having been created, every loyal or ambitious member of the crowd is required either to hold his own or to go the others one better—if his courage and imagination can stand the pace!

"Drink was the badge of manhood. . . . So I drank with them, drink by drink, raw and straight, though the damned stuff couldn't compare with a stick of chewing taffy or a delectable 'Cannonball.'" So Jack London tells how the bottle is used by men who feel themselves cut off from the enjoyment of the hoped-for certainty of manliness in less delusive fields.

"You see, the drunker ye be"—so explained my hobo friend just in from one of the least improved of the Northwest's lumber-camps—"the less ye're a-mindin' of the flies and the bugs. And when ye sober up, ye're used to 'em!"

When sober, old Uncle Zeke knew that his best days were over—because the boss was constantly giving him easier, and therefore less important, jobs. But in the saloon, half-drunk, it was a delight to hear him boast of the wonderful days of his prowess as a "tongs-wrestler" in the steel plant. In his answer to my question he named the source of the thirst of millions:

"Oh, I just like to get drunk enough—well, enough to get the feelin' of me old job back, like, you know."

If no witness can be heard to utter, in the unmistakable voice of sober actuality, the longed-for confirmation and assurance against the noisy testimony of manifestly disgraceful surroundings or experience, then few of us but will crave, with all the intensity of our souls, the saving congratulations of the still, small voice of an inebriated fancy.

No, it is not enough to see in vice the overwhelming of the spirit's powers by the body's passions; rather does it represent the combination of them all in a final assault upon the weakest spot in the line that stands to restrict and circumscribe their normal outlet and satisfaction.

Vicious men have not lost their wish for worth: they are merely making a last desperate effort *to save it.* The result is known as vice or crime, because such victory at the weakest part of the line is always not only dangerous to others but sure to prove delusive and degrading for the victor. In such men the mainspring is not lacking: on the contrary, it may be too strong, and its owner willing to pay too great a price for its up-keep. The trouble is not with the mainspring but with its indispensable escapement. Listen to Mulvaney of "Soldiers Three":

"Me hide's wore off in patches; sinthrygo has disconceited me, an' I'm a married man, tu. But I've had my day, I've had my day, an' nothin' can take away the taste av that! Oh, me time past, whin I put me fut through ivry livin' wan av the Tin Commandmints between revelly and lights out! . . . Ivry woman that was not a witch was worth the runnin' afther in those days, an' ivry man was my dearest frind or—I had stripped to him an' we knew which was the betther av the tu."

Whether rich or poor, sane or insane, sober or intoxicated, virtuous or vicious—to be a person is to wish for the same fundamental satisfaction—to count one among other persons—to *have life and have it more abundantly.*

The part our bodies play both in satisfying the hankerings of the spirit and in fashioning the feelings by which our spirits, from day to day and moment to moment, ceaselessly concern themselves to measure our worth as humans among humans—this is what we have somehow contrived largely to overlook. For in this constant reckoning of our value to others and ourselves, these feelings have no choice but to accept the testimony of muscle as well as mind, of sinew as well as spirit.

"Ninety-eight per cent of all the huge and costly strikes which we were called upon to settle finally simmered down to nothing but a difficulty between one foreman and one man," reports a member of the War Labor Board. From observation I would hazard that the majority of this

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98 per cent occurred when one of the two persons was suffering from that "t. 'n't." of "tiredness and temper" which fairly yearns for the opportunity to explode. Such a let-go relieves that emotional pressure which follows when either the body's weariness or illness or the soul's "hurt that honor feels," brings about a lessening of the certainty of our self-worth, and so, automatically although unconsciously, calls out to our defense the reserves of increased sensitiveness.

Domestic felicity as well as industrial peace would undoubtedly increase if only it were some one's business to raise a red flag whenever one of any two of us is thus in the mood that itches to camouflage our doubt about ourselves by an impressive, and therefore reassuring, show of force against the slightest imaginable threat. Such a flag with its "Danger! High Explosive About!" would be far from enough when *both* of any two of us thus became "pressure-poisoned" at the same time; four would be better, for the danger has much more than doubled!

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach"—thus women have for ages made a highly practical, though undoubtedly one-sided, improvement upon the theologians who have pictured soul and body as a sort of innocent canary and hungry cat perpetually eying each other through the bars of self-control.

"The war-brides, brought back from 'the tight little isle' by our soldier-boys," so a writer counsels, "will do well to remember that unless care is taken love will fly out of the window when English cooking comes in at the door."

"'We made a huge mistake; we were not meant to marry,' so I told my husband shortly after our marriage," reports a friend. "'No, my feelings have not been hurt,' I told him. 'In fact, I have never thought anything through so logically in all my life as during this night of wakefulness. The conclusion is inescapable; my bag is packed!'

"Luckily, Dick had noticed the way our bodies are constantly walking into the very centre of our thinkings through our feelings. He saved the day—or rather all these past years—for both of us. He shook his finger at me with his, 'You know, Anne, I warned you at dinner last night not to eat that salad!' And we've been living happily ever after."

Perhaps the judges of the criminal as well as of the divorce courts might wisely warn us against such gastronomic dangers. Who has not encountered in these perplexing days more than a few salads that stop little short of murder!

Vast enough—and far-reaching—surely, is the open door of our feelings through which the hankerings, the poisons, and the appetites of our bodies join in with the hopes, the hurts, and the passions of our spirits in measuring the distances and directions we have travelled—or wish still to travel—from the hateful Nirvana of personal and social nothingness. But it is made still vaster by this far-reaching fact:

The feelings which follow from this ceaseless compounding of our current sensation, sentiment, and sense affect our attitudes, and so our actions, less in accordance with time than with intensity.

"Many 's the time I have seen a lion, trained by a whole life of careful handling," testifies an expert, "driven back to the jungle spirit—perhaps never to return—by so little as five minutes of cruel treatment."

"He luv'd him like a vera brither: they had been drunk for weeks taegither!" is the way Bobbie Burns seems to have observed how humans are bound to each other, not by the length of their acquaintance, but by the intensity of the emotions which they have lived through *together*. The writer of the paper-backed thriller has erred only in making too much use of the same phenomenon; too many pages are apt to cut across the years by explaining how:

"She never knew she loved him until he stood beside her at her father's open grave!"

"Funny"—so the doughboy back from France ruminates puzzledly—"how some officers would hardly so much as speak to us—until we got into a front-line barrage. A few hours of that—and, say! from that day to this they'd take their shirts off their backs for us—and we for them!"

Friends or enemies? Amalgamation with, and undying loyalty for, this group and "agin" that? The question is not decided according to the duration of superficial contact or identity of opinion

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on non-essentials. It is a question of the success or failure with which we emerge from the supreme test of going through one of life's high moments in company with another. In the heat of the supreme emotion of those rare moments when our soul's worth is either mortally threatened or, perhaps, receiving its baptism in the sacred fire of exalted and unquestioned certainty—it is then that we forge the loyalties or the antipathies which bind our later interests, attitudes, and actions with unyielding hoops of steel. Such a heat may cause that sudden intensity of injured feeling which seeks immediate outlet and relief in the blow that delivers an undreamed-of force—and on the instant turns its deliverer into a murderer! Or it may cause that I-just-must-tell-someone feeling, which, if chronically unsatisfied, may spell suicide or other madness. It is a sad commentary, incidentally, on the present decline of the pastoral function of our city churches that our daily newspapers have to offer our pressure-troubled fellows the relief of a sympathetic ear in columns bearing, in certain cities, such titles as:

"Tell it to Mrs. Maxwell" or "Cry on Gwendolyn's Shoulder"!

Needless to say, it is exactly the pressure heat of such high moments that serves to fuse the normal peace-time multitude of conflicting view-points into the unity of fighting patriotism which supplies those super-energies for repelling to the uttermost the mortal assault upon the nation's life. It is by means of this same heat, also, that every conflict in industry serves to bind together the members of the threatened group with the cement of such a near-fanatic zeal as may defy all efforts at reasonable discussion for years to come.

"Something has made these machinist fellows feel that they aren't measuring up—aren't holding up their end—as well as before. I wonder what it is?" Surely the hurrying "super" could wisely ruminate on this—and that without troubling himself with the "repressions," "complexes," "sublimates," etc., of the psychoanalyst, seeing that his group of toolmakers is too numerous, and so too normal, to call for the alienist or the interpreter of dreams, however helpful these might be in the case of separate individuals. Even as it is, the super's rumination is not simple. For the pressure of machinist dissatisfaction which seeks outlet and relief through revolt is certain to be the result of some measurement unconsciously reckoned not only amid the infinitely intricate, unstable, and dangerous delicacies and sensitivenesses described, but reckoned also upon the basis of such a "relativity" as would perplex an Einstein!

Of this last, more next month. Meanwhile, it is obvious that we cannot hope to know the underlying reasonableness—the true humanness—of our neighbor's action until we know the thought behind it. That thought behind it, in turn, remains beyond our ken until we know its genealogy—the directing wish which, according to the proverb, is its father, and the surrounding spiritual and physical environment which, through its restrictions and releases as discovered by the feelings, comes quite as truly to be its mother.

"In five years of bein' a machinist, I have almost never had as dirty a face as *you* have every day!" Thus a railway mechanic administered to me a well-deserved rebuke. I had made the mistake of assuming that work which necessitated an extremely dirty pair of hands thereby rendered inescapable a dirty face.

To-day great numbers of our friends have become convinced—and depressed because convinced—that a permanently and hopelessly dirty and degraded face must be accepted by modern society unless somehow men can be brought out of the greasy shops or the grimy mines, or perhaps be relieved of their tiny fraction of an infinitely subdivided factory process, and endowed with the supposed nobility of the ancient craftsman—if not, indeed, given the luxurious dignity of complete white-handed leisure as administrators of a socialist or communist state which knows not tears because it knows not gold.

Are these the inevitable alternatives? Before we decide let us see how the master wish for worth of our thesis jibes or fails to jibe with the master necessity of work of these modern times, and so accounts or fails to account for the war or the peace of twentieth-century industry—in next month's MAGAZINE.

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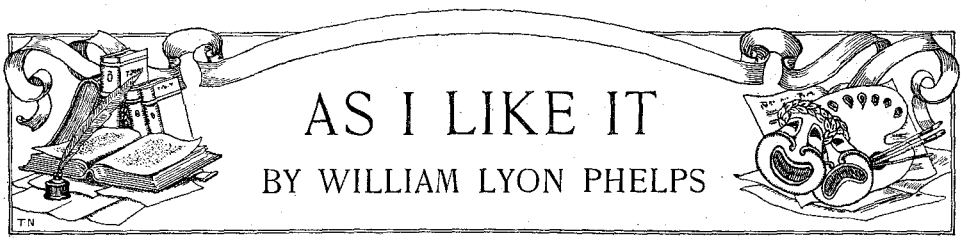

AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

IT seems strange to me that among the "reforms" which have been suggested in modern education during the last forty years, no one has ventured to attack the study of mathematics. It is always assumed by the ignorant, that Latin and Greek are useless studies, and that mathematics are valuable and practical. The truth is, that for every occupation except one for which higher mathematics are a prerequisite, like civil engineering, Greek and Latin are more useful. For the preacher, the lawyer, the doctor, the journalist, and for nearly all business men, the classics are more important than mathematics. Training in these ancient languages, with the accompanying culture and history, with the aid given to the meaning of English words and to the mastery of English style and expression—where does the binomial theorem stand in comparison?

That a sound education in Latin and Greek is of value in public life may be observed by regarding the leading English statesmen of to-day and of the immediate past. Did these studies unfit men like Gladstone, Balfour, and Lord Morley for practical affairs?

I believe in the equal dignity of all subjects of learning. But it seems absurd for a university to require neither Latin nor Greek for a Bachelor of Arts degree, and yet insist on the higher mathematics. I would at least allow every student a free choice as between classics and mathematics. And if I were a pupil, I should not hesitate a moment.

I have no doubt that for those who have a natural aptitude for the study, mathematics are valuable as intellectual discipline and training, whether one will use them definitely or not. They are particularly valuable for novelists and playwrights. But for those who have no gift and no inclination, mathematics are often worse than useless—they are a positive injury. Because I was forced to do so, I studied mathematics faithfully and conscientiously from the age of three to the age of twenty-one; that is, from the time I first went to school until the end of my junior year in college. After long division, it is my conviction that nearly every hour spent on the subject was thrown away. It was worse than thrown away; the time would have been better employed in manual labor, in outdoor exercise, or in sleep. Mathematics were a constant discouragement and heart-break; the harder I worked, the less result I obtained. How bitterly I regret those hours and days and weeks and months and years, which might have been so much more profitably employed on studies that would have stimulated my mind instead of stupefying it!

I was always an ambitious student, and wished to excel; therefore it was necessary for me to put more time on mathematics than on any other course. Even so, my grade in mathematics was never high, and I could not possibly have been graduated from Yale were it not that in other subjects I stood so well that my failures in mathematical examinations were treated with leniency.

Which fact leads me to state that scores of fairly intelligent American boys have been deprived of the advantages of a college education because of their inability to attain a passing grade in mathematics. They have been sacrificed year after year to this Moloch—is it worth while?

I am aware that Henry Adams, in his autobiography, regretted that he had not received more instruction in higher mathematics. But surely his view of life was pessimistic enough without that.

Let me repeat. I am not saying for every one this study is fruitless or harmful. I make only two points. First, that for the average man or woman, the classics are more valuable than mathematics; second, that in a liberal college course,

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mathematics should be offered to all and forced on none.

It is pleasant to remember that not all ambassadors to America are politicians; the visits of opera-singers, actors, and novelists are a civilizing influence. A feature of the present theatrical season is the presentation of French plays by members of the Comédie Française; I wish that Cecile Sorel would give us an opportunity to see and hear her in Alfred de Musset's charming and stately comedy, "Les Caprices de Marianne." Of all the pieces, ancient and modern, that I have seen at the Théâtre Français, I think that particular play, with Mlle. Sorel as the heroine, made the most beautiful and the most lasting impression. It was a combination of the three arts of painting, poetry, and music.

I was fortunate enough to hear the first performance of the opera, "Die Walküre," at the Metropolitan this season. It was certainly the best cast assembled in any German opera in America since the days before the war; in fact, it was as good a cast as could probably be gathered together anywhere in the world at this moment. Mr. Taucher made his American début as Siegmund; it was an important occasion, for it is expected that he will be the leading Wagnerian tenor for the season. He more than fulfilled expectations —his voice is a true tenor, not a high baritone; the first notes he released sent a thrill of satisfaction through the house. His acting was intelligent and manly, his figure astonishingly graceful for a German tenor. Miss Jeritza was, of course, splendid as Sieglind; she was the chief acquisition of the Metropolitan forces last year, and she is never disappointing. The love scene in the first act could hardly have been nearer perfection. The veteran Whitehill, who was something of a veteran when I heard him in "Tannhäuser" at Bayreuth in 1904, is always a capable Wotan; his voice, however, is becoming worn. Paul Bender, of Munich, who made his first trip to America in 1922, was a superb Hunding, in appearance, manner, and voice. He is one of the best bass singers in the world. A man of colossal stature, like most of the great bassos, Edouard de Reszké, Plançon, Chaliapin, he is a consummate artist, with a magnificent organ. Before the war, in residence at Munich, I heard him twice a week at the opera for six months, and he was always fine. Former visitors to Munich will remember with delight the glorious singing of the barytone Feinhals, who seemed ever to be above his average; in such different rôles as Don Giovanni and Wotan he was absolutely satisfying. I hope very much that we may have the opportunity of hearing Bender sing the part of Wotan in "Die Walküre"; it is usually sung by a barytone; Edouard de Reszké declined it, because he thought the music too high for his voice. Wagner, however, left it on record that he preferred to have this part sung by a "high bass" rather than a barytone. In the season of 1911–12 Mr. Bender attempted it at Munich, and the critics were wildly enthusiastic.

Curiously enough, that pessimist and atheist, Schopenhauer, thought that "Die Walküre" was immoral and ought not to be allowed on the stage; it is perhaps fortunate that we never apply the tests of realism to so romantic an art. When he read the score, he wrote on the margin of the Siegmund-Sieglind duet in the first act, words like "horrible!" "shameful!" and finally, at the stage direction, "Curtain," he wrote, "It is high time!"

The death of Arthur Nikisch is an irreparable loss. He was undoubtedly the foremost orchestra conductor in the world. Fortunately for me, I was a graduate student at Harvard when he first came to this country to direct the Boston Symphony; so that I had every opportunity to see him in action. He was the first man I ever saw conduct an orchestra without the score; although the great Hans von Bülow, whom I heard only as a pianist, used to have not only no score himself, but sometimes he would not allow the players to have any. It must have been inspiring to see the whole band, with no sheets of paper, and no music-racks, their eyes on their leader, playing away for their lives. Arthur Nikisch was my idol from the first day. His striking personality hypnotized not only the players, but the audience; I remember his coming once to Munich, and conducting the opera "Meistersinger"; the orchestra rose to vertigi-

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nous heights. Another great conductor is Weingartner; one of the events of my life was a May evening in Paris, in 1912, when he conducted the French Orchestra Colonne in the Ninth Symphony. In America to-day we have a leader of genius in Leopold Stokowski, who, backed by the enthusiastic support of citizens, has made the Philadelphia Orchestra the best in our country.

So far as I know, the Ninth Symphony was not once given last year in the Eastern States; nor do I know of any preparations for it this season. No year should pass without its being played. The first time I heard it was in 1889, when young Walter Damrosch conducted—I have been grateful to him ever since. The choral part makes it difficult to produce; but the choral part is the least interesting, and if it be impossible to assemble a company of singers every year, why not play the symphony up to the vocal conclusion?

Since I mentioned the Ignoble Prize in the November number, candidates have been suggested to me from all over the country. There are evidently many brave men and women in our land. Eventually I may be hoisted by my own petard. The "Mona Lisa," which is one of my favorite works of art, has been submitted by three different persons, who apparently believe her to be no better than a vampire; but the unkindest cut of all was "Treasure Island," which I think is the best novel Stevenson ever wrote, and one of the romantic masterpieces of all literature. I make no complaint—this kind of thing is just what I expected, and I am sure I cannot possibly be shocked more than my own list shocked others. In *The Outlook* for November 15 there is a delightful leading article by Lawrence Abbott, in which he states that he has never been able to read Dante. "There are lines and metaphors and similes and detached ideas to which Dante has given expression that are, of course, beautiful and appealing. But as for taking a volume of Dante's poems down from the shelf for unconscientious and spontaneous refreshment and beauty, as one takes down Calverley's 'Theocritus,' or Keats or Browning, or Montaigne, or James Howell's Letters, or three or four of the sonnets of Shakespeare, or three or four of the Psalms ascribed to David, or even the intricate but somewhat mysteriously appealing verses of Emily Dickinson—he simply cannot do it."

Well, in the consensus of critical opinion, Dante is one of the four greatest poets of the world, the other three being Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe. And yet, I am so far in agreement with Mr. Abbott that with the exception of "Hell," I practically never read Dante. I am bored by "Purgatory," and I find "Paradise" insufferably dull. I wonder how many general readers, when they think of Dante, think only of "Hell"? Every one to his taste. In my own mental life, Goethe has meant a thousand times more to me than Dante. Perhaps because I read him oftener. Had I studied Dante as I have studied Goethe, probably I should be a Dante enthusiast.

Mr. Abbott has guessed my object in founding the Ignoble Prize when he says: "It is designed to develop truthfulness." Precisely so; and if in some minds it should develop cleverness at the expense of truth, I cannot help that. The spiritual climate of the twentieth century is unfavorable enough anyhow; it cannot be made much worse by a little cleverness; whereas falsehood and hypocrisy will make it impossible for any one ever to become a critic, or indeed to become anything.

With reference to my remarks on the universal interest in sport, the president of one of our high-class universities writes me as follows: "Your Doctor of Divinity who read the sporting page before he read the war news would think charitably of a Doctor of Divinity (most reverend and lovable) by whose side I sat in his great city church on a recent Sunday morning. As the organ boomed over our heads the dear man inclined toward me and whispered some words. What words of like dignity with the organ p elude the congregation imagined him to be saying, I do not know. What he did say was: 'How did your team come out yesterday?'"

I am glad that among the unofficial ambassadors from Europe, "we have with us" Hugh Walpole. He came in October and will stay until June. Many British novelists come to be seen rather than heard; but Mr. Walpole is an interesting

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and accomplished public speaker, and would be well worth hearing if he had never published a line. His talks are frank, urbane, intimate; and although I am far from being in agreement with many of his critical opinions, I keenly enjoy hearing him express them. The appearance of his latest novel synchronized with his own, and "The Cathedral" is by all odds his best book. Up to this time I preferred "The Green Mirror" to his other writings; but he has now surpassed that. In "The Cathedral" we have a real story with real characters; the tragic fate of the archdeacon is not caused by bad luck or by a series of accidents, as is so often the case even in so accomplished a master as Thomas Hardy, but is inherent in his own character. He was essentially a good man, but exactly the kind of man who is doomed. Canon Ronder is a subtle politician, presented with extraordinary skill; in fact, the only person in the book who seems to be not wholly realized by the author is the archdeacon's son, Falk. He is described in advance as a kind of Siegfried, but he seems to me both tame and pale. I like the story immensely; yet I cannot share the novelist's view that the cathedral itself is sinister; to me there is no building at once so beautiful and so *friendly* as a cathedral. A sailing ship on the sea, and a cathedral on the land—these are the loveliest things in the world.

I am glad that the publishers are issuing a uniform edition of Mr. Walpole's novels; the earliest one, "The Prelude to Adventure," gives an excellent picture of Cambridge University. Nothing is more difficult apparently than to write a convincing story of college life; no one has ever fully succeeded in the attempt. (There is only one novel of school life that is completely successful—"Tom Brown at Rugby.") The first half of "Tom Brown at Oxford" is very fine (I always had a certain admiration for Drysdale). Among contemporary books, good stories of life at Cambridge, are Archibald Marshall's "Peter Binney" and E. F. Benson's "The Babe, B. A.," and for Oxford perhaps the best is Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street." It is a curious thing that so many modern English novels of school life represent the particular school in question as a sink of iniquity and a place of torture—if a man thinks of his old school that way, he was perhaps just as popular there as he deserved to be.

More and more frequently American students are going to England for graduate studies; and those who can afford to pay their way are beginning to prefer Cambridge to Oxford. Their reason is a good one. What with the Rhodes scholars, and the multitude of other foreigners, Oxford is now somewhat international in atmosphere; and as one of the chief reasons for going abroad is to leave all home associations, it is better to go where you can keep away from your fellow countrymen. Cambridge is the most English spot on earth; in customs and traditions it is more conservative than Oxford, another reason for going thither.

What a curious literary accident it is that Cambridge should have had nearly all the English poets! Theoretically, it ought not to have been so, for in times past Oxford has emphasized the classics, and Cambridge mathematics. Yet in the whole course of English history Oxford never had but one first-rate English poet, Shelley, and she expelled him, in order to keep the record clear; whereas Cambridge has Spenser, Marlowe, Milton, Herrick, Dryden, Gray, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Tennyson.

Burton J. Hendrick's "Life of Walter H. Page" is a notable biography, and one of the outstanding books of 1922. Mr. Hendrick is a Yale graduate, and in his senior year was one of the editors of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, founded in 1836 by William M. Evarts. He is a thoroughly competent biographer, and has performed his task in a workmanlike manner, keeping himself in the background, and turning the light on his hero. In a certain sense, this is a biographical history in the traditional manner, for Page is the hero, and Mr. Hendrick writes in hearty admiration. The old method was to select a man because he was worth writing about, and to prove that fact; the ultra-modern method is not to select a hero but a victim; and to score off him as often as possible. Thus many contemporary biographies are really autobiographies, where we are invited to admire the living author's gifts for sensational

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anecdote and ironical wit. Mr. Hendrick's method is scrupulously objective.

It is interesting to see how Page grew away from and overcame his early prejudices. He was born and brought up in the South, and when he was studying later at Johns Hopkins, under the incomparable Gildersleeve, he had not shaken off anything. For the first time he met a student from the North, and wrote: "He is that rare thing, a Yankee Christian gentleman." He hated one of the faculty and wrote that he was "a native of Connecticut, and Connecticut, I suppose, is capable of producing any unholy human phenomenon." He met an attractive foreign girl, which led him to the following meditation: "The little creature might be taken for a Southern girl, but never for a Yankee. She has an easy manner and even an air of gentility about her that doesn't appear north of Mason and Dixon's line." Mr. Hendrick justly remarks: "This sort of thing is especially entertaining in the youthful Page, for it is precisely against this kind of complacency that, as a mature man, he directed his choicest ridicule." Personally I find these early years more interesting than the later ones; but I suppose nine out of ten readers will be chiefly attracted to the chapters dealing with Page's career as ambassador to England, from 1913 till his death. He was an excellent ambassador, but I do not think he should necessarily be praised for wisdom and foresight in his eagerness to have America enter the war. Living as he did in England, meeting daily leading statesmen and society personages, he could hardly have felt otherwise. He was in a most uncomfortable position, and behaved extremely well; but I have little sympathy with his impatience toward President Wilson, natural as it was. England, of course, wished America to enter the war at once; but it was the manifest duty of the President of the United States not to do what other nations wanted him to do, but to do what seemed to him best for the country whose executive he was. A statesman is a doctor, his country the patient; it is his duty to keep the patient alive as long as possible, and in good condition. I care as little for selfish hatred as I do for hypocritical friendship.

The two autobiographies by Augustus Thomas and John Drew, which appeared simultaneously, will be widely read and appreciated. Mr. Thomas is an engineer, a philosopher, a public speaker, a humorist, an athlete, a cartoonist, a theologian, an executive business man, an actor, a playwright. It is essential that he should write a sequel to this volume, for the simple reason that his eminence comes chiefly from his original dramas; and there is not nearly enough in these entertaining pages to satisfy public curiosity. One feels after reading this book that whatever fame and emolument Mr. Thomas now enjoys, he richly deserves; I wonder how many men, even with the requisite ability, would be willing to endure the physical hardships and deferred hopes that were his daily fare for many years? We have here the life-story of an American who went forward simply because moving in any other direction never occurred to him; his natural gifts and good family inheritance were reinforced by indomitable energy, by a power of will that grew by what it fed on. The book is a soliloquy rather than a literary composition. It was dictated, this method producing exactly the opposite result to that observable in the case of Henry James. It was only after he began dictating that the novelist's style became hopelessly involved and "ultra-literary," whereas Mr. Thomas is unashamedly colloquial.

His dramatic masterpiece, "The Witching Hour," was a natural product of his interest in the occult; and the pages dealing with that marvellous person, Washington Irving Bishop, who, like D. D. Home, did many things that have never been explained, are full of challenge. I was particularly impressed by Bishop's finding a word that Mr. Thomas had selected in a book; for precisely the same thing happened to me, and I have no solution and no theory. I was sitting in a hotel in Mentone, watching with sceptical amusement the tricks of a pair of travelling adventurers, when suddenly the gypsy-looking man turned to me and informed the audience that if I would select a word in a big book I was holding, his wife would find it immediately. She was on the other side of the room. I opened the book slightly, so that no one could see

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the page, and then I placed my finger on a very common word, and closed the volume. The man made passes at his wife; she advanced across the room, like a somnambulist, took the book from my hands, turned instantly to the page, and placed her finger on the right word. I haven't got over it yet.

Praise should be given the publishers for making "The Print of My Remembrance" such a *light* book. It is a fat volume, and has nearly five hundred pages; but it is delightfully easy to hold in the hand. Twenty years ago I started a campaign for light books. At that time I could always tell whether or not a book was printed in America, merely by "hefting" it. English books were always light, and ours the reverse. To-day the majority of good books in America are easy to hold; the ideal is dull paper, black type, and light weight. There is no longer any excuse for the old monstrosity of shiny, eye-killing paper, thin type, and weight so ponderous that to read the book becomes a gymnastic, rather than a literary, exercise.

Speaking of books printed in America, it is much better to have that legend shown on the reverse of the title-page than at the end of the volume, where it so often makes an anti-climax. A novel's last page will sometimes read like this: "She pressed her lips to his. Printed in the United States of America."

John Drew's "My Years on the Stage" is charming, because John Drew wrote it; how could it be otherwise? He is a gentleman by nature, breeding, and training, also by personal preference. With his infallible good taste he chose an ideal mother. Never shall I forget the last time I saw her on the stage. It was in New Haven, on the night of May 8, 1896. An all-star cast was performing in the "Rivals"—Jefferson, Goodwin, Wilson, Crane, Julia Marlowe, and others. Mrs. Drew was seventy-seven years old, and never acted better. In a rôle so easy to overdo, she was perfection. Not content with ordinary applause, the students in the audience burst into wild cheering. The dear old lady came before the curtain, and threw a kiss like a queen.

Booth Tarkington, in his entertaining preface, speaks of his delight in the Daly performances when he was a boy at Exeter; at the same moment I was an undergraduate at Yale, and his graceful tribute beautifully expresses my own feelings. Those were great nights at Daly's, with Mr. Drew, Miss Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Lewis, Mr. LeMoyne, and the rest. We live them over again in this book. (Here I learn for the first time the origin of the name Ada Rehan.) The reason why John Drew always got along so well with Mr. Daly, Miss Rehan, Miss Adams, Mr. Charles Frohman, and with every one else, is never mentioned, but how plain it is!

The theatrical season of 1922–23 has been notable for the number and excellence of Shakespearian performances. Walter Hampden, one of the most gifted of American actors, is appearing in "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Othello," "Merchant of Venice"; incidentally I pay homage to him for reviving that wonderful old comedy of Middleton's, "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." As I write these lines, David Warfield is rehearsing for Shylock, Ethel Barrymore and Jane Cowl the rôle of Juliet, and John Barrymore has just electrified New York with his interpretation of Hamlet. This performance, under the direction of Arthur Hopkins, and with the scenery designed by Robert Edmund Jones, is magnificently successful. It takes four hours and twenty minutes, and there is literally not one dull moment. Mr. Barrymore is excellent from beginning to end, and in the last scene best of all. The play is beautifully mounted, and leaves the mind of the spectator full of pictures. I think, though, that the Ghost ought to appear in the early scenes, for Horatio gives a detailed account of the apparition to Hamlet. A column of light, with a voice coming off stage, is not effective. I suppose there never was a greater Ghost in "Hamlet" than Lawrence Barrett; I saw him when he was acting with Edwin Booth; and I have never heard the lines spoken so impressively. It is interesting to observe to-day that our most popular actors and actresses, who could fill a house with any modern play, deliberately prefer Shakespeare; and as I was following the scenes of "Hamlet" last week, I could not help thinking once more that Shakespeare's supremacy in poetry is no more evident than his supremacy as a

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playwright. No one apparently ever so well understood the theatre.

An interesting new book is "Whittier's Unknown Romance," giving for the first time his letters to Elizabeth Lloyd. His kindness and boundless charity are all the more remarkable when we remember that he was a lifelong sufferer from two ailments that would have soured the average man—dyspepsia and insomnia. This is an important work, but the editor seems to think it is Whittier's only love-story. I happened to discover years ago that he was in love with Cornelia Russ, of Hartford, and the letter in which he asked her to marry him, I published in the *Century Magazine* for May, 1902. Mr. Pickard immediately declared it to be a forgery, but when I showed him the original, he admitted its genuineness. Then T. W. Higginson, in his "Life of Whittier," cited Pickard as proof that my letter was false, and on my requesting him to have the statement corrected, declined to do so, on the ground that it would cost too much to change the plates. Whittier, like most men, was a sentimentalist, and fell deeply in love several times. And any one who doubts the sincerity of his passion has only to read his letter to Miss Russ.

I see that many are now engaged in drawing up lists of the greatest living men. A list of the first ten in America was widely circulated last summer. Arnold Bennett has recently prepared a Big Six for England, which contains the names of Wells, Shaw, Hardy, Asquith, and two dark horses. If I had under oath to name the greatest living American in 1923, he would be John Singer Sargent.

On Reducing

TO reduce or not reduce, that is the question agitating many a feminine and not a few masculine minds. Whether it is better to turn a deaf ear to the cynical flings of one's fellows, let out one's clothes, and buy a pair of arch-supports, or to seek some royal road whereon one may add light-obstructing substance to his anatomy, and yet, somehow, find his shadow grow less.

But why reduce? Did not Doctor Ebstein, the great German professor of reduction, himself apply the word "enviable" to us well-nourished, well-rounded individuals? True, he said we might some day merge into the "ridiculous," and later join the ranks of the "pitiable," but—. Words are historic and the dictionary bristles with evidence of the enviousness of the lean and skinny. Over against "frugal feeder," there stand such epithets as "gorger," "gormandizer," "crammer," "stuffer"; for "one who eats sparingly" there are not only "those who eat their fill," but those "who handle a good knife and fork," or those "who have the stomach of an ostrich"; the "abstemious" dyspeptic has spent his time devising such terms as "guzzler," "greedy," "gulous"; the stingy "scanty eater" styles us "hoggish," "swinish," "voracious," even "ravenous"; and the "Lenten diner" looks upon us as "luxurious," "high livers," and, coarsely, "greedy guts."

What say the philosophers to this momentous business of reducing? We know not the dimensions of Boswell nor his reasons for approaching the ponderous Doctor Johnson on the subject, but the philosopher's blunt answer was material and unconvincing. Here is the conversation:

"*Boswell.* 'You see one man fat who eats moderately, and another lean who eats a great deal.'

"*Johnson.* 'Nay, sir, whatever may be the quantity that a man eats, it is plain that if he is too fat, he has eaten more than he should have done. One man may have a digestion that consumes food better than common; but it is certain that solidity is increased by putting something to it.'

"*Boswell.* 'But may not solids swell and be distended?'

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"*Johnson.* 'Yes, sir, they may swell and be distended; but that is not fat.'"

After all, does eating have anything to do with it? Did not Mrs. Hawkins a hundred years ago inform us of how Miss Mendax "lived for a long time on a biscuit a day, but she evidently did not reduce on it." And yet it was all she had to live on "excepting only what she picked up in her travels about the house."

The doctors know no more than the philosophers as to what makes for bulk. There was that man Banting and his followers who delighted in starving their fellows, and there was that old Dutchman, Boerhaave of Leyden, who somehow made for himself a reputation in his day and was correspondingly conceited. So high-handed did he become that when a certain rich merchant of Amsterdam asked him to take his case, he would have nothing to do with him unless he come to Leyden, and bring his three hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois *on foot.* It was a goodly journey, and there was baggage to carry besides the three and a half hundredweight. True, in this pilgrim's progress the rich Amsterdamer had daily to shorten his belt and daily became lighter of foot, but after he reached Leyden the impudent Boerhaave put him to work sawing wood. He lost half his weight and "lived as healthy as a fish to a good old age," so this history reads, but it was a crude and sad method, though such as we would expect from a medical man.

But we live in happier days. Opera-singers now advise us how, and it is so simple. You lift your left leg just so, eight times, then the other. You can do it in bed if you wish. There needs no pilgrimage to a physician in Amsterdam nor in New Amsterdam. Still better, you can do it to music—a thrust here and a side step there, a bow to your right and a twist to your left, and, presto! in a moment—before breakfast, you are your own sylph-like self. Is it not all set down in the advertising column?

It is so simple and easy, but, after all, why reduce? It's all a matter of taste. Why should we enviable, well-rounded creatures be dominated by the envious lean and hungry? Is there no spot on earth where we are appreciated to the full? Yes, in far Arabia—fabled for all that is magical and beautiful, a woman (and, of course, a man) who has not the girth of a young camel is of little consequence. There, women are privileged to fill themselves, even as a Thanksgiving bird is stuffed, with bread-crumbs and fenugreek. Let those who will starve themselves, saw wood, or even lift up their limbs to music; we will dwell in the tents of the Arabs forever.

Our Hired Man

WE find it delightfully relaxing having a hired man instead of a chauffeur. We have tried both. We had a chauffeur for several years, a handsome, debonair French-Canadian lad, Henri, with thick silky black hair, and beautiful white teeth. We all liked him; oh, yes, we liked him exceedingly; but we could not live up to him, and so we were forced to let him go. The humiliating fact is—I blush to confess it—we were not aristocratic enough for him. You see, being born in the country, we still cling to some of our plebeian ways, and Henri (woe betide the person who called him Henry) just could not stand for plebeianism.

We live in the city now—otherwise we should never have known Henri—and own two motor-cars and a Ford, for which we need a driver. Having met Henri, and having viewed with favor his attractive person, we finally persuaded him to enter our employ. For a time all went happily, and we congratulated ourselves upon our "treasure." We were proud to sit in the back seat and to gaze upon Henri's straight, fine figure in its perfectly fitting, always carefully pressed uniform, and to note his skill as he guided the car.

While we were satisfied with Henri, Henri, alas, was not always satisfied with us, and our social position. If there was to be a wedding, or a large reception of any kind, he would say to one of us, "Are you goin' to the party, Miss Betsey? It's goin' to be a swell one, I guess. They got an awnin' and cops!" and as we were seldom courageous enough to face the expression of disappointment and disapproval in his bright, brown eyes if we had to tell him we were not invited, we often evaded the point by murmuring something about another engagement, or not feeling well enough to go.

Henri did his best to make us prominent and important. Whenever he called for us anywhere he would push ahead of all other machines, and when any one reprimanded

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him for it, he would draw himself up and announce sternly, "This is the Wards' automobile," as if that accounted for all rudeness and allowed special privileges. Once in a bad storm, after he had driven us to the station in the Ford taxicab, a man, taking it for a public conveyance, started to get into it. We turned to watch Henri's flaming cheeks, and to hear his withering voice say: "This is a private car." He drove away fully expecting, I am sure, to see the man shrink to invisibility. It was mortifying enough to be obliged to run a Ford without having it mistaken for an ordinary taxi.

As for charity work among the poor, Henri absolutely discouraged that; he did not care to have us visit in the "slums," and made his feelings so evident that we found it necessary to apologize every time we made such an excursion. Poverty he considered a disgrace, with which he and his "people" (meaning us) ought to have no dealings.

While he was with us, dancing was much in vogue. Apparently he was an adept in the terpsichorean art, if one could judge by his conversation on the subject, and he was sorry not to have us more intelligent about the one-step, the waltz, the fox-trot, and the tango. Although we honestly tried to understand his technical remarks about them, we realized that we always failed. In this as in other things we were too slow for Henri. He liked to dash about the country —or city either—at fifty or sixty miles an hour, and resented our modest desire to travel at twenty or twenty-five. The "first families" travelled fast, and he wanted us to.

We embarrassed him by working about in our garden in disreputable old garments, or by using the hose. We were not living up to our position. In another respect, too, we were lax. We usually stayed in town in the summer. Now all of the aristocracy had country homes. Finally, fearing for our reputation, we took a house at the seashore. Henri was pleased. That was all we asked.

Twice he achieved, I think, true happiness: once when he was privileged to drive Charles Evans Hughes, and again soon after when a real baroness honored our car. But we could not furnish such guests often, and reluctantly we told Henri he could go. We did not tell him why—we dared not. Sadly we bade him good-by; sadly we watched him disappear around the corner.

Then Gus came—not Gustave or Augustus, but plain Gus—our hired man. To be sure he wears a chauffeur's uniform part of the time, but one look at him convinces even the most sceptical that he belongs in overalls and a straw hat. Gus is a conscientious, thoroughly reliable, stocky youth with pale light hair and faded blue eyes. He "works around the place." He does not care whether we are ever invited anywhere or not. He prefers a Ford to any other kind of car. He likes our old clothes as well as our better ones. He allows us to live in our city house in the summer. In short, Gus, like ourselves, came from the country, and we all understand one another perfectly. Occasionally we meet Henri speeding by in a low, red racing-car. He speaks kindly and tolerantly to us. We respond cordially; then we turn with joyous relief to Gus.

On Whiskers and the Brutal Art of Shaving

FOR the male of the human species life has become just one darn shave after another. The safety-razor is emblem indisputable of modern man's subserviency to the decrees of custom. Formerly allowed to flourish like weeds on a pauper's grave, beards and whiskers are not now quite in vogue. In this our land of the free, mere man daily humbles himself before convention and strives to subdue these unpopular attributes of masculinity. Every morning an enormous mountain of lather is worked up on an infinite variety of chins, and a veritable wilderness of variegated stubble falls reluctantly under the savage onslaught of a myriad of razors. Nor are the attacks always bloodless. Whiskers may be superfluous, unexplainable—but they do indeed make up one of life's stern realities.

It is a far cry, expressed in years or miles, back to the Garden of Eden at the time when the well-known Mr. Adam and the original first lady of the land were renting the premises. What is the connection between Adam and whiskers, you ask? Simply this: Adam had 'em—and they've been the sorrowful heritage of man ever since.

Adam was required to remove to another residential district, because his giddy young wife disobeyed regulations concerning some of the property on the place. Not only that, but he and his posterity were condemned to lives of toil. And for a long

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time the sons of Adam were pretty well occupied with getting a living.

The cultivation of whiskers was only a side-line in the good old days. True, the Moslems swore fervently: "By the Beard of the Prophet!" And in that crude age, when cold-cream was hard to obtain at any price, whiskers may have had an actual utilitarian value, in that they protected the tender, leathery skin of the caveman from sun and wind. The point, however, is that the old-timers had enough sense not to shave. They allowed nature to follow its course and let their whiskers blow where they listed.

With his crude agricultural methods, Adam naturally had a hard time of it. In later centuries bread-winning has become vastly easier. The fact of original sin and the fact of whiskers, however, still remain. Adam's successors still have whiskers to contend with, a problem on their hands—or, rather, on their faces—to remind them of their humility, that life is a constant struggle.

What a terrible judgment must some day fall upon the heads of those misguided zealots who have had the temerity to set customs in morals, in dress, or in personal habits for this sheep-like society! If that first vain meddler had not shaved, mankind would have been spared an annoyance that is positively staggering in the aggregate. We know who discovered America; we are similarly aware of the perpetrator of the Eskimo Pie; but no man can say who was the first man to shave.

When I was a child I washed as a child, holding my neck and ears peculiarly inviolate by soap and water, after the traditions of boyhood. Now that I have become a man I have put aside all such childish scruples. Then I saw in a glass—seldom; now I see myself clearly, face to face, very, very often, as I stand before my mirror, obeying that extra commandment of society that says: "Shave thy physiognomy religiously; for whiskers are unseemly, an abomination in the sight of society." Modern society will have none of primitive facial embellishment. And so I have come into my inheritance of the peculiarly masculine annoyance of shaving.

A beard is the most persistent thing in all the world. Defeated, slain, it falls only to rise again. Upon the fertile hillsides of one's cheeks and chin, or in the shady nooks near the Adam's apple, it sprouts eternally. Like Tennyson's brook, I can imagine my beard vaunting its triumph, its ability to come back after each slaughter with renewed vitality:

> "You may hack and you may hoe,
> But I go on forever!"

The safety-razor blade gives fair satisfaction the first time or two it is used, in order that its user may be deluded into buying more of the same brand. But after this brief period of efficiency it becomes a torture device. Shaving becomes a matter of brute strength and stoical endurance—the same thing as stump-pulling on a smaller scale. Theoretically, a lather's function is to soften the beard and prepare it for the blade. Actually, it merely serves to provide a soap-screen through which the blood-thirsty blade may sneak down upon the minor bumps, corners, and protuberances of one's face, and slice them off, under cover, with momentary impunity.

When a sufficient amount of face and beard has thus been removed, we apply soothing lotions to an outraged epidermis, and repair the wreckage as best we can. Speak to me not of the martyrs of the Church, for they are as nothing compared to those millions of to-day who endure daily martyrdom under the razor. The blood of the martyrs would appear as the most insignificant of rivulets compared with the broad, red stream drawn from America's collective stubbled chin each morning.

Shaving, we may conclude, is one of the prices we pay for being members of modern society. And I, of course, will continue to shave. There is a certain satisfaction, comparable to none other, in being able to run one's hand over a temporarily beardless cheek and experience that profound complacence, that sweet assurance that one has conformed to society's decree that he be smooth-shaven. One feels presentable then, even in this Ever-Ready—Autostrop—Gem of a world of ours.

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THE FIELD OF ART

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Pennsylvania Station, New York.
McKim, Mead, and White, Architects.

For a Better Appreciation of the Art of Architecture

BY DEWITT CLINTON POND

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

OF the masterpieces of all the arts those of architecture can be the most easily appreciated. This may seem to be a broad statement which would require qualification, but it is not made without careful consideration of fairly well-known facts. Whereas it takes a musician of some attainment to appreciate the works of Debussy or Tchaikovski, any person with ordinary faculties can appreciate the beauty of one of our most modern architectural achievements—the Cunard Building in New York. I believe it is safe to say that this building, designed by Benjamin Wistar Morris, bears about the same relationship to the art of architecture as the Symphony Pathétique of Tchaikovski bears to music. Another of the arts—painting—undoubtedly has a popular appeal, but even those who admire most of the work of our painters not only admit but demand that a knowledge of technique is required before one is qualified to appreciate their work. To cite even another type of art: the recent discussion over a work of sculpture in a New York park has called forth indignant protests to to the effect that of the value of such sculpture only artists are competent to judge.

Bearing this attitude in mind it is interesting to note the statement made to Chesterton by an enthusiastic English friend as the two passed through the main waiting-room in the Pennsylvania Station in New York: "This is like a cathedral," he said. Actually the classic vaulting resembles that of a great pagan natatorium rather than a Christian cathedral, but the technical inaccuracy of the description would be easily

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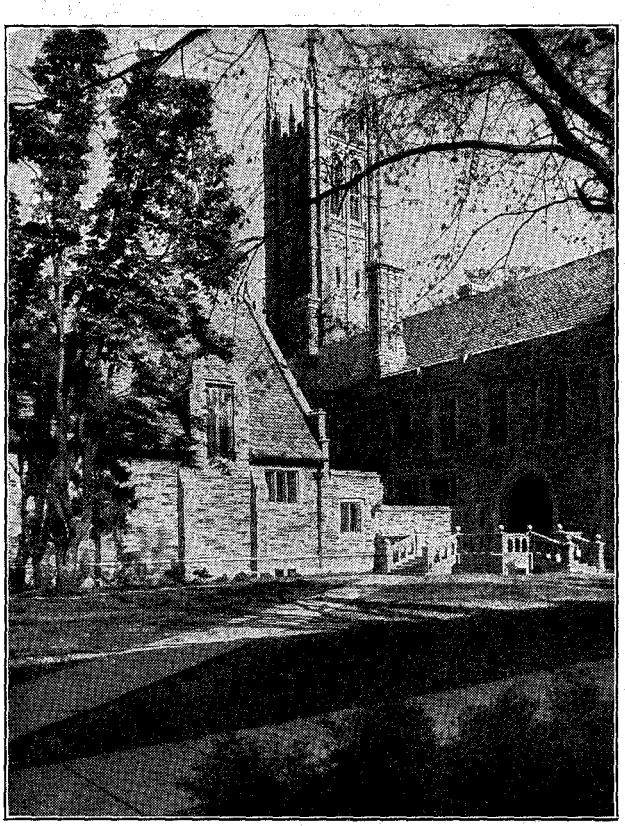
overlooked by an architect, who would understand the appreciation implied. There was no doubt about appreciation; it was simply evident that Chesterton's friend did not have at his command the technical words with which to express it in the patter of the architect.

Examples of such non-technical appreciation are very common. A woman who lives in a charming country residence, designed after the English half-timber style, said that her house was "like a church." She loved her house but simply did not understand the motives used, and efforts taken by the architect, in order to produce his results.



Kitchen, dining-hall, and Holder tower across the Little Court, Princeton University.

Day and Klauder, Architects.

It is evident, therefore, that in order to appreciate architecture it is not necessary to have knowledge of its technique.

Such appreciation is far from being universal, however, and even such notice as the art receives is not always characterized by the utmost intelligence. I realize that one must have a boldness even to rashness to lay down rules with regard to the standards by which any art may be judged, but owing to the anarchy which reigns in the literary criticisms of architecture it might be wise to attempt to determine some fundamental rules which might be applied to such examples of the art as are worthy of critical notice.

There really are two standards which common experience would show are applicable, neither one of which alone would be sufficient. The first one will appeal, I believe, to the great majority of Americans who have demanded that all things must be practical. There should not be much opposition to the statement that in order to be regarded as an acceptable example of architecture a building must fulfil the purpose for which it has been designed. This requirement can be applied in most cases to the plan of a structure rather than to its appearance, although, of course, it would be absurd to design a residence in such a manner that it would resemble a factory, or a warehouse to appear as a pagan temple. With regard to the plan of a structure, almost any one, by the exercise of judgment, can be a competent judge. If it is difficult to find one's way around in a building, it is badly planned; if, on the other hand, all parts are accessible and easily reached, if there is no congestion or interference of any kind in passageways, if there is a minimum of space lost in corridors, stair-halls, and useless rooms, then the building is well planned. No great knowledge of the technique of architecture is required to understand this simple principle.

To turn to the other standard, we all have knowledge of buildings which are admirably planned but which furnish no inspiration to

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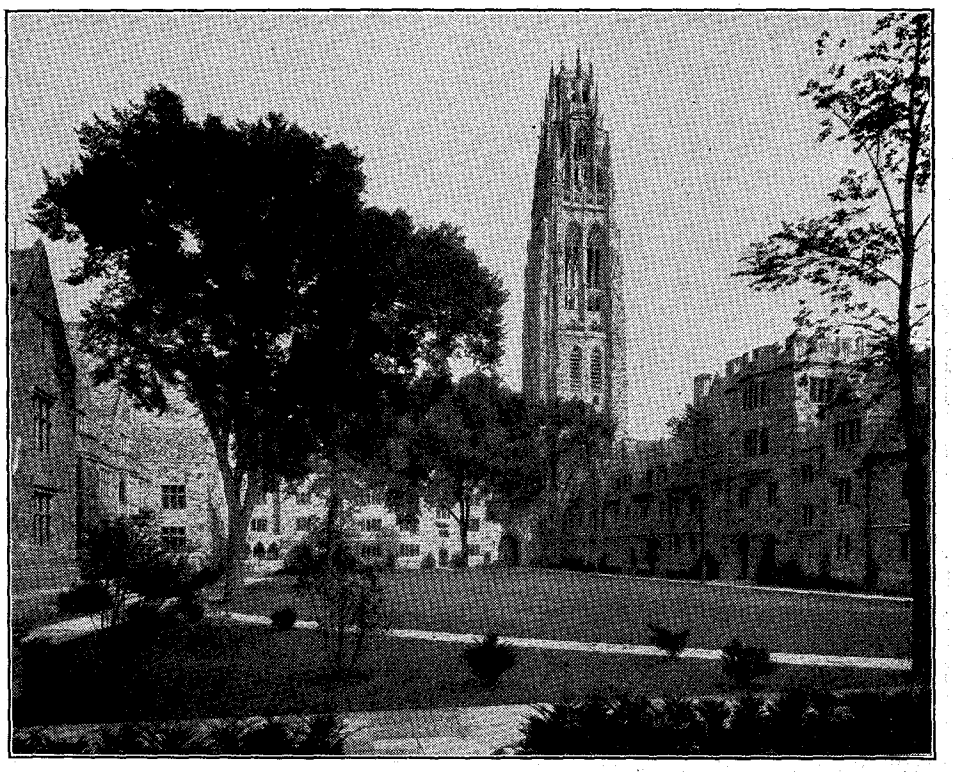

Branford Court and Harkness Tower, Yale University.
James Gamble Rogers, Architect.

the beholder nor enhance the beauty of their surroundings. Such buildings are distinctly not examples of architecture. A building must be judged by its beauty. A beautiful building, poorly planned, may be regarded by certain people as a work of architecture; but, no matter how well it is planned, if it is an ugly, gloomy structure no one would think of it as an example of the art of building beautifully.

When one attempts to write about standards of beauty, he is like a navigator in an uncharted sea. There are few accepted rules for guidance. In buildings there seem to be three requirements which are fundamental, however. The first is what architects call "scale," which means, in ordinary parlance, proportion. This subject of proportion is difficult to discuss because not all men see alike with regard to it. The subject resolves itself into a matter of opinion where there are no set rules, or definitions, or geometric laws. A designer's only safety lies in a study of the past. Why is the Parthenon considered beautiful thousands of years after it was created? Where lies the charm of the cathedral at Chartres? Is Independence Hall in Philadelphia still beautiful, and if it is, what makes it so? The beauty of these buildings does not depend upon mere fashion, for we have outlived the transitory tastes of the classical, mediæval, and colonial times. One may safely state that the proportions which characterize these structures will give pleasure to the beholder at all times. Architects study critically such buildings and the times in which they were built, and attempt to develop an understanding of the spirit in which they were designed.

The second requirement is that the parts of a building should bear certain relationships to each other so that there is a pleasing composition. Such composition is evident in simple country residences in which the wings bear a certain relation to the main building. It is seen in churches where the towers and spires must seem to rise logically

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from the main façade, or at the crossing of the transept and nave, as well as in state capitol or municipal buildings or those of even more monumental character. In all such structures all the parts must be planned to mass together in pleasing and interesting groups.

Although this may be done and the building may be characterized by acceptable proportions, it may still fail to be beautiful because of lack of taste on the part of designer in selecting his motives and materials.

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Woolworth Building, New York City.
Cass Gilbert, Architect.

Primarily a building is simply a structure which shields us from the weather. It may consist of only four walls and a roof, constructed of such materials as are at the disposal of the builders. Ever since the very beginning of things, however, men have not only wanted to build permanently, but beautifully. Such, at least, would be a reasonable conclusion to be deducted from the records supplied by the remains of Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and more recent civilizations. For permanence the ancient builders selected stone, brick, and even concrete as their materials, and for beauty they turned to natural and structural forms for motives of their decorations.

The Egyptians cut their stone columns to resemble bundles of papyrus stalks, or they made their column capitals to look like lotus flowers. In nearly every case the forms were conventionalized, but the source of inspiration is clearly evident. The Greeks not only decorated the structural members with motives derived from natural forms, but introduced structural forms for ornamental purposes. Exterior columns were used not only as structural supports but as ornaments. Their function was certainly decorative. We still use columns for ornamental purposes, as any one can testify who has seen the various government buildings at Washington. This is the best evidence we have that designers have selected not only natural forms as a basis for their decorative motives, but have adopted ornamental forms which were derived from the structures they built. Another bit of evidence with regard to this is found when one studies examples of the Gothic style where the pointed arch, which was first used because of its structural value, became one of the most important ornamental motives of mediæval builders.

The modern designer has at his disposal libraries and museums full of information regarding various architectural ornamental motives—an array which literally is staggering. From this mass of detail—the piled-up knowledge of centuries—the architect makes his selection.

This brings up the topic of style—a much-discussed and still unsettled question. Should a designer be a purist, or should he be at liberty to mix styles? Will there ever be a distinct American style? What style

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The Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D. C.
Henry Bacon, Architect.

should be used for certain types of buildings?

With regard to all these questions, about which there is no complete agreement among architects themselves, I hesitate to advance suggestions which may not be universally accepted. However, some stand must be taken, and so I submit that although an architect is safe in being a purist, his work is apt to be cold and academic. He courts the wrath of self-appointed critics when he introduces an alien motive into his design; but he is almost sure to produce a more interesting result, and if he has skill and good taste he creates an even more beautiful building than that of the purist. You see I have qualified my statement to the extent of requiring good taste on the part of a designer. This is a quality which no architect should lack. Granted that he has this, an architect can mix styles and the results will often be extremely pleasing. I realize that there are many who do not agree with this, but unless we exercise a certain amount of freedom with regard to this question, our architects will continue to be fettered with the need of slavishly copying old-world motives. I believe that the art of architecture—the art of building beautifully—is greater than the mere question of purity of style, and that if we are to develop a distinct American school, our designers of buildings must be allowed certain liberties consistent with good taste. The entire question of architectural style is fascinating, and one is tempted to write at length with regard to it, but the limits of this article permit only this slight mention.

If a building answers the purpose for which it is built, if its masses are grouped in an interesting and pleasing manner, if all its parts are well-proportioned—are "in scale," as an architect would say—not only with regard to themselves, but with regard to the surroundings of the building, and if the motives are selected with good taste, then the complete structure will be a true expression of architecture.

With regard to most of these items there

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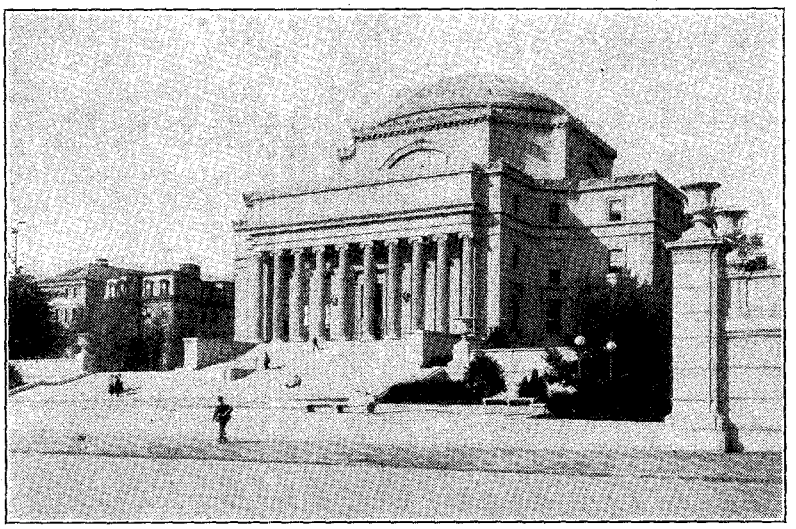
should be but little question on the part of one who is judging the merits of a particular building, but the two considerations of proportion and taste depend to a large extent upon individual opinions. You will find that nearly all of us have a sense of proportion which makes us admire the long, low lines of what our motoring friends describe as a "sport model." I believe that we all are thrilled by the shimmering beauty of a sailing ship or the stately grandeur of a range of mountains, and, if our attention is attracted to such a study, I firmly believe we will see there can be charm and grace in a simple cottage, and that a city street may be a work of art.

All that is really needed is a great awakening of interest, for we have splendid architectural ability and genius in America and it is possible to find and develop more if there is a real call for it.

We have been doing some remarkable things in architecture in this country in the last score of years—work the equal of which it would be difficult to discover, as far as contemporary architectural expression is concerned, in other parts of the globe. This statement may appear to be over-optimistic, but I do not believe that it is in view of actual work performed.

Such buildings as the Harkness Memorial, in New Haven, the newer buildings of the United States Military Academy at West Point, and of Princeton University, at Princeton, the Woolworth Building in New York—are all noteworthy examples of the ability of American designers to produce work after the Gothic manner. In nearly all these buildings or groups of buildings there will be found a certain mixture of styles, but one will find little that is inharmonious. The Columbia University Library Building in New York, the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, the San Francisco Municipal Building, are designed after the classic school, and were they found along the tourist routes in other parts of the world would be spoken of in the guide-books as masterpieces of architecture. The examples of residential work which are truly good expressions of the art and which are designed after the Georgian, Italian, and—in California—Spanish styles are too numerous to mention.

I do not mean that all or even a large part of our architecture is good. Indeed, this is not at all true. But I do believe that we have a number of representative modern buildings which are as good architecturally as those designed by contemporary architects in other countries. With these to admire it is only necessary to awaken interest to create a more universal appreciation of this branch of the fine arts.



The Columbia University Library, New York.
McKim, Mead, and White, Architects.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 13.

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Drawn by O. F. Schmidt.

"GRAB A GUN, BOY!"

"The Conversion of Torowa," page 316.

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